

# Paradise Lost, Dissappear

In living with a fear of chance  
The chance of fears the only reason you're awake  
We'll decrease in size when burdened with your mind  
But you know escape is to run  
In a constant commotion  
When I speak it's revulsion  
Maybe you'll - disappear  
We call the past when you were strong  
Those distant days it seems are now forever gone  
You'll increase desire to wander and retire  
But you know escape is to run