

Bent Cold Sidewalk

Tangerine Dream

When i talk to the trees
O'great trees who have learned to speak slowly
I know that they believe that they have an answer
Then i walk in the city where i cannot hear it

When i talk to the city
I have already learned three answers
Before i call the question
And slowly, i wish myself among trees
But can not hear myself wishing

When i talk to the people
Who are the trees that grow in the city
They reply with a fond kindness, slowly
But there is no answer
For experience to be made by mistake

Upon this key, time will slide,
Beyond the lock, you lose your mind.
And as our door becomes open,
A rush of sound is found inside
Creating dreams that pass you by.

You may live through your life a long long time..
But you will never know from where it came,
Yet all you've seen is what you've wanted to,
You're walking forward as you look behind,
Still watching those old memories fade and die...

This door is heavy, and is deeply stained,
With wasted tears, that try to fight in vain,
You may be sitting, feeling quite secure,
But listen carefully - and this key is yours -
For we can lead you far beyond that door...

There are dangers hidden, trust in that language
And it is precisely this conception that which must not be changed
The epitome of our language is patterns containment of thought and sound

I die to fight!!
I die to fight!!
I die to fight!!

Upon this key, time will slide,
Beyond each lock, you lose your mind.
And as our door becomes open,
A rush of sound is found inside -
Creating dreams that pass you by..

Bent cold sidewalk, open the gate,
I may be late but i can no longer wait.
Stealing the crown that stood me up,
I'm laying the table with dusty plates.
Bent cold sidewalk, open the gate,
I may be late but i can no longer wait.
Playing the god to fix your gaze,
I'm holding you firm on another day.

Bent cold sidewalk, open the gate,
I may be late but i can no longer wait.