

# Cadaverous Condition, Shores Of Yesterday

here I watch the midnights go and all this searching has to stop  
and how long this road appears and how uncertain in the night  
I've got so far to go and oh so little time  
though I may regret tomorrow I'd say yesterday was mine

so let us sing of the tortured heart  
so let us revisit places past  
so let us dream of chances lost  
so let us sail on ships of gold

here the years rush like blood and what we love we hurt the most  
adrift on that special day I glanced through to another world  
but considering this and reflecting that, promises broken and nothing else left  
what is real is better than what was dreamt, but still I can dream

we will never know

so let us sing of the tortured heart  
so let us revisit places past  
so let us dream of chances lost  
so let us sail on ships of gold  
to the shores of yesterday