

Leave No Trace (Acoustic)

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
this 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 No future, no warning

Songwriters

CAVANAGH, DANIEL / CAVANAGH, VINCENT / DOUGLAS, JOHN JAMES / SMITH, KEITH LESLIE /
PYBUS, DAVID JOHN Published by

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