

Lost Realms

Wuthering Heights

Strange how the world shrinks while you grow up
Some of it seems so long ago
It cannot really have been me at all

As future turns to past
Premonition turns to reminiscence
Reality to mythology
Doors open wide

Somehow some memories
Are growing ever stronger
Ever clearer
As doors begin to shut

Tell me why must my childhood's oceans turn into lakes
Horizons move ever nearer
The myth is easier to comprehend
As doors are being locked

Sweet was the sun