

Lying In Wait

Depressive Age

There is a new time
There is a door
The door is open to a floor
A lot of times
A lot of thoughts
A long long way
There is no end of doors
Go here!
And there's a new room filled up with surprises

Lay down your body in mother's air
The wind will drift you anywhere
Lay down your body and feel a bed
But not these thrills to make you really mad
Believe it!
You cannot steer, the wind takes care of you
Believe it!

There is a new time
There is a floor
And doors are wide open to new thoughts
Souls want to know what's out of sight in this palace called life