

This Bitter Land

Voyager

In the blossom of my life
When the chart is at its highest
I begin to feel the pain
As the dust runs through my veins

As I thirst for more and more
And my strength has ceased to soar
I raise nothing but my hand
Take me from this bitter land

Slowly colours fade into a grey
Disappear from progress of the day
My success I'd trade for just one hour
That the colours will not fade away

At this very point in time
I would give all that is mine
I begin to feel the pain
As the dust runs through my veins

Like a victim of the seasons
I will slowly crawl within
Now I raise my heavy hand
Take me from this bitter land