

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