

# Window Maker

Jorn

Into the open I am moving  
Taking my chances with the wolves  
Painting my vision as I'm searching  
Old tired feet inside these battered boots

Seeking shelter in my roots  
Knowing who I used to be

Holding everything I lived  
Heavy load inside the heart  
Lifting my spirit from below  
Gathering winds I used to blow  
Standing through the fire and snow

I'm not afraid of the taker my brain is a window maker

Reading my future without knowing  
My mind is longing to be there... somewhere  
The answer is hidden never showing... no no  
Can we ever rise from our despair  
Life was never fair

Building towers to the sun  
Lost children of babylon

Keeping everything I saw  
so many times I stood in awe  
Turning the other cheek but still  
I was branded by the claw  
Losing the light that I used to show

In the end when all is done  
Another window maker starts to run

Holding everything I lived  
The chains that weigh the heart  
Fighting devils from below  
Escaping the undertow  
I gather my winds and I blow  
My fame will grow  
Grinding everything I saw  
So much innocence convicted by law