

# Two Worlds

## Paradise Lost

The sense required is all too vague  
Within my faculties, building me  
This awesome presence longs to see  
The times I've fallen  
The times I've failed And I've never seen my hands  
And I couldn't walk away  
Two worlds are the same tomorrow  
Still I must not complain The sense acquired is all too grave  
With less than one percent left in me  
This awesome prison locked and sealed  
For times I've borrowed, for times I've failed And I've never seen my hands  
And I couldn't walk away  
Two worlds are the same tomorrow  
Still I must not complain And I've never seen my hands  
And I couldn't walk away  
Two worlds are the same tomorrow  
Still I must not complain And I've never heard a whisper  
And I'd never speak of pain  
Two worlds are the same tomorrow  
To all I seem inane

Songwriters

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