

Lemur Voice, Prime Of Passion

He leaves his home and fights the wind
The moon that speaks to seem voices from within
It cries with him, it laughs at
Give and take seem meaningless
Reality receives a sudden twist
Thoughts take giant steps and chill his skin
No doubt his words: "I'll live through this!"
No need, no pain just broken trust

He sets his course and leaves his dream behind
But still the friend that lives within holds the seed
The seed that will become the rose
Again the moon begins to preach
Change is its advice
The end justifies the means

But Quicksand forms your pavement
Wake and choose a new pair of glasses
Truth will reveal its sight
New day has come to end the one
The one that is dead and gone
New day has come to trust
Let the seed become the rose

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