

Mindgames

"Travels"

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Views from a road that moves underneath.
Passing hills that mark off the land.
Back on track we clear our way,
Flashes of sunlight break through the trees.

Expecting to be, to wherever you go.
Freedom has called, so you plan your way out.
Just about every place you drive on to,
leaves an impression you're leaving behind.
Hang on to yourself, for your dreams have wings,
and they earn the sky, and the view from up high.
Perceive that you're free, the direction you go.
These are your own ways, to find the right place.

You're in this town again.
The days of ancient realms drew the nature of its soul.
All around you see, buildings and relics and art,
They shine.

Every nation and every land
breathes all the history that built our own dreams.
Everywhere you will find the treasures of man.
Somewhere is a place you can call your own.
Hang on to yourself, for your dreams have wings,
and they earn the sky, and the view from up high.
Perceive that you're free, the direction you go.
These are your own ways, to find the right place.

The journey will last for as far as the wind blows.
Nothing will stand in your way.
Deliver yourself to the light of the sunrise.
Getting in touch with this place.

Feel all the power on the top of a mountain.
Nothing can hide from your eyes.
All for the moment that you start to feel
the world is all yours, here you're on your own!

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