

The Shadowshires

Lake of Tears

A broken castaway from where the shadows lie
Soon comes the shadow there where the sanes abide
Soon comes the castaway, he's so full of dancing
A move to move the trance in

Riding on my own I speed, riding on a road of fire
Staring at the autumn leaves, left is for the neon isles
Waiting on the road a torment, waiting on the road the doormen
Riding on my own I speed, right is for the shadowshires

Some tragic magic spoken from the neon place
So many years away and still that moment stays
So many years to go and he's full of laghter
A move to move there after

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See how the neon lights are faltering
The sea on the left is carved in stone
See all the million lights are flickering
The right of the road becomes my own

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