And the dry stone no sound of water Only there is shadow under this red rock (Come in under the shadow of this red rock)

That corpse you planted last year in your garden Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year? Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?

... and waiting for a knock upon the door

"What is that noise?"

The wind under the door

"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing"

Nothing again nothing

The mountains, there you feel free The mountains, there you feel free

A gauge to make the fingers rip the curtains which are brand to it

I've heard of it
The sawdust of a mighty sky
Grave to take the strongest mile
And close off

I'll see my my world has changed
I'll see my my world has changed

A gauge to make the fingers rip the curtains which are brand to it

I've heard of it
The sawdust of a mighty sky
Grave to take the strongest mile
And close off

I'll see my my world has changed I'll see my my world has changed I'll see my my world has changed I see my my world has changed I see my my world has changed