

Attila

"A Violent Yet Flammable World"

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Oceans shape the sides
Touching down in the spaces
Soaking from a warm goodbye
An early rise offers kindly

Tonight I sleep to dream
Of a place that's calling me
It is always just a dream
Still I cannot forget what I have seen
The crowd's hard to believe
At their faces I'm looking
But your feet I'm following
In soft steps on a path the way you lead

I don't want to lose myself
It's a whisper
It's a funny thing
We fold like icicles on paper shelves
It's a pity to appear this way

You're flying when your foreign eyes
Trace the heights of the city

Steaming
With rocks and clouds we breathe
Violent skies
A shock to my own body
Speech is wild
Alive sacred and sounding
Wild
From across and beyond, oh far beyond

I don't want to lose myself
It's a whisper
It's a funny thing
We fold like icicles on paper shelves
It's a pity to appear this way

Hold, hold, hold on
I swear I saw it somewhere
Waving, wading, one, two, three, above the wakes that

follow
Hold, hold, hold on
I swear I saw it somewhere
Waving, wading, one, two, three, above the wakes that
follow

I don't want to lose myself
Tonight I sleep to dream of a place that's calling me
It's a whisper
It is always just a dream
It's a funny thing
Still I cannot forget what I have seen
We fold like icicles on paper shelves
With rocks and clouds we breathe, a shock to my own
body
It's a pity
Alive sacred and sounding
To appear this way
From across and beyond, oh far beyond

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