

Horslips

"Chapter Five: In Adoration Of The Weeping Skies"

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The weeping skies...
Oh, drowned in such sweetness, feeling the emptiness
of moments, I cannot breathe because of my stupor in
seeing things not every time new...
Like falling rain, every drop touching my soul...
Like the pure snow, falling with any control...
Like falling rain, every drop touching my soul...
Touching my soul...
And I feel the chosen one.
And I feel divinities' first son.
And I feel the chosen one.
Ah!
The weeping skies...
Dark stormy winds
Grass devouring me.
The air so mild
Leaves devouring me.
Spirits of nature, so kind
Trees devouring me.
Am I still the chosen one?
Blood, flowing like a delicate stream and tears tasted
sweet and bitter at the same time.
I feel the fresh caress of the wind touching my delicate
skin, it's strange to feel emotions like these... I'm born
and born again...
And I cry as I stand mournful anymore and think that I
could slowly die without any pain and reach the beauty
of spirits in search for a soul companion of some
form...
And I feel the chosen one...
All that remains is me, adoring the skies, the weeping
skies!
Oh, let me drink from them...
Everything's into me and I still feel the chosen one...

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