

## Already Known

Cardiant

For the wind under wings  
For the wings of my plane  
For the plane that will carry me far away

For the night of this day  
For the day of this week  
For the week that will end this pain

But the light is too fast for me  
And my voice is too slow to reach her lies

I think she knows  
she's wrapping herself in the wickedness but can't let go  
It so charming though it's a sickness I already know

For the queen of the guile  
For the guile in our minds  
For the mind that will hide our emotional side

For the instinct of your selfpreservation  
that will keep your way straight

I'm calling for northern winds  
I'm calling for the rising sun  
I'm calling for moons  
I'm calling for stars  
I'm calling for you