

## The Far Heavens

Suspiria

All alone and wasted  
In the city are we  
Just so much without a spirit  
Nor associated inclinations  
Alone in the city  
So desperately  
All alone, stuck here  
And so remote  
But these, they are your heavens  
Your far and reaching, splendid havens  
A thousand skies above the lowly  
Such as I  
These, they are your heavens  
And, hourly  
They're weighing down upon me  
They may be yours, alone for now  
But how I wish they could be mine  
For all your talk  
Your dreams of your favourite  
Astral places  
I, myself, it seems am ever rooted  
In these floors  
Their languid processions  
Locked in ignorance  
That disenfranchised indifference  
But these, they are your heavens  
Your far and reaching, splendid havens  
A thousand skies above the lowly  
Such as I  
These, they are your heavens  
And, hourly  
They're weighing down upon me  
They may be yours, alone for now  
But how I wish they could be mine  
Oh, if I might only rouse myself  
Just this once  
To join you  
To even steal a place upon your flight  
But these, they are your heavens  
Your far and reaching, splendid havens  
A thousand skies above the lowly  
Such as I  
These, they are your heavens  
And, hourly  
They're weighing down upon me  
They may be yours, alone for now  
But how I wish they'd soon be mine