

Cydonia, The King

The story tells of the king of the sky,
Creator of dreams
On a big book he used to write,
The destiny of all galaxies
Lost in darkness, in his castle, far in the universe
He knew when the world began,
why life ended up
And the reason why events took place

One flies away on the rainbow or inside life
And one's heart's alive...to run...

When the night falls, he'll dominate
And from his throne, magic he'll spread

Present and future have no difference
For the immortal ones
Prisoner of an impossible task
Of life he knew nothing at all
All that's real, the oceans and stars
Are a fruit of his mind
Every soul is important and dreaming he creates
New lives to lose or win

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And one's heart's alive...to run...

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A race, as an end, the face, that is aging
Where's the mystery behind the dream
The space, I need to open a door, to know if
Heaven will have my replies

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