

Yearning, In Strange Slowfooted Fever

When the evening winds blow high
We will reach for the sky
Winters cold is drawing by
Will we wondering why?

As the dew drips from the leaves
Open skies, chilly night
Moonlight wonders
through the fields
Where grass grows high
upon the sky

Back when we drowned in ether
While we were passed away
In strange darkcoloured fever
As mountains fell away