

Wuthering Heights, Lost Realms

Strange how the world shrinks while you grow up
Some of it seems so long ago
It cannot really have been me at all

As future turns to past
Premonition turns to reminiscence
Reality to mythology
Doors open wide

Somehow some memories
Are growing ever stronger
Ever clearer
As doors begin to shut

Tell me why must my childhood's oceans turn into lakes
Horizons move ever nearer
The myth is easier to comprehend
As doors are being locked

Sweet was the sun " the sun that now is burning me
Clear was the rain " through which no longer I can see
And we did laugh " the conquerors, the chosen
Yet we could cry " now all my dreams are frozen
Who am I now " I want to take another step
What will I be " but my feet are heavy
Can I go on " I know time heals
Can I let go " yet I'm praying for the gods to turn is back

Let me relive the mystery
Let me conquer new horizons
Let me be afraid of the dark
Let me evaporate in sunlight
On those ancestral plains
Open me the gates of the lost realms

Is it only my mind that has painted this pictures
Of a rose with no thorns
As I fly on the wings of the cosmic eagle
The knowledge of the naive

If I could but learn to live in peace with my past
Not seeking to turn back time
But I know I would stand all the pain
Just to feel the pleasure again
Yes I know I would stand all the pain
Just to feel the pleasure again

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And I don't know who the old man is

Who sits there alone with his dreams
But I hope I'll never meet his eyes
I hope that he'll never tell me his name

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