

## Traces

Enchant

A sense of place, a sense of waste  
Don't know how this can be  
The silence that envelops me  
Whispers something, subtly

Exhale and change the atmosphere  
They've left a trace of their fear

How could something like this  
Have happened in a place like this?  
Such mindless violence  
The surroundings hold their secrets

How could something like this  
Have happened in a place like this?  
A new day is here  
But there's a trace of yesterday

Here the trees can speak  
In voices weak that suggest a tale of pain  
Of tears shed in the pourin' rain  
But at that they halt their sad refrain

Look up at the vault of stars  
And the calming harvest moon  
A witness to the unspeakable  
And easily repeatable

Cry out to change the atmosphere  
Some kind of presence is here

How could something like this  
Have happened in a place like this?  
Such mindless violence  
The surroundings hold their secrets

How could something like this  
Have happened in a place like this?  
A new day is here  
But there's a trace of yesterday  
There's a trace of yesterday

Red wine spilled on the carpet  
We can clean it up  
Tracks left on the beach that the tide washes away

Footprints dug deep in the snow  
They'll melt away  
But what can wash the stain away from this place?

A new day is here  
There are traces of yesterday  
This place is stained  
What will it take to wash them away?

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There are traces of yesterday

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