In the beginning it was just a glimpse
Far too fleeting to care about
But I can still remember the initial traces of your change

Then you became so adaptable
No deviation from your ways
Like the world in your eyes is just spinning inside of you
There's only you and you and you . . .

There are no more doubts in you It's a repression of your past Sometimes it shows you're insecure I still can read between the lines There are no more doubts in you Have you forgot to dream at last Sometimes it shows you're insecure You died inside

When I'm thinking of days gone by You were so curious about the world You never needed reasons to simply fly off-hand

Being the epitome of ignorance Does it really suit your plan? Where's the contempt that you would actually show yourself