

Course of Ages

Fools Garden

Still you see fire, you say
The endless course of ages
Our bleeding souls are getting weak
These loving birds, now they
Are lost inside their cages
Their songs of joy are running dry

What is the consequence?
Where are we now?
Where are we going to?
No, I didn't mean it
I feel so safe in your arms

We're running out of time, and now
We see our skies in trouble
We've burnt it down, with loving flames
We see our skies in trouble

The story goes that if
We once have turned the pages
We can't return to what we need
To what we need
What do we need?

We're running out of time, and now
We see our skies in trouble
We've burnt it down, with loving flames
And now our skies in trouble

With loving flames, we burned it down

C'mon folks let's raise the glass tonight
Forever hearts shall burn
No matter if it's right or wrong
We drink a toast to everyone

We're running out of time, and now
We see our skies in trouble
We've burnt it down, with loving flames
And now our skies in trouble

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na
With loving flames
With loving flames
Our skies in trouble