

Longing

Michael Kiske

Feelings come and go - I've never known,
Something longs to grow - won't let go.
Spirits around my head - are whispering,
I turn inside instead - of wondering.

Deep inside of me - I know there's got to be,
A different kind of truth - that sets the spirit free.
If I don't wanna know - what's written inside me,
How could I see anything - how could I be anything ?

Restless minds have searched - long before,
The truth will be same - for evermore.
The mightiness of trees - that you can feel,
Can give you all you need - just listen still.
Here is love and there is pain.
It's all around, it's all the same,
There's nothing new that I could tell to you.
But still there is the universe inside of us that never bursts,
We might not know the mining yet, but I am sure we can't reject
The truth that is in everything - that is and has been and will
be.

There is a long way to go - there is a high place to know,
There is a world to go through - but there's so much more to do
Until we're home !

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