

Distant Bells

Leprous

Daft notions of pitfalls
A shaft built of distrust
Getting rid of the infancy
What used to be the remedy

Where have I gone?
What still remains?
Pitfalls

I've been around for all these years
I hear the sound of distant bells
I've been around for all these years
I'm on the ground yet again
I've been around...

What still remains?
Where have I gone?

The craft of living
The art of forgiving
The art of forgiving

Where have I gone?
What still remains?
Where have I gone?
What still remains?

The start of the new world
The fresh leaves uncurl
The shed has been torn down
My bed is no longer a safe zone
No longer a safe zone

And I've been around for all these years
And I hear the sound of distant bells
And I've been around for all these years
And I fell to the ground yet again