

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