

Clepsydra

"Fading Clouds Of Time"

Visit "[Fading Clouds Of Time](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The papers write about the situation
Every day the same game to play
My rule has been conceived before
The sheep are here, to run

The time hitch-hikers join their memories
Sound from all other times
They saw the rise, they saw the fall
But after all, here you are.

Our pleasure's no more smoking
That slowly
Tears out a cheminee
Down the roof.

And all the crowd would not forget
I can't believe we left this time
It's all so easy and all so fine
You touch my legs, but not my heart.

So now, we're back in what's
The papers word
The TV set is always on
We know you're kind
We know you're a wrong
You close your mind... and you go on.

I hear this tune from renaissance
The crowded marquet eloquence
A plane that roars the silent stage.

Visit [Clepsydra](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.