

Crooked Fingers

"Year One"

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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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