

# Blur

Mark Morton

It's just a phase, in time it will subside  
It never would aptly take my place along the line  
Losing my fate, and faking through the days  
Search for the motive keeping me alive  
Passing time

Nothing left to see  
Nowhere to return  
Go and set me free  
One time around the sun

Follow the path along the broken roads  
We know the weight of all the sorrow we can't hold  
Not what we want  
It's all become a blur  
We're growing numb out in the cold  
But can't let go

Patiently waiting for the last reprise  
Anticipation of the slowly rising tide  
Keep it locked away, a world to wash away  
Pretending I can do more than survive  
Wasting time

Nothing left to see  
Nowhere to return  
So go and set me free  
One time around the sun

Follow the path along the broken roads  
We know the weight of all the sorrow we can't hold  
Not what we want  
It's all become a blur  
We're growing numb out in the cold  
But can't let go  
But can't let go  
But can't let, can't let, can't let go

Oh, I sit hold and my breath  
Can't scare myself to death  
There must be some attraction to this ritual of guilt  
Crawling through my time  
Can I watch the day unwind?  
Sifting through the remnants  
I know what I will find

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