Modern Prometheus

Pyogenesis

My modern Prometheus

Deal with the two mysteries
Of creation, life and death
I wait for a new life to come
I wait to smell the breath
The world to me's a secret
Which I desire to divine
Something is at work in my soul
Which I cannot assign

(And so my heart)
And so my heart
It doesn't beat for you no more
(My heart)
It doesn't beat for you no more
(My heart)
It doesn't beat for you no more
And all it does is feeling sore

(My heart)
It doesn't beat for you no more
(My heart)
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(My heart)
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Mortality's no secret
For the dream is long long gone
Myself is a place where no one
Wants to stay for long

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The summer months passed in heart and soul
Never did fields bestow a more plentiful harvest
That withered so slow
He who believes his native town to be the world, may rest assured
But I learned the loss of hope and innocence
And both are not to be cured

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