

The Sound of Her World

Sylvan

Flowery meadows and green coloured lands
Beating the fields, touching grass with my hands
Cartways I walk on, broad acres I roam
And then afar, within sight, there's home!

In your hands I believe I can reach for this dream quite easily
In your hands I believe, yes I feel that it's near...

Hold me, tight... enough for me now... Lead me, right... enough
for me now...
Know me, wise... enough for me now... Show me, in sight...

Now the fields she has roamed are covered with haze
And a mist from the east now darkens the days
When the sirens afar are starting to scream
When no hand is in sight she wakes from her dream

And the sound of her world is starting to change
And the sound of her world become twisted and strange
And in the sound of her world a discord appears
Somehow the sound of her world's infiltrated by fears

My love, can you hear this shrill sound! It's as if it followed
us out of my dreams...
And now it is spinning around! All that once was near now seems
beyond arm's reach!

...the loneliness is coming... the loneliness is coming... soun
d of her world...

Hold me, tight... enough for me now... Lead me, right... enough
for me now...
Knows me, wise... enough for me now... Show me, in sight... Eno
ugh for me now!