

# Another Day in Quicksand

## In Flames

The other side of the platinum door  
Another day in quicksand  
Still feel close to nowhere  
I hope this is the right way How come you see me as an enemy?  
We just think in different words I see beauty in dead flowers  
I let the tide show me what`s next  
But all you do is fade away There`s no shame in being the fool  
I've been to places you`ll never find  
The empty plate that you call home  
Won`t bring glimmer to future years

Songwriters

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