

Flung wide
The salutations
the deep curse
And the shutters close
A spring house in the making
On good earth of momented souls in my soul
And fears I don't know
I hear there is a march we should go

Lost on this road are there any real Sundays to find
Unbound on the rising
The pell mell the of miser kings
As you saw what I'm seeing
Oh you'd thaw from the fires
There pace in your game
And wake in your straights
I ache from the center out

Lost on this road are there any real Sundays to find?
Lost on this road are there any real souls
Don't hear what I hear
Don't see what I see
Don't leave what I must leave behind

Lost on this road are there any real Sundays to find?
This stop I am hunger
The deep well of a stranger held
And this heart of a lonely hunter now

I'm lost on this road
Are there any real Sundays to find
I'm lost on this road
Are there any real souls?
Are there any real souls to find?
Are there any real souls to find?