

Anacrusis, Tools Of Separation

Where once was childlike simplicity
Now only remnants of blind ideals
This quality of innocence
Once tarnished, is forever lost
It's lost...
It's lost...
Never to return
It's lost...
It's lost...

We turn our heads
And show our backs
Burn bridges of communication
Throw away and cast aside
Shed these tools of separation

The complexities of maturity
Entangled in prejudice
I'm longing for this purity
Through envy and emptiness
It's lost...
It's lost...
And nothing remains of this childhood bliss
It's lost...
It's lost...

We turn our heads
And show our backs
Burn bridges of communication
Throw away and cast aside
Shed these tools of separation

Where once was childlike simplicity
Now only remnants of blind ideals
This egocentric, foolish pride
Never knowing happiness
It's lost...
It's lost...
Never to return
It's lost...
It's lost...

We turn our heads
And show our backs
Burn bridges of communication
Throw away and cast aside
Shed these tools of separation