

Anacrusis, Driven

Life seems to stand still in time
As the soul retires, deaf, dumb and blind
And all we feel
If far from real
As these gears which, once, had driven us
Lie still and frozen

Innocence has long grown old
As idle hearts have long grown cold

Right or wrong
We go along
Lame and tired
The will to try
Deep down inside all of us
Lies dying

It's easy
Not to see
What this should be

Wind this spring and watch it grow
Stand back and watch as it explodes
And all unfolds
As all we hold,
Wound tightly, carefully, silently
Unravels

Idle hands have lost their hold
As idle minds think what they're told

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Lame and tired
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