

Eventide

"Spokes In The Wheel"

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Waste the endless days
Pondering on how to get away
You're a mask, nothing real
Just a piece in a spinning wheel

When you're almost there
It steals your thoughts
Disturbance surrounds you
Then it's gone

In the shades, in the weakest of moments
Deep in your doubts full of agony
Don't forget that we're fuel for the engine
And you're nothing but a spoke in the wheel

The same awakening

Strikes your mind every time
It's a shame, all this suffering
Like you thought you had a life

Are you closing in?
You forgot one thing
That it's a dead end street
Where all the dreamers meet

In the shades, in the weakest of moments
Deep in your doubts full of agony
Don't forget that we're fuel for the engine
And you're nothing but a spoke in the wheel

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