

**411****"Year One"**Visit "[Year One](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Walking through the fields of waste  
Souvenirs of the old days - like always  
Here I stand again to fight against the tide of time  
The sun shines actually kind

Year one is beginning now  
No past behind, a thin black line  
Two and four the time we're heading for  
Black and white doesn't exist no more

Men without past  
A small part, a short role of the cast  
Tick tock  
A small wheel of a clockwork  
Floating the river quietly timewards

Four seasons, twelve months, fifty-two weeks and  
A few hundred days remains  
To put the second number to the one we call  
Hunger  
Evolution calendar

History will be written from here

Watch the screen don't fear what you'll see  
Yesterday, thousands of years ago  
The streams of the road show you the way to go

Men without past  
A small part, a short role of the cast  
Tick tock  
A small wheel of a clockwork  
Floating the river quietly timewards

The speed was given priority  
While the rest stood still, at least it seems  
Steps backwards under me  
Maybe this is just what I feel

Men without past  
A small part, a short role of the cast

Tick tock  
A small wheel of a clockwork  
Floating the river quietly timewards

Men without past...

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