

Elusive, Asylum

There's a poison running slowly through the veins
All reflections of the world have inflicted me with pain
And I'm moving on the winds and the winds are cold

I see the old ones carried to the grave
The young and blessed, they are born into the flames
And I'm moving on the winds and the winds are cold

I know the fools and the demons in disguise
All inside my heart to serve another lie
And the world spinning round, the wind so strong

Come here
Into the silence
Into the silence
Come here
Illusions of asylum
Oh it's your ivory soul

These are the trails who have come through a thousand times
These are the trails who have come through a thousand times

There's a poison running slowly through the veins
All reflections of the world have inflicted me with pain
And I'm moving through the winds and the winds are cold

Come here
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Illusions of asylum
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Oh it's your ivory soul
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