

## Leave No Trace

Anathema

Born to the glare of the senses  
Spoon fed reality infused  
A new inherent  
Passive contentment  
You are so easily amused

Here and now  
We are gone in a heartbeat  
A dream in the  
Passage your time

Chances are failing  
This world isn't waiting  
The moment is passing you by

Questions lie beneath the surface  
The fools are fooled once again  
Benign coincidence  
We stole our existence  
And gladly cast it to the wind

Here and now  
We are gone in a heartbeat  
A dream in the passage of time

Chances are failing  
This world isn't waiting  
The moment is passing you by

Slowly spinning on the wind back home