

Before I die I'll write this letter  
Here are the secrets you must know  
Until the cloak of evening shadow  
Changes to mantle of the dawn  
Will it be sunny then I wonder?  
Rolling and turning  
How can I sleep?  
Hold on till morning  
What if I fall?

Over the hills and down the valleys  
Soaring aloft and far below  
Lying on stony ground the fragments  
Truth is the seed we tried to sow  
Marking the time spent on our journey  
There isn't much we have to show  
Counting the cost in money only  
Strikes me as funny don't you know?

Tongue tied the thread of conversation  
Weighing the words one tries to use  
Nevertheless communication  
This is the gift you must not lose  
Hauling me always are the voices  
(Tell us are you ready now?)  
Sometimes I wonder if they're real  
(We're ready to receive you now)  
Or is it my own imagination?  
(Have you any more to say?)  
Guilt is a wound that's hard to heal  
(It's a cross you have to bear)  
Could it be evil thoughts become me  
(Tell us what you're thinking now)  
Some things are better left unsaid

Magical moment  
The spell it is breaking  
There is no light here  
Is there no key?