

Architecture of a God

Labyrinth

There's an old man in the night
Sitting all alone, in the moonlight
...and there he smiles

On an old and broken chair
Staring at a wall he tries to catch
The reflections of all his thoughts
To understand the Architecture of a God

He's an old man, from a far past
But when he was a boy he used to dream
Of himself old, sitting right there
At the same wall, wondering

And he wonders if it's all just a joke
Or it's just another dream he's having as a boy

Past and future glide
Both are parts of the same line
Drawn by an inscrutable Architect
It depends on which way you decide to walk that line
While the Architect sets our lives

Many hopes and dreams we have
While we're young and long seems life
...we've plenty of time

And the memories then come
In a back and forth game

We all run, while He's working upon us

In this big Architecture of a God

Like that old man, from a far past

We were boys who used to dream many lives

Building ten, a hundred million

While stars are dancing all around

Will we wonder if it was just a joke?

Will we try to read our life from right to left?

Past and future glide

Both are parts of the same line

Drawn by an inscrutable Architect

It depends on which way

You decide to walk that line

While the Architect sets our life

Will we wonder if it was just a joke?

Will we try to read our life from right to left?

Past and future glide

Both are parts of the same line

Drawn by an inscrutable Architect

It depends on which way you decide to walk that line

While the Architect sets our lives