

# Anywhere Out of the World

## Darkwell

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  
In our vain pursuit  
Of life for one's own end  
Will this crooked path  
Ever cease to end?

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