

# Aching Beauty, Glittering Images

Love is the feeling just taken from your heart  
A feeling is the tear just fallen on this heart  
A tear is the sign when we're all lost  
A sign is the hope that we're loved

Passion gets boring, no need to care  
But still feel the need for a better end  
They thought they could for their own good  
But no one knew then how it would all end

Wind is the blow sent by your lonely god  
A blow is the gift that fills our blood  
A gift is our chance to be all seen  
Chance makes us flow through the wind

I prayed darkness not to come  
'til she reads the scroll and reaches her crown  
She prayed the moon not to fall  
'til she finds the one that would wait her for  
She prayed the sword not to fall  
'til she gives her son the glitter of the sun  
They prayed her son not to fall  
'til he finds the force and reaches for his throne  
For his throne

They've been walking for ages,  
Lived in pain and agony  
Tears were pouring down on their faces  
For their ideology

For the first time in a long time, they had an aim :  
Fly over lands and mountains, then wait for a sign  
They left wife and children behind as their past  
Undergoing doubt and yearning overcame as fast

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'til she gives her son the glitter of the sun  
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'til he finds the force and reaches for his throne  
For his throne

They've been walking for ages,  
Lived in pain and agony  
Tears were pouring down on their faces  
For their ideology  
They've been walking for ages,  
Lived in pain and agony  
Tried to separate the tears from their fears  
For their ideology

They thought they could for their own good  
But no one knew then how it would all end