

Trance To The Sun, St. Constantine Naked In Th

There is no chasing the past
There is no present like the time
There is no movements
and the moment, just precision.

Paper lanterns silent guests, a garden green and warm.
fragile ladies wander, there is sipping sharing crystal goblets
Paper lanterns stole the pace with garden golden lead
Malignant stone angels gaze from rooftops overhead.

Please remind me again, before I'm dead.
Please remind me again, before I'm dead.
Please remind me again, oohhh...

I thought I heard you laughing..
I was creeping on the terrace,
A thousand things to say but none to tell, the way I shudder.
St. Constantine you are cold, so a testament to summary.
St. Constantine's no energy. never really got me.
He calls me to the shadows, I follow you,
Say anything my neutron mouth: you cannot shock me.

They hear my Arabella aria.

Your thatoid matte face; my pain-crustad brow.
If I were you, my statue, I'd be cracking. Hopelessly torn.
The priests has blest us, (fortune) union under your fingers.

Who am I, now
who will I be?

In exactly one minute, or anytime after.
When the light brigade descends from heaven
no cloud unturned.
There is no alteration, just temptation.

To strike with the chisel, my silent stone man speaks.
Like it's a levy that roars, the dust can not frustrate.
Are you saying in silence? I know that you must me.
The by and twines is next July, and I won't drown the garden.

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Please remind me again, oohhh..
Remind me again.