

He has lived through another night  
And is quite likely to wake up again  
Not in the graveyard  
But in a clean queen bed

Then later day drunk daydreaming  
Watching the leaves shivering  
There is no clear objective today  
No aim, no theme

But you should never be ashamed  
And try your best not to be too afraid  
Walking quiet on your way to be  
Out alone discovering the rain

He had seen the mountain's top  
And found it made no difference  
Just briefly blinded by the morning light  
No more than that

No, there will be no reckoning  
And only a few minor epiphanies  
There will be fire, air and water, though  
Your songs will not be played by symphonies

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But you should never be ashamed  
And try your best not to be too afraid  
Walking quiet on your way to be  
Making your own discoveries  
Making your own discoveries  
Out alone discovering  
Out alone discovering