

Gotmoor "Compass"

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You lower your judgement, abandoning your impulses
An emotional argument, packed full of desires

In your one step forward, you lower your judgement
It's alright if you don't worry about your pace
Because you're going to tear things up

Ah, it's all boiled down to passions
Going round and round
But certainly when that's over
What will you use to satisfy yourself
Once, in the shadows of hope?

The compass of passion is always pointing to the future
The spider's threads come apart
They seem like they're going to break, and it moves
along

Is there a compass of passion in your heart?
The needle shakes
Spinning round and round, it points to the future

The compass of passion is always pointing to the future
The spider's threads come apart
They seem like they're going to break, and it moves
along

Don't disappear, lamplight
Always point to the future
Ah, is your needle
Aiming at the future, your hopes?

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