

Vasaria "Skin Deep"

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Skin Deep

Hours and hours have past as I merge with the
emptiness.
My mind runs rampant a death like cold chills me.
I stare into outer space, want imprisons my soul.
I consult myself and then return to where I once was...

Without a sound show me the way,
Said and done, I can't stay.
Without a sound show me the way,
Cradle to Grave.

I feel as if I were dead or perhaps have never lived.
My surroundings grow colder and colder for this it is
my place.
Suddenly I gaze beyond my sub-mortal solitude.
More hours pass me by, they crawl past me on hands
and knees...
[Chorus]

Hours continue to pass,
Said and done: cradle to grave
Looking back nothing's been won,
Sorry but... I've got to leave it all behind!

[Chorus]

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