

Kirlian Camera, The Christ

Along those ways in the sky of November,
Marching souls that I cannot recall,
Lost in the cold of this eternal curtain,
Raising memories so far from the end.
Laying in the silence that lives all around me,
I call your name against the wall of this pain,
And if it's true that the children are playin' out
It's really true I don't know what I'm doing
In this old place,
In the winter of heaven,
I've lost all the things that have broken my dreams,
And if the angels are burning their wings here,
I've lost the words to whisper them my love.

In those deserts of ice, steel and iron,
Under the rain that never stops falling,
I know, the treasures and jewels are buried
Under this rain that cleans the marks of the slaves
Don't tell me I'm dreaming 'cos I know what's happening,
While all the flowers are praying to despair.
To catch their lives in the silence of love,
There's no more time, no more place to resist.
In this old place in the winter of heaven...
There's no more time for us,
There's no more place to resist
Only our hearts to embrace all these ruins
And give them to the light as the final sweet gift
In this old place in the winter of heaven...
There's no more time, there's no more place to resist
In this old place in the winter of heaven...