

Anywhere Out of the World

Dead Can Dance

We scaled the face of reason
To find at least one sign
That would reveal the true dimensions
Of life, lest we forget And maybe, it's easier
To withdraw from life
With all of its misery
And wretched lies away from harm We lay by cool, still waters
And gazed into the sun
And like the moth's great imperfection
Succumbed to her fatal charm And maybe it's me
Who dreams unrequited love
The victim of fools who watch
And stand in line away from harm

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