

Gates Of Ishtar

"Travel"

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Melodic stanzas
Are symphonizing their way
Through your weary head

To feed your distrust
And fill it's mouth with the desire
To soulfully be one with your creation

Not a subject to control
You call upon a higer power
For help and inspiration

The crowd waits
And turns their faces
Towards you expectantly
You give them what they need
But their useless criticism
Makes you die
A bit more inside

Not a subject to control
You call upon a higer power
For help and inspiration

Oh, I swoon
While loudspeakers play soft music

Leaning
Over your fortieth masterpiece
You must have loved
The colour of these violins

I wish I knew you
Your fit of insanity makes me sad

I wish you knew
Your music was to stay forever
And I hope...

I have no clue
If you know how much it matters

And I hope...

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