

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