

# Wicked Old Symphony

The Flower Kings

When you see the rising violence  
You confine yourself in silence  
And you build your fences higher  
In your dream afterlife is waiting for you  
Inner thoughts are shaping you  
You know where to go to find me

I looked for you, make believin' without you  
Something wicked about you  
But we all have our blinders on  
You played for me this wicked old symphony  
Thinking always about you  
And the things that has gone before

There's a cynic rising fences  
While we come back to our senses  
We go building fences higher  
In your dream afterlife is waiting you  
Inner thoughts are shaping you  
You know where to go to find me

I looked for you, make believin' without you  
Something wicked about you  
But we all have our blinders on  
You played for me this wicked old symphony  
Thinking always about you  
And the things that has gone before  
High flying birds - do you ever learn?  
Showing some concern while flying  
High flying birds - do you ever learn?  
While the engines burn, I'm flying

I looked for you, make believin' without you  
Something wicked about you  
But we all have our blinders on  
You played for me this wicked old symphony  
Thinking always about you  
And the things that has gone before