

Fold Zandura "Samovar"

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When you were Santorin
You were once worshiped as a fire king
South of Naxos, shaped by Scirocco heat
Far above surfacing the Sea of Crete, your feet

Long gone, hollow the cone
Volcano, down to the stones

I was born to sail the Cyclades Marble Islands
Starlight sang like an Aegean breeze
I was drawn by the myth of your monolith
Like a perfect face is drawn by the scar

And was caught in the pour
From a blast in the core
Like a super-heated samovar
That's all you are

Long gone, hollow the cone
Volcano, down to the stones
Its shadow stealing the sun
Long live the tears, see how they run

Gone, follow my own
Volcano, down to the stones
Its shadow stealing the sun
Long live the tears, see how they run

So long as the memory burns
You should know I'll never return
You shadowed places to run
For so many years stealing the sun

Bring back the sun
Bring back the sun
Bring back the sun
Bring back the sun
Bring back the sun

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