

On virgin soil serpents are born
Blind are their eyes, blinding's their bane
Feigned happiness real is as death
Hypocrites' plague infects the mind of man

There is that fear like a curse extending in veins
There is that torment that impairs thee
Roving in shadows
Yet with flame that glows in my heart
There on my way all alone, so alone, not alone

Only with eyes of a pure heart
Maybe some day you can see me
Faith be your guide when the sorrow encircles your self
Walking the path of a pure heart
Maybe someday you can meet me
Faith be your shine if the anguish eclipses your sight

Under the skin innocence breathes
Inherent grace, free from this waste
Insight and pain - sacred romance
Freedom not greed - a doubtless choice for me to make

There is a pureness that so real reveals in my dreams
There is a beauty that I long for
Covered by shadows, yet it's there so close in my sight

Waiting till shades are gone
Waiting till shades are gone...

Hailed shall be the ones who see what others can not
For no assumption I will waste my reason
The promised lands of sand are raised and troths build on tales
From heights I now behold the circus' credo

Solo: Equilibrian Epicurius
Solo: Transcendental Protagonist

Hailed shall be the ones who see what others can not
For no assumption I will waste my reason
The promised lands of sand are raised and troths build on tales
From heights I now behold the circus' credo

Only with eyes of a pure heart
Maybe some day you can see me
Faith be your guide when the sorrow encircles your self
Walking the path of a pure heart
Maybe someday you can meet me
Faith be your shine if the anguish eclipses your sight