

Tempest

Voltaire

This could be the end of it all.

There's a woman in the woods behind you,
No time to step and crawl.
No time to tip-toe.
In this security -- work, you, I don't dig.
Shut down.
This could be the end of it all.
This could be the end of it all.

All you wanted, a view of your own.
Now awaiting, Judgement Day.
Flash past, the art escapes you.
Never there in black and white.
There's a lesson to be learned.
Living on the words of others.
Selling something like you sell yourself.
Money in the bank, but you're under pressure.
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Power in the new line, call it strong.
Everything for positive reason.
Evil, comes too easy.
Never at a tender scratch.
s on the side, but you're under pressure.

It's over, the worst behind you.
No time to step and grow.
No time to, tip-toe.
In your security, work, you, I don't dig.
Shut down. Shut down.
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