Lacrimosa, Promised Land

Now it seems
To appear to us
Now we touch the ground
Arriving in this promised land
Where future meets the past

Red flags and tainted dreams Little pale ladies in dolly white sheets Pagan words and rose coloured drinks Mechanical steam underneath

If to choose we rather take two The chances are too less

If we turn to see And once we pick a smile Our lifetime has achived to touch a human heart

For once we turn to see By chance we pick a smile One word - One touch of hand One single reason why