

## Wolfgang

### "Cathedral Of Space"

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Father I know now your life's been stretched too long  
across paper torn and crumpled was drown the garden  
that we've sown  
you made me, so damn happy  
wanting to follow you around but leading a cast of  
clowns  
how could you expect me to worship your name  
father I know now it's etched to deep in sand  
I'm sorry... so sorry I couldn't wipe it with my hand  
so unhappy you made the sky come down  
father I smile now wings have stretched to the sky  
when I look up at the heavens  
I see your face in the stars at night  
again you made me happy  
the stage has been turned down  
the clowns have lost their crowd  
now sleep well and sound  
quietly rest.....

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