

Wuthering Heights, The Never Shining Stones

Here I am, can you feel me breathing
In the rhythm of the world I'm in

Here I am, can you feel me breathing
In the rhythm of the world I'm in
Reaching out I caress the trees
While the sun revolves above me
The air is so rich I can almost drink it

Dance like a fay twixt tree and stream so cold
The true philosopher's stones
Never shall turn nothing into gold

Now they tell me I must lay me down
Once more they'll lock the door
But of leaves of green my pillow is
And free I'll disappear in the thicket

The true philosopher's stones
Never shall turn nothing into gold

I'm awoken in the woods
I'm searching for the nevershining stones
And the man in white say I can't hear the birds
singing
I'm awoken in the woods
I'm closer to the everlasting truth
And the man in white says I can't hear them

The wealth of mine is not like thine of gold shining
Tree and leaf my treasures are
Living like me, and dying

I'm awoken in the woods
I'm searching for the nevershining stones
And the man in white say I can't hear the birds
singing
I'm awoken in the woods
I'm closer to the everlasting truth
And the man in white says I can't hear them

I'm awoken in the woods
I'm searching for the nevershining stones
And the man in white, and the man in white
I'm awoken in the woods
I'm closer to the everlasting truth
And the man in white says I can't hear them

Now I'm here behind rubber walls
And they tell me my forest never was at all
Not in a thousand years

Was it the drugs they gave to calm me
Or something into my mind through generations fed
And it's all gone only a collective memory
Are we then dead
Is this the kingdom of the mad