

## Clepsydra

### "Eagles"

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She is sitting in my living room  
The empty glasses are on the table  
Changing colours from the screen paint the walls  
While she is playing with a golden feather

All the walls are fading away  
The view opens up to another world  
The purple horizon and the red sea  
The blue forest and the white shadows

You follow the bright light  
Out of your virgin cradle  
Growing up with new wings  
And lifting up across the clouds

Where all the golden eagles fly  
Where all the men lose their face  
Where all the golden eagles cry  
Where all the hunting men escape

The dwarves and the white elves  
Sing together all their magic tales  
Of great kings and the dark towers  
Dragons and all the strange power

The storm from the mountains  
Turns the pages of the book  
Tears apart the paper and steals some letters  
Writing your name... in front of my eyes

Where the golden eagles love  
Where the men lose their roots  
Where the golden eagles die  
Where the last dark night falls in

You are sitting in my living room  
Smiling and glancing through the bricks  
Do you still think of me?  
Do you still dream of the golden eagles?

Where the golden eagles fly

Where the golden eagles cry  
Where the golden eagles love  
Where the golden eagles die...

The feather lies on the dirty floor  
Your smell has been blown away  
I find a blood note on the wall  
"Follow me to the place you know..."

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