

I've seen your fame chase the wind like a tongue on fire
Self-portrait of a weather vane in windy November turning
My love moves me without moving
Thoughts escape and words elude me
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name
Waiting for the day
The day when my love becomes my love
Waiting for the day the day when my love becomes my love
Grains of sand down the throat of a chapel choir
Stains on Claude Monet á la gare St. Lazarre
My love moves me without moving
Thoughts escape and words elude me
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name
Roll the stone just a little higher
Give the bird just a little more grain
For the hill by the spire
My love moves me without moving
Thoughts escape and words elude me
As Sisyphus and Tantalus call my name