

## 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)