

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