

# EverEve, Pilgrimage

These days are burning down  
Every death is an end in the race  
- no arrival

These lives - just ripples  
In the stunning widths of space  
- slipping away

This march will never end  
Every stop is a death deep within  
- deep within

It is a WAR over years and years  
It is a WAR...

Passion in every step  
Every month is a part of the circle  
- no arriving

Counting your mirthfull days  
Every year is a march round the wheel  
- on and on

And when there is nothing left to light these worlds  
I will be right at your side  
I will be there in time  
In time...

Marching on...

Travel - Arrival  
Together we will drown  
In the river of your transciency (You will see...)