

Nothing Left To Say

Fates Warning

I remember the endless longing
that called inside of me
from fountains of expression
trying to break free.

Nothing left to say
when the walls give way.

Still I can faintly recall
the subtle purity
of youthful inspiration
and insecurity.

Nothing left to say
when the child finds his way.

Pride and the drive that started the dream
turned in time to an endless obsession.
Caught in a vicious circle of compulsion.

Desires bind the truth to secrecy
but behind the aspirations I see
a life devoted to blind ambition
and a mortal man searching for eternity.

Behind the desires
and the wall that gave way
there's a forgotten cause
consumed by the day.

Behind the ambitions
of a child who found his way
there's a cold realization
that our deeds die with the day.
And behind the disguise
of a man with a cause
there's a child screaming
with nothing left to say.

Paralyzed by inhibitions
and indecisions.
What was once a release
is now a prison.