

A glassy heart is crying
and for all the dreams denying
never smiles
always on the move

By the years it`s raked with fire
and the heyday of desire`s
far to reach
down and out it lies

The inner fallow land
in a tight spot I demand
the young bliss of eternal dawn

And when all the skies would fall
and a single chance is small
I`ll still toe the line

My heart is like an ocean
when the rain is lashing down
and if all fails and the waves are rising frown

My soul caught in a whirlwind
like the embers in the fire
if not elsewhere, then where is the desire

If not elsewhere, where is the desire