

# 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