

Drifting

Lycia

Mother Mary, feel me prevail...
you're not anything at all
drifting, fading, clean, sharp detail...
you're not anything at all
stationary, vivid and clear...
you're not anything at all
mother Mary, save your tears...
I'm not anything at all
I don't think that I, I don't think that i...
can feel anything at all, and i...
mother Mary, broken and pale...
you're not anything at all
watching, waiting, withered and frail...
you're not anything at all
visionary, wasted, stagnant years...
you're not anything at all
mother Mary, silence your fears...
I'm not anything at all
mother Mary, feel me fade
hear me whisper, hear me fade
drifting, waiting, feel me fade
in the distance, far away