

Payne's Gray "Sunset City"

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All the domes, arched gates and flights of stair
Flooded with red beams from sun's sinking chair
Who is hindering my will
To reach this place - oh, so tranqui?

Who are the Gods to prohibit
Against my desire and all my wit -
To whom shall I address my wish
To reach this place - high up and higher ?

Please free my path to this estate
Through golden doorways passing late

At sunset. Coming to where I cling:
The town which I possess in my dreams.

Did I use too barren prayers
Through barriers of mysticisms layers
Must I penetrate my need
Pricking ears attentive heed ?

Oh free my path to this estate
Through golden doorways passing late
At sunset. Coming to where I cling:
The town which I possess in my dream

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