

# Crest, Another Life

I'm sick of all this emptiness I've chosen for a life.  
Without no direction, it's a never-ending strife.  
It seemed so perfect as I planted fertile seeds.  
But in this barren soil I've lost my basic... I've lost my basic needs.

(chorus)

Sometimes I'm afraid I've lost my way.  
Certain I always fail to cease the day.  
Somewhere I began to go astray.  
If I could only change...  
Another life is all it takes.

I wish that I could leave this trap, I want another me.  
I find myself in places I was not supposed to be.  
At the finger post I try to look another way.  
But all I see is future forming the shape of something... the shape of something gray.

(chorus)

If there was a way to live my life again,  
I'd make sure that I would avoid the pain  
of moving silently, floating with the streams  
'till undercurrents drag me under.

(chorus)