

Memory-flash

Eloy

What kind of song
I think I can hear a lily white lily calling
She seems to yearn to darken skin and hell
I really know without her force you would be fallen
You wouldn't need to praise mice in hell
(Now Listen)
This day be gray so take my advice and wait for the dawning
Wait for the rise of light tomorrow morning
Look for the highest place in space to rest and stay
You've got to chase the hourly rising sun next day