

Canaan

"The Memory Traveller"

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The summer heat
Came to me
But I wouldn't
Kiss your lips
Like I used to do
When I was at peace
At peace with my
Whole soul

You were as dry
As a crumbling wall
You were as cold
As a still breath
Slowing down the beats
In my pounding heart
Leaving pure air
Outside my lungs

The winter cold
Came to me
But I wouldn't
Lick your lips
Like I used to do
When I was at war
At war with my
Crushed soul

You were as pale
As a passing ghost
You were as far
As a moving star
Nailing down to earth
My highest hopes
Spitting poison
Inside my lungs

He's yet to come
And closed the heart
Like a fire on which water falls
Like a sun whose flame
Doesn't heat
He lost his eyes

In the fire [x2]

Reaching out
In the wind
Following
Withering eyes
Memories opened wide
A drawer full of
Old stillshots
Memories scared
A mind full of
Dead and empty
Thoughts

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