

Sequence II: The Lonely Views Of Condors

Sieges Even

Sometimes it's coming over me
Like a warm rain
Sometimes it's coming back to me
Like a memory
Just like a heat of endless winters
The cold of midday sun
It's the longest way a man can go
Sometimes it's more than I can take

Last night I spread my wings
Upon two worlds colliding
And somewhere at the monstrous distance
The world, it came down on me

Now I am soaring on lost latitudes
A navigator with no chart
Looking down on all the colours that
Separated day from night

And all the demons in my head
Still permeate the sleep
I will feast upon their strange desires
Bring me something to keep the night away

And here I am
So close and yet to far from you
And here I stand
lost in the echoes of goodbyes
And here I am
Still something left to lose

A world was lost the other day
And I am choking on the sediments
And all the things that cold have been would have been
Are the things than will not let me grow

Drifting from the bitter echoes
And the sillnes far and wide
All alone with the nameless phantoms
Chasing down a lonely road

Sometimes it's coming over me
Like a warm rain
Sometimes it's coming back to me
Like it's all destiny
And here I am
So close and yet to far from you
And here I stand
Lost in the echoes of goodbyes