

# Lake Of Tears, The Shadowshires

A broken castaway from where the shadows lie  
Soon comes the shadow there where the sanes abide  
Soon comes the castaway, he's so full of dancing  
A move to move the trance in

Riding on my own I speed, riding on a road of fire  
Staring at the autumn leaves, left is for the neon isles  
Waiting on the road a torment, waiting on the road the doormen  
Riding on my own I speed, right is for the shadowshires

Some tragic magic spoken from the neon place  
So many years away and still that moment stays  
So many years to go and he's full of laghter  
A move to move there after

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See how the neon lights are faltering  
The sea on the left is carved in stone  
See all the million lights are flickering  
The right of the road becomes my own

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