Traces

Enchant

A sense of place, a sense of waste
Don't know how this can be
The silence that envelops me
Whispers something, subtlyExhale and change the atmosphere
They've left a trace of their fearHow could something like this
Have happened in a place like this?
Such mindless violence
The surroundings hold their secretsHow could something like this
Have happened in a place like this?
A new day is here
But there's a trace of yesterdayHere 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 refrainLook up at the vault of starts
And the calming harvest moon
A witness to the unspeakable
And easily repeatableCry out to change the atmosphere
Some kind of presence is hereHow could something like this
Have happened in a place like this?
Such mindless violence
The surroundings hold their secretsHow 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 yesterdayRed wine spilled on the carpet
We can clean it up
Tracks left on the beach that the tide washes awayFootprints 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
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