

Gray Over Gray

Banco De Gaia

our subconscious leads our intentions
where the light ends gray over gray
i can see forever all the way to yesterday
bleeding colours fall away, night skies with
no wars overhead

belief not limited
one heart beating, one life lived
overcast like a silent film
music leadin us to the sun.
yet now our voices fade-paid, burned and paved.

why such pervent preaching, when no blessings
can be found?
why then leave your aspirations in the dry and
cracked ground?
i have prayed for absolution,
i have prayed for a new language
i have served my intuition
felt it cringe and hesitate

i can see through the shades of gray

and then the veil is lifted
i can see forever
and life is beautiful
life is beautiful
and i am beautiful
and so it goes

no you can't take that away from me