

Morphing Thru Time

Enigma

Earth. A biosphere.
A complex,
subtly balanced life support system.
et turtur nidum,
ubi reponat pullos suos
altaria tua Domine virtutum,
Rex meus, et Deus meus and the turtledove a nest
where it might place its young
Your altar of strengths, Lord,
my king and my God,
We are floating over the line
Let us follow our mind
All of our life we'll wait for the answer
And the question is why
If we're following our mind
We can glide into light
No one knows if there'll be an answer
While we're morphing thru time
We are floating over the line
Let us follow our mind
All of our life we'll wait for the answer
and the question is why
We're just travellers
in endless space
If we're following our mind
We can glide into light
No one knows if there'll be an answer
While we're morphing thru time