

No Horizon

Magica

The sun grew dark just like a disc of sombre gold,
The ocean boiled below,
Rising crests of water burned with yellow glow.
We're spinning fast out of control
The lightning shows the door through these streaks of
amber fire.

Where we roam,
We only feel like flies in the web of a spider king.
We're fallen leaves blown by the wind.

No horizon line in sight,
No sky to really matte, no,
No horizon!
No horizon and no night;
We're sailing down to see the land of no horizon.

The storm abated, and the sea grew calm again,
The heavens became clear
And this sunturned in a rosy colow sphere.
This strange and mystic promised land
Is opening ahead, and we don't fully understand but

Out of control, the only thing we know
Is we are sailing upside down
In this weightless world inside a dream.
Here we are, we wandered far from the known reality,
A thousand miles below, under the snow.