

Condition Cadaverous

"Shores Of Yesterday"

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Here I watch the midnights go and all this searching
has to stop
And how long this road appears and how uncertain in
the night
I've got so far to go and oh so little time
Though I may regret tomorrow I'd say yesterday was
mine

So let us sing of the tortured heart
So let us revisit places past
So let us dream of chances lost
So let us sail on ships of gold

Here the years rush like blood and what we love we
hurt the most
Adrift on that special day I glanced through to another
world
But considering this and reflecting that,
promises broken and nothing else left
What is real is better than what was dreamt, but still I
can dream

We will never know

So let us sing of the tortured heart
So let us revisit places past
So let us dream of chances lost
So let us sail on ships of gold
To the shores of yesterday

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