

# Meganoidi, The Millstone

Eyes and streets widen out  
The stone skims over the ground  
Some old cars crashing head on  
No flames

You found the black old tree  
and left your deep marks behind  
The glowing fire and I can wait for a higher tide

Someone chopped the old black tree down  
Fireworks bursting over the town  
A knot of people moving slowly  
watching the ground

And left your deep marks behind (those mountains)  
Hard luck!  
The harvest is not what I was waiting for, for so long  
And keep on following those stars  
we lose the way and fall apart  
You left your deep marks behind (those mountains)  
And I can wait the tide grows

The eleventh hour was the moment  
when we gathered ending that wild goose chase  
The tide is coming over  
From time to time I miss you against the millstone  
against the core I am entirely helpless you know