Cydonia "The King"

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The story tells of the king of the sky,
Creator of dreams
On a big book he used to write,
The destiny of all galaxies
Lost in darkness, in his castle, far in the universe
He knew when the world began,
why life ended up
And the reason why events took place

One flies away on the rainbow or inside life And one's heart's alive...to run...

When the night falls, he'll dominate And from his throne, magic he'll spread

Present and future have no difference For the immortal ones Prisoner of an impossible task Of life be knew nothing at all All that's real, the oceans and stars

Are a fruit of his mind Every soul is important and dreaming he creates New lives to lose or win

One flies away on the rainbow or inside life And one's heart's alive...to run...

When the night falls, he'll dominate And from his throne, magic he'll spread

A race, as an end, the face, that is aging Where's the mystery behind the dream The space, I need to open a door, to know if Heaven will have my replies

One flies away on the rainbow or inside life And one's heart's alive...to run...

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