

# 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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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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