

Chasing Echoes

Poets of the Fall

Is the dream still alive, still the image of perfection?
Sweet little delight, a happy disaster, an easy lie?
Well, sometimes hurt befriends rejection
It's kinda rich, I know when you're the one denied
Ooh, ooh

Is this a role or disguise seeking mercy in creation?
Just another device or truly a time when we will rise?
Oh one and all, to the occasion
And bridge the gap to see the other side?

Where day and night become vertigo
You still light up my soul like a burning halo
Where, wrong or right, we go on with the show
Looking for something more, chasing echoes
Ooh ooh

Are you really surprised to hear the daydream shop went bankrupt?
Truly beside yourself 'cause the carnival closed down?
When the show suddenly stops, no matter how much you've got
It's still cold out here alone

Where day and night become vertigo
You still light up my soul like a burning halo
Where, wrong or right, we go on with the show
Looking for something more, chasing echoes
Ooh ooh

Here we go shamelessly courting the vices, the virtues
The trifles until we bring down the world

Pleasure highs within meanings lost
Looking for a quick fix
Fulfillment fast lane
Pleasure lies about the cost
Of keeping the dream alive...
Alive...

Where day and night become vertigo
You still light up my soul like a burning halo
Where, wrong or right, we go on with the show
Looking for something more, chasing echoes
Oh looking for something more, chasing echoes
Ooh ooh
Let go...