

# Bluetrace

## Stateless

The stolen glances, the moments in between the actions  
The dice are rolled, the skeleton sit by the fork in the road  
The paths that twist and turn, the journey goes onThe memories caught between the hands of time  
As she dances the dance of time  
I'm in a trance now, the sun's love rains down on her landscape  
But landscapes changeMy mind is playing tricks on me  
Language of fire to carve the stone  
My mind is playing tricks on me  
Images of fire to strike the stoneMy mind is playing tricks on me  
Language of fire to carve the stone

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