

Blind Witness

"Trace"

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And she said it was alright/
To recover things, to recover me/
You know it all except the bound of my true embrace
through the words I said/
Because I just want to fall down/
In your deep blue eyes, in your stormless face/
But lumber through the crowd/
Its decree weakness as my common sense/
You've been lost without a trace/ should I be aiming for
your touch/
And I quash all revulsion/ it was so much happier than
today/
When love won't gain no ground/ with your foolish
odds/
On your complementary choices/
I obey until you say you will/
You've been lost without a trace/
Should I be aiming for your touch

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