

Callisto, Providence

That which fades away
Will not stay the same
In your night you trampled on the flame

Reckless haste before an amen
Burning your wise men
In search for fools gold in deserted landscapes

Still rambling on
Indulging in your thirst
Laid aside salt when kneeling by the water

Not to hear or never to speak first
That which fades will not stay the same
Not to hear or never to speak first
The storm ends my way at the dusk of day

Triumph in song or defeat
Retrieve the bitter or the sweet
Would you bury the old or the young instead?
Answered in questions or yet unsaid?

That which faded did not stay the same
In black night you may have found a flame
While these golden plates are now emptied
You're most welcome to the house of grief