

# Dead Can Dance, Anywhere Out Of The World

We scaled the face of reason  
To find at least one sign  
That could reveal the true dimensions  
Of life lest we forget

And maybe it's easier to withdraw from life  
With all of it's misery and wretched lies  
Away from harm

We lay by cool still waters  
And gazed into the sun  
And like the moth's great imperfection  
Succumbed to her fatal charm

Any maybe it's me who dreams unrequited love  
The victim of fools who watch and stand in line  
Away from harm

In our vain pursuit of life for one's own end  
Will this crooked path ever cease to end