

Endless November

Lord Vicar

If you had been to those places
And seen all the things I have seen
Then would you still dream of perfection?
And what kind of life it would mean?
I have returned to the living
From the land of the lost
But I can still feel the same longing
I felt when I travelled that land

Rain falls on me
Making me feel like I'm alive
Endless rivers,
Their streams are still drowning my eyes
Did you have to surrender to our sorrow?
Did you have to abandon our way?
Pressures are revealing secrets of the soul
And only the humble remain

Like a leaf that has lost all direction
Cast aside by the cold Autumn wind
I stare at the endless horizon,
And try to forget where I have been
Too proud to beg your forgiveness
I still whisper your name
Too late to admit I'm still sinking
I measure the cost of my shame