In The Kingdom Of The Blind The One-eyed Are Kings

Dead Can Dance

If it were within, within our power Beyond the reach of slavish pride To no longer harbor grievances Behind the mask's opportunists facade We could welcome the responsibility Like a long lost friend And re-establish laughter In the dolls house once again

For time has imprisoned us In the order of our years In the discipline of our ways And in the passing of momentary stillness We can see our chaos in motion Our chaos in motion We can see our chaos in motion View our chaos in motion

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