

Sequence VII: Lighthouse

Sieges Even

And where will we be tomorrow
If we do not leave today?

The more we wait for things to change
The more they stay the same
And the more they stay the same
We change

With all the floodgates opened
Walls of water at our heels
Where do we go from here?
Where we will turn to?
With all the shouldered load
With all the limitless possibilities

Like birds of passage flying free
Aimlessly soaring
Between time and space sorrow and joy

Through the night and undergrowth
We set out for the sea
Peering adsorbing consuming
And nothing ever good enough

No river too wide
No ocean too deep
No mountain too high
The myriads of open roads

Wayfarers at the crossroads
There's always more than this never more than this
Eyes elude the landmarks
And the flame is swallowed now

No river too wide
No ocean too deep
No mountain too high
The myriads of open roads

Every river too wide
Every ocean too deep
Every mountain too high
The myriads of open roads