

Pale Forest, Fading

[pt. 1 symbiosive]

What is one without the other?
night to feed the light of day
Like a child deprived of mother
ears to hear and tongue to say

What is dry if wet was never?
evil feeds on what is good
Like a fish on land forever
understand the understood

Why does it feel like I'm fading
and why is that every time I try to make contact
they turn the other way?
What is the true code of behaving
when the minds aren't true to the words that they say?
...I don't know

What am I without my sorrow?
darkness does contain my soul
Like the cries of pain I borrow
The exit I enter, where is my soul?
The exit I enter, where is my soul?

[pt. 2 not much]

Don't you think the time has come to look back?
To see what you have done, and what waits up the track?
Don't you think the time has come, to realise your dreams?
before the one track mind becomes the cracking of the seams
When your the eyes become sore from the hourglass sand
When your tears are no more, together with your promised land