

# Out of Reach

## Dead Moon

Is anybody really free, prisoners of  
The strange society  
Why is it we're forced to be products  
Of the new reality  
Drifting through time and space  
And all the while  
Feeling out of place  
I'm out of reach  
Waiting for the time to come  
And every second always on the run  
Looking for love once more  
Then turning back and closing every door  
Thinking that what might have been  
Had that itch not gotten 'neath your skin  
Praying to an idol sign  
Believing this can keep your dream alive  
Worried 'bout the waste of youth  
Hoping that with age there will come truth  
Dying to get out in time  
Before the shadows start to cloud your mind

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