

Fold Zandura, Samovar

when you were the Santorin
you were once worshipped as a fireking
south of Naxos, shaped by scirocco heat
far above surfacing the Sea of Crete
your feet

long gone hollow the cone
volcano down to the stones

i was born to sail the Cyclades
marble islands, starlight sang like an Aegean breeze
i was drawn by the myth of your monolith
like a perfect face is drawn by the scar
and was caught in the pour from a blast in the core
like a super-heated samovar
thats all you are

long gone hollow the cone
volcano down to the stones
its shadow stealing the sun
long live the tears
see how they run

so long as the memory burns
you should know ill never return
you shadowed places to run
for so many years stealing the sun

bring back the sun
bring back the sun
bring back the sun
bring back the sun