

*Note: We have destroyed our planet by living like we do
There's still time to change or we will be destroyed with it*

After the Gold rush

Remember the days we shine
Trough roses and red red wine
Together with all our friends
We were Dancing toward the end
Burning both ends of the candle
Changing the wind and the sea
Acting as some kind of vandal
Killing the birds and the threes

So now were sitting on the stair
With nothing else to wear
except our foolish pride
Staring at the wild

Whenever we did go wrong
through fire or falling rain
We could change the way we behave
Rearrange and start to save
The earth from falling apart
The wind from changing its path
The water from burning green
Our self from departing the scene

So we could lay down on that stair
Breath that fresh fresh air
Clean water from that well
Flow through the wild and our child