

Novembre, Homecoming

Just ride those notes and all that sand again
You'll find the same will of spreading our wings upon this graceless land
The sea continues to break on all that sand
And no stars keep on shining on my hands
Same wish, same gold, same fields of dreaming red
Same darkened sky of hopeless clouds above our withered heads
You'll never step my skyline once again
No never see my oceans once again