

Vasaria, Skin Deep

Skin Deep

Hours and hours have past as I merge with the emptiness.
My mind runs rampant a death like cold chills me.
I stare into outer space, want imprisons my soul.
I consult myself and then return to where I once was...

Without a sound show me the way,
Said and done, I can't stay.
Without a sound show me the way,
Cradle to Grave.

I feel as if I were dead or perhaps have never lived.
My surroundings grow colder and colder for this it is my place.
Suddenly I gaze beyond my sub-mortal solitude.
More hours pass me by, they crawl past me on hands and knees...

(Chorus)

Hours continue to pass,
Said and done: cradle to grave
Looking back nothing's been won,
Sorry but... I've got to leave it all behind!

(Chorus)