

# Buddhuza, When It's Gone

By dawn your world is open wide  
To everything that brings the light,  
You never bother to recognize  
The rays of truth and shades of lies.

When it's gone,  
You've still got the feeling that all  
That you know  
Is nothing but what you have been told.

At noon your heart is filled with life  
You've only chosen to survive,  
And brightest moments of that time  
Have found the shelter in her smile.

Yet when you stroll into the crowd,  
You stay alone and rearrange the set that you doubt.

When it's gone,  
You've still got the feeling that all  
That you doubt  
Has the properties of time bomb.

And soon enough it's almost night,  
You contemplate on days that are irretrievably gone,  
You've still got the feeling that all  
That you saw  
Is nothing but what you have been shown.

When it's gone,  
You've still got the feeling that all  
Hear that call,  
And you check supplies of midnight oil,  
But it's gone.

You've still got the feeling that all  
That you've done,  
You've done to find the way back home.

Almost home,  
You've got the feeling that you're  
Almost home,  
You've got the feeling that you're  
Almost home...