

Anekdoten, Harvest

i've drunk my fill, sunk my will,
bored myself with talk
end the dreaming,
time for seeing life as real as now

synchronized in sharp focus, tuned with space and time
led by instinct and emotion, ruled by heart and mind

taking it all in
for each breath I give i'm closing in

the path that leads you back is there all the time
no doors have been shut to keep you outside
benevolent skies will lead the way
on from yesterday

losing our sight of the goal,
we run around in our mazes alone
we run...
the treadmill is spinning around...

taking it all in
for each breath I give i'm closing in

I know I fail to see you as I should
I scrabble on blind, but want to do good
fearing the fears that hold the door
love is the key to all