

## Craft

### "Waste of Time"

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Theres something old that calls to me  
It speaks through all my dreams  
Forever pointing, showing me  
That lifes not all it seems  
Thats why I cant be like you  
Cant share your worldly view  
That does not help, I must admit  
Cos I dont know what to do

I see it in the ravens flight  
Or in the windswept trees  
I see it in the cold moonlight  
Trapped dreams in a madmans frieze  
I see it in the old wild hills  
In bracken bruised and soiled  
I see it in the many fields  
Where centuries have toiled

I feel it most on barren nights  
As darkness hits its prime  
Why cant you see is it just me?  
Your realitys a waste of time  
It seems so easy to turn away  
To never face another day  
Than to keep on looking and find the truth  
So all this fades away

How have we got so far off track?  
And still not realised  
How do these people live their lives?  
Without a thought surmised  
Is it better just not to know  
Than to catch a little truth  
What can we do, where can we go  
That doesnt end six feet below

It may be better to be unaware  
To catch no sight of whats out there  
Just worry about TV or paying the bills  
Or develop a conscience over societys ills  
Cos none of it matters if truth be told

Just a different set of lies to be sold  
To comfort us when we grow old  
That we lived our lives OK

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