

# Michael Kiske, Longing

Feelings come and go - I've never known,  
Something longs to grow - won't let go.  
Spirits around my head - are whispering,  
I turn inside instead - of wondering.

Deep inside of me - I know there's got to be,  
A different kind of truth - that sets the spirit free.  
If I don't wanna know - what's written inside me,  
How could I see anything - how could I be anything ?

Restless minds have searched - long before,  
The truth will be same - for evermore.  
The mightiness of trees - that you can feel,  
Can give you all you need - just listen still.  
Here is love and there is pain.  
It's all around, it's all the same,  
There's nothing new that I could tell to you.  
But still there is the universe inside of us that never bursts,  
We might not know the mining yet, but I am sure we can't reject  
The truth that is in everything - that is and has been and will be.

There is a long way to go - there is a high place to know,  
There is a world to go through - but there's so much more to do  
Until we're home !

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