

Company "Lethe Waters"

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Moth and a candle, frenzied it flies
Sole mad obsession, certain demise.
There, a dim fire, Steady the wheel.
Below the wreckage scrapes at the keel.
Walk the field of endless doors.
At every step they implore.
Lethe waters.
The quiet drum.
Endless marching
Of forgetting ones.
Just the next turn now,
Just the next bend.
It can't be much further
Where this road ends.
There, in the distance.
You hear it call?
But what we are after
Who can recall?
Walk the field of endless doors.
At every step they implore.
Lethe waters.
The quiet drum.
Endless marching
Of forgetting ones.
Lethe waters.
The quiet drum.
Slow marching
Of forgetting ones.
Lethe waters.
The quiet drum.
Endless marching
Of forgetting ones.
Lethe waters.
The quiet drum.
Endless marching
Of forgetting ones.

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