

Thomas Feiner & Anywhen "Mesmerene"

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Wade, in the ocean of forgettable things
Are we just traveling in time?
We from wherever we'd bailed out
Landed here

If I could do more than hold you
If I could do more than watch your tears
I wish we could name this place: 'Oblivion'
Then be happily on our way

Here on the outskirts of an age soon spent
With all its demons and songs of untruth
If we could travel ahead and lose this life
Crack it open and live to tell the tale

If I could do more than hold you
If I could do more than watch your tears
I wish we could name this place: 'Oblivion'
Then be happily on our way

If I could do more than hold you
If I could do more than watch your tears
I wish we could name this place: 'Oblivion'
Then be happily on our way

Into my arms
Into my arms
Out of harm's way

Into my arms
Into my arms
Out of harm's way

Into my arms
Into my arms

