

Pilgrimage

Evereve

These days are burning down
Every death is an end in the race
- no arrival

These lives - just ripples
In the stunning widths of space
- slipping away

This march will never end
Every stop is a death deep within
- deep within

It is a WAR over years and years
It is a WAR...

Passion in every step
Every month is a part of the circle
- no arriving

Counting your mirthfull days
Every year is a march round the wheel
- on and on

And when there is nothing left to light these worlds
I will be right at your side
I will be there in time
In time...

Marching on...

Travel - Arrival
Together we will drown
In the river of your transciency (You will see...)