

Traces

Enchant

A sense of place, a sense of waste

Don't know how this can be

The silence that envelops me

Whispers something, subtly Exhale and change the atmosphere

They've left a trace of their fear How could something like this

Have happened in a place like this?

Such mindless violence

The surroundings hold their secrets How could something like this

Have happened in a place like this?

A new day is here

But there's a trace of yesterday Here the trees can speak

In voices weak that suggest a tale of pain

Of tears shed in the pourin' rain

But at that they halt their sad refrain Look up at the vault of stars

And the calming harvest moon

A witness to the unspeakable

And easily repeatable Cry out to change the atmosphere

Some kind of presence is here How could something like this

Have happened in a place like this?

Such mindless violence

The surroundings hold their secrets How could something like this

Have happened in a place like this?

A new day is here

But there's a trace of yesterday

There's a trace of yesterday Red wine spilled on the carpet

We can clean it up

Tracks left on the beach that the tide washes away Footprints dug deep in the snow

They'll melt away

But what can wash the stain away from this place? A new day is here

There are traces of yesterday

This place is stained

What will it take to wash them away? A new day is here

There are traces of yesterday

This place is stained

What will it take to wash them away? A new day is here

There are traces of yesterday

This place is stained

What will it take to wash them away? A new day is here

There are traces of yesterday

This place is stained

What will it take to wash them away?A new day is here

There are traces of yesterday

This place is stained

What will it take to wash them away?What will it take to wash them away?

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