

Terra Ignota

Allah-Las

Cross over the sea
Take what you need
Turning of leaves
Fall into the sun
Take everyone willing to see

Plan a day to slip away unseen
Hone you mind
Live for the time and me

Out over the hill
Perched on a sill
Looking within
Now lost on a plane
Reeling again
Feeling quite sane

Plan a day to slip away unseen
Scour the land
Drink from the hand that dreams

Finding falter on the rounds
Our heads may reach the clouds
Longing for a way back home
Or do you think aloud?

Far out from the shore
Feeling no more
Where this will lead
Thoughts only on now
Never of how
It came to be

Plan a day to slip away unseen
Scour the land
Drink from the hand that dreams

Finding falter on the rounds
Our heads they reach the clouds
Longing for a way back home
Or do you think aloud?

Lost over the sea take what you need turning of leaves
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