

Miser

"Imago 2.0"

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In old broken wooden chairs,
By windows towards grey void plains
Spiders webs now cling round
Legs 'neath our sits here.

And cracks make these thrones unsteady
In that old wooden chair.
And that clock on the wall
Pending for a call to make
Or one to take.

One that still remembered,
More than he had left to make memory
Of reading of news now old and very forgotten.
Watching dawns over neverending,
Cold dead land.

No! Is it really so?
That clock still pendles on.
So hear now how?
In our minds it rings for noon.

It's midday for the memory of those now dead.
Life's spring of what is immortal
And that shall live with them.
Oh, what an epitaph!

One that still remembered,
More than he had left to make memory
Of reading of news now old and very forgotten.
Watching dawns over neverending,
Cold dead land.

They sadly all were too seldom,
Yet with an echo of times gone by.
Speaking in creaky sounds in this old chair,
Where once sat breathing men.

One that still remembered,
More than he had left to make memory
Of reading of news now old and very forgotten.

Watching dawns over neverending,
Cold dead land.

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