

Paradise Lost, Two Worlds

the sense required is all too vague
within my faculties, building me
this awesome presence longs to see
the times i've fallen
the times i've failed

and i've never seen my hands
and i couldn't walk away
two worlds are the same tomorrow
still i must not complain

the sense acquired is all too grave
with less than one percent left in me
this awesome prison locked and sealed
for times i've borrowed, for times i've failed

and i've never seen my hands
and i couldn't walk away
two worlds are the same tomorrow
still i must not complain

and i've never seen my hands
and i couldn't walk away
two worlds are the same tomorrow
still i must not complain

and i've never heard a whisper
and i'd never speak of pain
two worlds are the same tomorrow
to all i seem inane