

Like, The "In The End"

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A shift in shapes has come about
And no one's safe or sacred now
But isn't that much better than
The limbo we were living in

Diaspora or renaissance
Blame mercury or fate or chance
Changes always come in packs,
Sniffing out your darkened doorsteps

And when the words run out
The quiet's just as loud

When the world is upside down
And we're walking on our hands
But we keep on spinning round
And who knows where we'll land
In the end
In the end

The moon it moves in cycles and
We're subject to its will, its whims
The tide, the time, the age, the law
Run back and forth from idle dogs

History is not a highway
Straight an narrow always
But a roundabout and round again
We ride around and hope for change

And when the state's drawn out
The break is twice as loud

Then the world is upside down
And we're walking on our hands
But we keep on spinnin' round
And who knows where we'll land
In the end
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This is the end of stagnant days

Time to give up the way
I stand my ground, oh stand my ground

Then the world is upside down
And we're walking on our hands
But we keep on spinnin' round
And who knows where we'll land
In the end
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