

Trading My Soul

The Flower Kings

No time for grief.
Don't open that door - now let me go back to sleep.
I'm just in a phase of fading - I'm left here trading my
Soul.
I'm spinning that big black hole.
On borrowed wings - nor flesh, nor skin.
We drift like feathers in wind.

Not the end, but I sense it is near.
I'm in limbo between earth and sky.
I can see all your houses from here.
But don't you tell me that this is dying.

The walls - The carpets - The curtains - they cloud the

Room.
I'm left here with no ticket, but I bet we're leaving
Soon.
I'm just in a phase of fading. I'm left here trading my
Soul.
I'm, spinning that big black hole.
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We drift like feathers in the wind.

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But don't tell me, that this is dying.