

Solido**"The 8Th Day: Mourning"**

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"Draw the curtains
It's time to sleep
Everything is not as it seems
Silent hands of winter winds
Are drawing near...
Fold the tension slowly
Wait beneath the tear

The tarnished gold
Through the window pain
Lies dead upon the floor
While unseen eyes
Crouch low behind
The walls so thin...
The pious curse the holy
So evening curse the day

[CHORUS]
And on the 8Th day...
I should have known it's name
Years consume the hours
Turning black to gray

Light the fire
My dreamer's son
You are the only one
To walk alone
In this desperate maze
Whose price has just begun

Drowning lies
In bottles of time
Shipwrecked for no one to see
Reaching as far
To other worlds
Besieged by numbered days
Besieged by numbered days..."

[After we receive the gift of life we inevitably grow old,
giving birth to new]
[life in a desperate attempt to preserve some part of

ourselves for]
[eternity.-Lyle]

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