

# Paradise Lost, Disappear

In living with a fear of chance,  
The chance of fear the only reason you're awake,  
We decrease in size when burdened with your mind,  
But you know escape is to run,  
In a constant commotion  
When I speak it's revulsion maybe you'll disappear  
Recall the past when you were strong,  
Those distant days it seems are now forever gone,  
You'll increase desire to wander and retire, but you know escape is to run.