

Odes Of Ecstasy, The Floating City of Sun

A city without a country
Traveling at the cold ocean
Carrying the spiritless
Creatures of its era

Expectations and hopes
Sheltered in a few bodies
What a heavy load
For the floating city of sun

The pure souls of
The brave volunteers
It's only fuel
The loss of their dignity
Their precious reward

The Floating city of sun
A heaven to its passengers
The living hell of
Its few followers

When the journey came to its end
No one was there to say the farewell

Just the brave volunteers
Who accompanied it in the abyss