

Life seems to stand still in time  
As the soul retires, deaf, dumb and blind  
And all we feel  
If far from real  
As these gears which, once, had driven us  
Lie still and frozen

Innocence has long grown old  
As idle hearts have long grown cold

Right or wrong  
We go along  
Lame and tired  
The will to try  
Deep down inside all of us  
Lies dying

It's easy  
Not to see  
What this should be

Wind this spring and watch it grow  
Stand back and watch as it explodes  
And all unfolds  
As all we hold,  
Wound tightly, carefully, silently  
Unravels

Idle hands have lost their hold  
As idle minds think what they're told

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We go along  
Lame and tired  
The will to try  
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Lies dying

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