

Left Hand Solution, Memories (Of The Tragedienne)

(words & music: Barthold)

In the tragic play
A marionette of the clock
Pages filled with a chronicle in blood

Scents and sights, come back to me
My life in memories, makes me want to go
Try and hold on to what's left of all
The golden scenes I forever want to know

The curtains are lifted
Reveal a spectacle of rare
'Til the final act I am your tragic one

Soaring in the wind
Sounds - so transcendent
So faint and softly
Carries me above

Scents and sights...