

Aeon Spoke, Emmanuel

When your road deserts you
And your feet disappear
You'll find some orchards
Wasted one, without appeal
Where will you go from here?

Against the world from here
You're sitting still inside the fear
Must be someway out of here

Crows flying somewhere
Doves leaving doves

Time as the ocean
Changing tides alone it does
Where will you go from here?

Against the world from here
You're sitting still inside the fear
Must be someway out of here

Emmanuel you go away
Emmanuel you go away
Emmanuel