

# Refugee, Credo

"I Believe (Part I)"

I believe  
The life you live you leave  
Can't conceive  
An extra mortal sleeve

From near times far  
We come and here we are  
We stay to play a while  
upon this earthly stage  
and leave to half-remembered tales  
and half-forgotten lies  
to sing a while  
a song in praising style  
and then forget the words

"The Lost Cause"

I believe in midnight madness  
And ships that pass in the night  
And I still believe in love  
Like a child in Santa Claus  
The king who wore no clothes  
Wasn't the only one exposed  
The queue forms beside me  
As I sing my credo to a lost cause

I believe in constant pauses  
On a Roman holiday  
And I often stop for air  
As I climb the Spanish stairs  
And the king whose touch was gold  
Was surprised as he grew old  
The queue formed up behind him  
As he sang his credo to a lost cause

I believe, and you believe  
We all believe we're free  
And the air don't cost a thing  
To a bird with a broken wing  
The wisest king of all  
Left his wisdom on the wall  
The queue forms beside me  
As I sing my credo to a lost cause

I believe, and you believe  
We all believe we're free  
And that the air don't cost a thing  
But then, that's only to a bird with a broken wing  
The wisest king of all  
Left his wisdom on the wall  
The queue formed beside him  
As he sang his credo to a lost cause

"I Believe (Part II)"

I believe  
The life you live you leave  
Can't conceive  
An extra mortal weave

From near the stars  
You are seen from here  
They're yours to gaze awhile  
down to the universe  
and smile as we down here  
we chase the wind and jump  
the moon and play a while  
the game in echoed style  
and disregard the rules