

Enchant, Traces

(Music: P. Craddick & D. Ott. Lyrics: P. Craddick)

A sense of place, a sense of waste, don't know how this can be...
The silence that envelops me, whispers something, subtly
Exhale and change the atmosphere
They've left a trace of their fear...

How could something like this have happened in a place like this?
Such mindless violence..
The surroundings hold their secrets
How could something like this have happened in a place like this?
A new day is here, but there's a trace of yesterday

Here the trees can speak, in voices weak that suggest a tale of pain
Of tears shed in the pouring rain...
But at that, they halt their sad refrain
Look up, at the vault of stars and the calming harvest moon
A witness to the unspeakable, and easily repeatable
Cry out to change the atmosphere
Some kind of presence is here...

How could something like this have happened in a place like this?
Such mindless violence..
The surroundings hold their secrets
How could something like this have happened in a place like this?
A new day is here, but there's a trace of yesterday

Red wine spilled on the carpet - we can clean it up
Tracks left on the beach that the tides wash away
Footprints dug deep in the snow - they'll melt away
But what can wash the stain away from this place?
A new day is here
There are traces of yesterday
This place is stained - what will it take to wash them away