

# Venera, Woodfall

Youth went by on our backs, morals intact, we were never gonna crack  
Spread-eagled, but never once looking back  
When we were young we were chasing the sun  
Always busy in our quest for fun, but now the race is run  
The sun has gone black  
and we're chasing the moon like moths to a flame

Now that your goal's obscured, where d'you aim?  
Running without vision in all the wrong directions  
Hitting wall after wall, taking a short cut home  
Sometimes we talked about that other world you tried so hard to see

But you never saw the ocean behind all them christmas trees  
Running without vision in all the wrong directions  
Hitting wall after wall, then turn and run  
You were the one to lose the race,  
you were the one to fall from grace (x2)

(repeat chorus)