

The stolen glances, the moments in between the actions
The dice are rolled, the skeleton sit by the fork in the road
The paths that twist and turn, the journey goes on

The memories caught between the hands of time
As she dances the dance of time
I'm in a trance now, the sun's love rains down on her landscape
But landscapes change

My mind is playing tricks on me
Language of fire to carve the stone
My mind is playing tricks on me
Images of fire to strike the stone

My mind is playing tricks on me
Language of fire to carve the stone