

# Vasaria, Skin Deep

## Skin Deep

Hours and hours have past as I merge with the emptiness.  
My mind runs rampant a death like cold chills me.  
I stare into outer space, want imprisons my soul.  
I consult myself and then return to where I once was...

Without a sound show me the way,  
Said and done, I can't stay.  
Without a sound show me the way,  
Cradle to Grave.

I feel as if I were dead or perhaps have never lived.  
My surroundings grow colder and colder for this it is my place.  
Suddenly I gaze beyond my sub-mortal solitude.  
More hours pass me by, they crawl past me on hands and knees...

(Chorus)

Hours continue to pass,  
Said and done: cradle to grave  
Looking back nothing's been won,  
Sorry but... I've got to leave it all behind!

(Chorus)