

# The Riddle

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Day turns to night, then night turns to day  
In the blink of an eye, it's the next year  
Snowflake on my eyelash, it's cold and I know why  
I question everything

I am transfixed on the star, sky above  
And unlike Mars, it's the reason why I'm here  
I am there when it doesn't appear

Call me strange, call me straight  
Call me anything you like  
I'm the door and I can turn  
Like the seconds on the clock

It's the light, it is the rain  
It's the reason I'm missing  
It's the riddle in my call  
I'm not what you think at all  
Not at all

Tip toe with diplomatic words  
Am I not exposed?  
For my wild child suppressed

Tick-tock, my days go  
Tick-tock, with every passing cloud  
I'd even shape an apple tree, maybe

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Storybooks and dark angels sing  
These blurry shapes in my magic land

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