

Anywhere Out of the World

Dead Can Dance

We scale the face of reason
To find at least one sign
That could reveal the true dimensions
Of life lest we forget

And maybe it's easier to withdraw from life
With all of it's misery and wretched lies
Away from harm

We lay by cool still waters
And gazed into the sun
And like the moth's great imperfection
Succumbed to her fatal charm

Any maybe it's me who dreams unrequited love
The victim of fools who watch and stand in line
Away from harm

In our vain pursuit
Of life for one's own end
Will this crooked path
Ever cease to end?