

# Salamandra, The Last Of All

Sitting on riverside  
Time has paused for him now  
Watching strong stream of joy  
Waning faraway

Shadows of leaning trees  
Buried his misery  
Tried to find his way home  
Sailing away no more

Comfort and peace no more and no rush anywhere  
Conscience runs from no one doesn't run from you

Facing too much  
Vice time after time  
Found what looked for  
Too long being there all alone

Million stars or some more  
Shine above tired head  
No attempt to count all  
Blazing in the sky

This is why he turns in ceasing his wandering  
Hiding tears in his eyes found a silent place

Never lost hope  
Trusting all his dreams  
Would he go for  
Chair instead of throne made of gold

Screaming in silent night  
Touching past history  
And the darkest deep night's  
Slowly falling down

Have them carry you away  
On the wings of fantasy  
Draw a deep breath and start  
To read another page