

## Distant Call

Broadcast

Don't let the shadows fall  
And govern you no more  
Your thoughts from now begin at this stall  
I know the stairs descend  
Voices will not be warm  
I am your distant call

Some words cannot be bound  
No anchor can be found  
This land which used  
Will be too confused  
And when they shake your hand  
The ground will break away  
I'm not made of clay

I know the stairs descend  
And the hours dies away  
You found reflection there  
You will not lose your way

Oh let the shadows fade  
I know those second thoughts  
My time is held on ???

I know the stairs descend  
And the hours dies away  
You found reflection there  
And you will not lose your way