

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