

Away

Umbra Et Imago

I'm walking the line
I hate this world
I'm seeking for freedom
What's luck
What's luck
All is illusion
Reality is dying
All is covered in varnish
scratch it off - and you see rust

Just look at the people
grabbing everything
trying to buy luck
ruthlessly
stick at nothing
isolation is king
consum is deadly
All is covered in varnish
scratch in off - and you see rust

Your hand is like hope
Your face as white as milk
Your skin the survival
Your mouth is sweet
Words like honey
Creep into my ears
speak softly to me

It's dragging me home
this felling
away - away - away - faraway I wanna go (with you)