



BORROWED TIME

We are
Borrowed Time

We are the echo, not the voice,
not the name, not the choice.
Born from silence, carved from pain,
carried through the blood and rain.

No face to follow, no form to claim,
just burning truth without a name.
We are the breath behind the cry,
the reason why you didn't lie.

We are the echo: "Borrowed Time!"
The mind beneath the scripted line.
Not where you fall, but how you rise,
the mirror clear of all disguise.

We hold the moment when all breaks
and still rise up through all the shakes.
We are the tear that makes you see,
that feeling is the victory.

We are the echo: "Borrowed Time!"
The mind beneath the scripted line.
Not where you fall, but how you rise,
the mirror clear of all disguise.

Let the masks fall, let the noise fade,
you were never just what they made.
Every scar you tried to hide
now sings alive, and dignified.

We are the silence you became,
when truth was punished, drowned in shame.
But still we pulse beneath your skin,
a quiet roar, a voice within.

Let the masks fall, let the noise fade,
you were never just what they made.
Every scar you tried to hide
Now sings alive, and dignified.

We are the echo: "Borrowed Time!"
A fire lit beyond design.
We have no face, we leave no mark,
but in your chest, we light the dark.

If you were moved, you're not behind,
you are the spark we leave behind.
You're not a follower, not the rest,
you are the flame within your chest.

You are the echo: "Borrowed Time!"
The voice that trembles into rhyme.
No need to change, no need to hide,
the truth you carry walks beside.