

Celestial Season, From The Plains

You're a memory that makes us free
a sunshine melody to believe in
you make me breathe in
whenever I'm nave
tomorrow I could meet
the angels in the serenade you sang
when the night became a fortune to you
a different frame of view
a light to see me through the year

a siren fills the deserted streets
the silence of your sudden leave
I'm hopeful, you made me hopeful
and what is left behind
tomorrow we might find
the answers lay in riverbeds and dust
the beautiful chaos in the head
no, beauty is not dead
we looked the other way
a cold wind blew on this day

(bye bye, my dear)

we should know we're running out of time
we should know we're humming different tunes
open up, surrender to the plot
beautiful, show them all you have got