

## A Cipher In A Foreign Sky

Raised By Swans

I don't feel it  
I don't feel it anymore  
the city drowns it self  
heard the sirens from the shore

I won't suffer this  
I won't suffer this for you  
fields of orchids burn  
and left here standing, frozen through

Your star

Through the scars

Through the scars  
I'll find your light again

Dreaming  
it's cheap as apathy  
the future atrophies  
the more I dream

Still I crawl inside your grave  
for those lost november days

Your star  
through the scars  
through the scars  
I'll find your light again