

La Hora Pico "The Corridor"

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Step inside The Corridor
Feel your soul invade your senses
Spirits at the gates of winter
Ready for the season's countdown
So it goes, the gate is open
All your past remains in silence
But your future is unsure
You plan to go away
Never thought that your mind was away
Never threw away your wantings
Never kept you by my side
Now you belong, you're obviously mine
Jinny count down, Jinny count down
Close your desires or burn them with fire
Jinny count down, Jinny count down
And feel me...
Seven strangers on your door
Feeling like you were behind them
Listen to, wide handed knocks
Emission of the sound of wisdom
So it goes the door is open
All your past remains in silence
Now your future is for sure
A plan to go away
A plan to go away...
Never thought that your mind was away
Never threw away your wantings
Never kept you by my side
Now you belong, you're obviously mine
Jinny count down, Jinny count down
Close your desires or burn them with fire
Always dreaming, always screaming
Close your eyes
And feel me...

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