

Anathema, Leave No Trace

Born to the glare of the senses
Spoon fed reality infused
A new inherent
Passive contentment
You are so easily amused

Here and now
We are gone in a heartbeat
A dream in the
Passage your time

Chances are fading
This world isn't waiting
The moment is passing you by

Questions lie beneath the surface
The fools are fooled once again
Benign coincidence
We stole our existence
And gladly cast it to the wind

Here and now
We are gone in a heartbeat
A dream in the passage of time

Chances are fading
This world isn't waiting
The moment is passing you by

Slowly spinning on the wind back home