

# Circles

Tow'rs

Longing for some distant day  
Far from all the ash  
Our bodies will soon decay  
Like the garden that we left

While I was searching for a feeling  
You were searching for me

Circles are the perfect shape  
To describe the hearts of man  
As soon as he finds it near him  
It leaves and comes back again

While I was searching for a feeling  
You were searching for me

I heard You in the cool of day  
Your voice was trembling in the trees  
I was afraid then of what You'd say  
You clothed me

While I was searching for a feeling  
You were searching for me