

Iluvatar

"Sojourns"

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too many words these days have hallowed and turned
our heads
much like the false illusions that burned our minds into
red
they borrowed our dreams and paid us back with lies.

so we set our course for fields untouched by hands
bearing our children down from morning into the night
words could only tell a story two days wide
could we have stumbled into fate? for us it's a mystery
our shadows showing up too late, again

again it appeared our hearts were in his hands
the colors of blue and green had melted across the
land
we'd started again, a story two days wide
had we just stumbled onto fate? and for them it's a
mystery
our stories coming on too late, again

so we set our sights on london and we called upon the
battle brigade
as our hungry horses tired our feet cold feel their
burning cascade
could we hold ourselves together, and land up on our
feet upright?
the trail was angry, cold and ruthless abandoning all
we had to fight
this was the path we had grade. it was ground that
we'd laid
it was the battle we'd made. it was our life on this day.

all out of reach, the gold slipped through our hands
setting a course for emeralds in the sand
taking a stone and folding into dust
words falling parallel and emptying out as such

in an effort to achieve all we felt was right
bookmarked in a chapter of leafless binding in white
our tales put us to bed at night

a path full of hope underscored and full of destiny
crowded our insights to live within our dreams
and act on instinct alone ... believing our sons would
come home

so we stumbled into town to see what was the matter
only to find a sea of disaster with imaginary friends
and imaginary creatures, the constable had come to us
and said
"run before it's too late"

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