## Robi Rosa, Memories Burn

here we are, alone again, a lonely soul, without a friend our time... die slow

over the edge of the mountain top draw afar the creator our time... die slow

stoned sky or is it me a seculent mind my belief our time... die slow the liquid fog in the land of nod unaffected and complete our time... die slow

it's time... die slow it's time... die slow

funny dreams no such thing on the mind there's no relief our time... die slow

between the membrane and the blade love is all we have today our time...die slow

memory burns as soon as man all is left is nothingness It's time... die slow

the time the day is out of place cause everyday is yesterday it's time...die slow

it's time... die slow it's time... die slow

feel the blackness laugh at me golden apples at our feet our time...die slow

cause here we are alone again a lonely soul without a friend our time...die slow