

Sirens

Lola Marsh

Sentimental one without any story
Your pages are full
Your age is a lie
Tall and funny soul, your daydream ain't over
Portray the land
Behold your crown

Hear the sirens calling
Old and merry tune
While the sailor's falling
Last chance to rise, don't worry
Need a lullaby to restore your glory
To restore your glory

Foreign creature, your gift is a burden
You were born for the stars
It has shown in your cards
Frightened being, you better run, but slowly
Heir to the throne
With patience alone

In a million years
It'll all be over
Within a million years
It'll all be over
Till then

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Hmm...