

# Fates Warning, Nothing Left To Say

I remember the endless longing  
that called inside of me  
from fountains of expression  
trying to break free.

Nothing left to say  
when the walls give way.

Still I can faintly recall  
the subtle purity  
of youthful inspiration  
and insecurity.

Nothing left to say  
when the child finds his way.

Pride and the drive that started the dream  
turned in time to an endless obsession.  
Caught in a vicious circle of compulsion.

Desires bind the truth to secrecy  
but behind the aspirations I see  
a life devoted to blind ambition  
and a mortal man searching for eternity.

Behind the desires  
and the wall that gave way  
there's a forgotten cause  
consumed by the day.

Behind the ambitions  
of a child who found his way  
there's a cold realization  
that our deeds die with the day.  
And behind the disguise  
of a man with a cause  
there's a child screaming  
with nothing left to say.

Paralyzed by inhibitions  
and indecisions.  
What was once a release  
is now a prison.