

Blind Zero, Trace

And she said it was alright/
to recover things, to recover me/
You know it all except the bound of my true embrace trough the words I said/
because I just want to fall down/
in your deep blue eyes, in your stormless face/
but lumber trough the crowd/
it's decree weakness as my common sense/
You've been lost without a trace/ should I be aiming for your touch/
and I quash all revulsion/ it was so much happier than today/
when love won't gain no ground/ with your foolish odds/
on your complementary choices/
I obey until you say you will/
You've been lost without a trace/
should I be aiming for your touch