

Window Maker

Jorn

Into the open I am moving
Taking my chances with the wolves
Painting my vision as I'm searching
Old tired feet inside these battered boots

Seeking shelter in my roots
Knowing who I used to be

Holding everything I lived
Heavy load inside the heart
Lifting my spirit from below
Gathering winds I used to blow
Standing through the fire and snow

I'm not afraid of the taker my brain is a window maker

Reading my future without knowing
My mind is longing to be there... somewhere
The answer is hidden never showing... no no
Can we ever rise from our despair
Life was never fair

Building towers to the sun
Lost children of babylon

Keeping everything I saw
so many times I stood in awe
Turning the other cheek but still
I was branded by the claw
Losing the light that I used to show

In the end when all is done
Another window maker starts to run

Holding everything I lived
The chains that weigh the heart
Fighting devils from below
Escaping the undertow
I gather my winds and I blow
My fame will grow
Grinding everything I saw
So much innocence convicted by law