

# The Watcher

Aviators

South winds fill the air tonight  
A cold heart's lullaby  
An icy figure walking  
Through the city I called mine  
A stream of ghastly voices  
Fill the children's hearts with fear  
But no one dares to harm them  
For even evil left us here

Hollow paradise  
A place of spirits, and of ice  
The lights have long burned out  
But still the echoes give us light  
Trapped inside a hall  
With my portraits on the wall  
The faces stare right back  
As I hear the watcher's weary call

Still unsure what brought me here  
I wander in the dust  
A whisper in the wasteland  
Carries through these fields of rust  
He calls a boy to follow him  
To a staircase up and down  
He says they're moving onward  
For they're sailing heaven bound

Hollow paradise  
A place of spirits, and of ice  
The lights have long burned out  
But still the echoes give us light  
Trapped inside a hall  
With my portraits on the wall  
The faces stare right back  
As I hear the watcher's weary call

I asked the watcher  
Where I'm going from this place  
His faceless smile expressed  
It's a journey to embrace  
I'm not wicked man  
But I fear the cells below  
He showed me to a door  
Where it leads I cannot know

Hollow paradise  
A place of spirits, and of ice  
The lights have long burned out  
But still the echoes give us light  
Trapped inside a hall  
With my portraits on the wall  
The faces stare right back  
As I hear the watcher's weary call

South winds fill the air tonight  
A cold heart's lullaby  
An icy figure walking

Through the city I called mine