

Phantom Treasure

Discover America

Why does your shape attract my eye?

Is it the chemistry of our young bodies prodding us? In such hot pursuit of a lie
We chase a quickly fading phantom treasure baby And if that is so, then one day it shall go
Disappearing as a layer of week-old melting snow This human heart is never clear
It's half filled up with wonder and the other half with fear And if that is so, then one day it shall go
Disappearing as a layer of week-old melting snow And if that is so, then one day it shall go
Disappearing as a layer of week-old melting, drifting, passing snow

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