

Waiting for the sunrise, struggling on our way
Nothing here remains, lone sands stretch far away
Centuries pass by, cultures are forgotten
Monuments decay, leaving nations rotten

Time is short, don't you know, we carry on with this life
Like it was through the years, all the way back in time

I met a traveller from an antique land
He saw the writings in the desert sand
A shattered face lies there besides two legs of stone
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He saw the writings in the desert sand
A shattered face lies there besides two legs of stone
The glimpse of a lost world was shown
All is crashing down and grinded into dust
Empires burn in flames as we all combust
When centuries pass by our heritage is lost
Falls apart one day and starts to rust

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See things I've never seen
And things I've never known
They keep living on
When years have long gone by
What memory remains?
Nothing lasts for good

Precious are our years, yet transient like a glass
No matter what we do to make our relicts last
A cold and silent stone will carry our names
But our grave won't tell something
About what we became

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