

AIDA

"The Past Is Another Land"

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You know nothing about me
And care even less
How could you understand
Our emptiness

You've plundered our wisdom
Our knowledge, our wealth
In bleeding us dry, you long for our spirit
But that you will never possess

The past is now another land
Far beyond my reach
Invaded by insidious
Foreign bodies, foreign speech
Where the timeless joys of childhood
Lie broken on the beach

Present is an empty space
Between the good and bad
A moment leading nowhere
Too pointless to be sad
But time enough to lay to waste
Every certainty I had

The future is a barren world
From which I can't return
Both heartless and material
Its wretched spoils not my concern
Shining like an evil sun
As my childhood treasures burn

Shining like an evil sun
As my childhood treasures burn

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