

## Callisto "Providence"

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That which fades away  
Will not stay the same  
In your night you trampled on the flame

Reckless haste before an amen  
Burning your wise men  
In search of fools gold in deserted landscapes

Still rambling on  
Indulging in your thirst  
Laid aside salt when kneeling by the water

Not to hear or never to speak first  
That which fades will not stay the same  
Not to hear or never to speak first  
The storm ends my way at the dusk of day

Triumph in song or defeat  
Retrieve the bitter or the sweet  
Would you bury the old or the young instead?  
Answered in questions or yet unsaid?

That which faded did not stay the same  
In black night you may have found a flame  
While these golden plates are now emptied  
You're most welcome to the house of grief

Triumph in song or defeat  
Retrieve the bitter or the sweet

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