

## Back of Beyond

## Dying Passion

A snow covered landscape is calling him  
What is its spell he cannot tell  
White is the country, the plains and forests  
What's the mystery out there?  
Glittery snow is ringing on the road  
What will he find if he walk it down?  
Such a soothing voice, let him set on

Dreaming of all  
Mysterious trips he might go  
Into the wild

When the mornings come  
Sun rays creep in through  
Iceclad windows, mourning skies  
All senses wake with pain  
The scene has darkened, raising thoughts  
Not invoking an angel, there isn't any around  
The darkened land is raising thoughts  
he begin invoking her, her silence is frost

Dreaming of all  
Mysterious trips he might go  
Into the wild  
He wants to flee from the greedy world  
Into the wild, out of the blue  
Burn bridges down,  
start a brand new life  
Back of beyond