

Number

Tristania

Death I hear you calling
But I can't come home right now
My days were few and numbered
But somebody lost count
Unlike the dust that settles down
Or fragments in the breeze
I'm now prone to supremacy
And I go on with ease
Time to climb - regain
What I've given up
Low or high - I'll never be satisfied
Transcending - I'll roam
The end is my home
I'll surmount and deride
The benumbed hands of time
Bribing the ebb of tide
It's time to climb
Time to climb - regain
What I've given up
Low or high - I'll never be satisfied
Transcending - I'll roam
The end is my home
At the mercy of the pouring rain
My fire inside
At the mercy of life's waterfall
My shelter's dry
All is dead and done
All is said and sung
But united and untied -unified
I'm turning the stone
The end is my home