

## Imaginary Borders

Siena Root

The end of the everlasting summer  
Paints sunshines on a limestone trail  
Here comes the rain and ice along there  
There's no such thing as turing back

Over the waves and accross the sea  
A sense of time in our minds  
We had to travel to set free  
Memories are the silent spring

Dawn and days are getting shorter  
Now shadows getting taller  
And cast imaginary borders between

There's no spirits or surrender  
As long as there is light on our earth  
So close but yet so different  
Our days have come to pass

Once a promise of common fame  
A castle built on choosing minor  
We got a glimpse of something greater

Dawn and days are getting shorter  
Now shadows getting taller  
And cast imaginary borders between

This was the everlasting summer  
It's been ablaze in our consciousness  
I had to leave before the dawn  
We'll meet one day when you're awakened

Noone knows the trail we wander  
The woods are calling not with patience  
And on a wave with you no longer  
Maybe one day we'll meet again