

Anywhere Out of the World (Remastered)

Dead Can Dance

We scale the face of reason
To find at least one sign
That could reveal the true dimension
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 charms
And maybe it's me who dreams of requited love
The victim of fools who stand in line.
Away from harm. In our vain pursuit of life for ones own end
Will this crooked path ever cease to end?

Songwriters

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