

The Middle Is Gone

Moby

I let too much in
And the souls begin
We were
So much life I couldn't win
I had life pursuing sin
And life pursuing wind
And we were forcing dreams
I can hear but I cannot see
I'll never be free
I'll try, but I'll never be free
Always plagued by what I can never be

Alone, the dreams of hopes and wasted goals
The sources and forces of the wasted lie
Slip, pursuit of time, just wasting more
Pious, and bias
Like light shining down on me
And I was lost for me
And I was tied to me
I'll never be free
I'll try, but I'll never be free

It's instrumental on the face of dawn
Nothing to gain, the middle is gone
I would wait for things to die
So hard, so hard we tried
I tried so hard
Haven't figured anything out
Left behind so much pain
So much doubt
We leave worlds behind
I'll never be free
Always plagued by what I can never be