

Xymox

"After The Call"

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Actually it's overpowering after your call,
It took me beyond the truth,
And pushed me further into a void,

Actually you're taking refuge in your imagination,
Here and now a rupture grows through each day,
Unwilling flows,
Than in lustre of season,
Piles, away every whistle,
Here and now the rupture shows again,
Through which the almond grows,
There is unrest beside some sides and,
Certainly searching for a meaning,
Clouds as they've floating past in the present,
As much more thoughts part in the present days,
Oh, keep calling ... me,
Oh, keep calling ... my name,
Oh, keep calling ... my name,
Oh, keep calling,

Come and see me falling,
Foolishly following your mind,
Come and see me falling,
Falling into your mind,

Wait for me, wait for me ...

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