

## **Blackfield**

# **"End of the World"**

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Don't you forget what I've told you  
for so many years:  
We are hopeless and slaves to our fears,  
We're an accident called human beings,  
Don't be angry for loving the baby  
or say it's unreal.  
So many lies turn to songs,  
like roses who hide in their thorns.

It's the end of the world,  
the end of the world.  
It's a prison for dreams and for hopes,  
yet still we believe there is God.  
It's the end of the world,  
the end of the world.  
We're dead though pretend we're alive.  
Full of ignorance, fools in disguise.

In your room doing nothing but staring,  
at flickering screens  
Streets are empty,  
but still you can hear  
joy of children turning to tears.  
Disease hides around every corner,  
quietly still.  
Wait for the moment to heal  
Wait for God, want his touch, want to feel.

It's the end of the world,  
the end of the world.

Take this pill it will make you feel dizzy,  
and then give you wings.  
Soon boy you're falling to sleep  
without nightmares, without any fears.  
If you wake up in hell or in heaven  
tell the angels we're here,  
waiting below for a dream,  
here in the garden of sin.

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