

Move on

Rotersand

Searching for silence, escaping the pain
The whispering voices come closer again
Nothing I'm changing just changing the scenes
Caught in the treadmill of logic supreme

Move on, move on, move on, lest I grow insane
Move on, move on, move on to reason again
Move on, move on, move on, despair is defeat
Move on, move on, move on, to move is to beat

The mirror's my rival, reflection's my foe
I'm shifting the angle to see where to go
Out of my desert the torment is gone
I'm walking the water that carries me home

Move on, move on, move on