

The Walk To The Moon

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Setting out
Restless motion
Beyond the horizons
Lands must be golden
Sister by the hand
Pure heart trusting in
Shining eyes when she looked up at him
Come on let's walk to the moon
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Freedom of choice
Triumph of the will
God made his joke keeping still
Signs by the wayside
Leading to nowhere
Winter came bringing hidden despair
Come on...
Hazy shapes
On an endless plain
Illusions of freedom
In nature's game
And the stars hide their lights
You can see them weep
The air was silent
And they fell asleep
Come on...