

Anacrusis, Wrong

Wrong, all that we are
Living, breathing lies
Wrong, all that I feel
All compassion dies

Once hand in hand
And now detached
Befriend the pace
The lonely trance... detached

Wrong, all that I see
Something inside denies
Wrong, all that I feel
Something inside me cries

Once hand in hand
And now detached
Befriend the pace
The lonely trance... detached

What can I say when there are no words?
I can't explain what I cannot understand...

Wrong, all that we do
Dismiss the things we've said
Wrong, all we become
We stumble misguided

Once hand in hand
And now detached
Befriend the pace
The lonely trance... detached

Something in you, something in me
We're trying to control
Something in you, something in me
We're trying to overcome
Something in you, something in me
We're trying to understand
Something in you, something in me
We're trying to break out

What can I say when there are no words?
I can't explain what I can't understand...

Wrong
Wrong
Wrong
Wrong?