

Voyager, Deep Weeds

Can you live your life with such passion
that your anger will bear the pain?
From a seeling of ageing nations
Calling me again
Now that I'm young
Now that I fear
Only the years appear
When I am old
I will have told
Songs of the ones that I had near
Tales of the past
A sorrow each crease
Here in my face so pale
While I am young
I will escapse
Till I'm old and frail
Never speak of my life's erosion
Wipe the withering blaze away
Cover up all my skin's corrosion
So I can bring back the light of my lost summer days
Down bring me down
Bring me down bring me down.