Trance To The Sun, Black Sea, Black Fish

Cloud cloud cloud cloud cloud cloud cloud cloud nine
Can be cool only since it's in the shadow of cloud ten
It's a gathering to which she wasn't invited though she's chosen all the guests
Dividing lines cut division street slowly crossing all the friends who thought they could be trusted
It's hardly worth knowing the outcome when they lost their way back in the shadows
Why is she still here? I thought they told her to go away
Why is she still here?
Fish in the black sea
Fishing for black fish
Black sea - black fish
Tell her some other lie
Cuz she's run out of ways to ask how are you
And searches for cause to believe she's in heaven when all is either ice or flames
And yes she's done foul things in her life but has she not paid a high enough price?
One more step and she reaches the door
Do not enter
Shall they post a sign?