

Way Beyond the Fond Old River

Sikth

You will never really know until you've learned to lead
Never understand until you've sown the seed
You can gather information with the will to read
But you'll never really know until you've sown the seed

We live and learn to fly away
Travel through the clouds and fly away
Thought to save a blessing some days learned
When tables turn and bridges, soon they burn
While the moral man's making trees from the gathered leaves
We gather round the fire and smoke to sea
For you will never know where some ideas can lead
You will never know until you've sown the seed
The sea

Way beyond the fond old river
Way beyond the fond old river
Where they paint is bled to shiver, shiver
Shiver, shiver, shiver
While the metal gathers moss
While the Metal gathers moss
And you standing on the gloss, well

We seem to only really know of these ways to feed
Microwave our meals, the oranges we peel
You can know the station by the sign you read
But you'll never really know until you've learned to lead

We live and learn to fly
Travel through the clouds to find your way
Thought to save as blessings some days learned
When the thunder turns can blossom soon be earned
While the feral man's making trees from gathered leaves
We gathered round the fire and smoked the sea
For you will never know where some ideas can lead
You will never know until you've sown the seed

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We had
We admired to fly away
We had
We admired to fly away
Again
We had
We admired the flight to far away again
Now these lakes are stains
Drained and gone
The leaves they float and some days they do turn

Within that hole under sea

Way past the shell, now you can see beyond those trees
And tears could be ridden
Ignore the din of painted paper clones
Though