

Autumn, Forget To Remember (Sunday Mornings)

Hello again, familiar morning routine
Time's ebbing away, but I feel no rush today
No urge, no hurry, just the rhythm of the rain
Sliding by, not here...
Im not nearly, nearly there
So its back to black again in the early morning hours
How I'd love to run away from the dogma that devours me
So whats different about this morning? The setting's the same as everyday
Who can tell what rearranged the rain
To wash my fears away?
There is so much more to living, so much more of the divine to gain
for this silent colony bathing in the morning rain
So its back to black again in the early morning hours
How I'd love to run away from the dogma that devours me
So its back to black again but Im thinking of the escaping from the dull
monotony and the Sundays that are breaking me... I break me
The stage is set for saints to fall and cleared for cowards to surprise
It took me time to realise the life I lived and left behind
is better off a memory
Let's see what dreams I find