

Leave No Trace

Anathema

Born to the glare of the senses
Spoon-fed reality infused
A new inherent passive contentment
You are so easily amused Here and now we are gone in a heartbeat
A dream in the passage of time
Chances are fading, world isn't waiting
The moment is passing you by Questions lie beneath the surface
The fools are fooled once again
Benign coincidence, we stole our existence
And gladly cast it to the wind Here and now we are gone in a heartbeat
A dream in the passage of time
Chances are fading, this world isn't waiting
The moment is passing you by Slowly spinning on the wind back home [Incomprehensible]

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