

Dead Moon, Out Of Reach

Is anybody really free, prisoners of
the strange society
Why is it we're forced to be products
of the new reality
Drifting through time and space
and all the while
Feeling out of place
I'm out of reach
Waiting for the time to come
And every second always on the run
Looking for love once more
Then turning back and closing every door
Thinking that what might have been
Had that itch not gotten 'neath your skin

Praying to an idol sign
Believing this can keep your dream alive
Worried 'bout the waste of youth
Hoping that with age there will come truth
Dying to get out in time
Before the shadows start to cloud your mind