

## Sane "Echo"

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If I think like a child  
And ignore what is mine  
Will I find you hear with me

If I'm guided through the crowd  
And I touch and feel your power  
Will you find me at your feet

What is time to me  
I can't hear a thing

But I always find the pain I have will Echo  
But I always find the pain I have will Echo

Now I write, all my words  
And you take what you prefer  
And rehearse till your fingers bleed

If I do what must be done  
And the masses move as one  
Will they trample me beneath, their feet

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