

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