

Circus Maximus, From Childhood's Hour

From childhood's hour he's been his only friend
Endless solitude until the end
As others saw he could not bring
His passions from a common spring
In his growth he was raised and taught well
All that he loved, he loved alone
In his youth the surroundings drew nearer still
Like an autumn breeze that gives its chill
The thoughts were not keeping up with the learning spree
Leaving him behind the others could not see
"Show me hope, if I'd ever to last"
The dark haunts his present and his past
The melody of his heart chimed the wrong tone

In the day, in the dawn
Of a stormy life was drawn
From every depth of good and ill
The mystery... it binds him still
From which he could not love the less
So lovely was the loneliness
As a man he still dwelt alone
Wandering around a world of moan
Thinking will he ever get his bride?
Or is his life a stagnant tide?
Into a self made Hell he was thrown
All that he loved, he loved alone

Leaving him behind the others could not see
"Show me hope, if I'd ever to last, on my own!"

Thinking will he ever get his bride?
Or is his life a stagnant tide?
Into a self made Hell he was thrown
All that he loved, he loved alone