

# Circus Maximus, From Childhood's Hour

From childhood's hour he's been his only friend  
Endless solitude until the end  
As other's 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