Nothijngrad

Novembre

Sometimes the night brings memories, sometimes the night brings feelings you thought they are died in some dusty, forgotten lost hall of your mind yes, sometimes the night

This time a sea of ox-eyes painting the irises of white flooding my senses with light filling my forgotten halls with bright

Because the lanes of the night always lead to railways blind always lead to the most pointless rhymes ryhmes of life that sometimes we must write take the hand that is given to you let yourself to this Sunday morning

We're riding this shore to some-place beyond so don't ever believe we'd stop by a thousand years we've got ahead of your eyes (x 2)

The further sight, always the farhest of sights The farthest sight

Pride and might we believe it's Nothijngrad