

Dans Home Grown

"Dust Of Centuries"

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Like a forgotten paradise
As if refused by father time
My land can be found
Under a clouded grey sky

Walking the eternal landscapes
As painted by our Flemish masters
I hear the music
Created centuries ago

I listen to the northwind
Losing myself in childlike dreams
Watch the eternal rivers flow, they flow

Maybe they understand
My already lost quest

For no one can travel
Travel back in time
For no one can travel
Travel back in time
Like a forgotten paradise
A dream of perfect bliss
Dust of centuries

Yet I can touch the cities
Build by my forefathers

Yet I see the banners
Of long forgotten pride
And watch the eternal rivers flow

Like a forgotten paradise
As if refused by father time
My land can be found
Under a clouded grey sky

Walking the eternal landscapes
As painted by our masters
I hear the music
Created centuries ago

I want to see a bright blue sky
Or feel the rain of our darkest clouds
Want to smell flowers now long withered
Witness the people now long buried
Wish to dwell in places forever lost
Castles buried by time time and dust
Hold a bride so pale and pure
Hear the stories of friends
I never knew

Lost in time
Lost in time

Yet I can touch the cities
Build by my forefathers
Yet I see the banners
Of long forgotten pride

Walking the eternal Landscapes
As painted by our masters
I hear the music
Created centuries ago

Lost in time

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