

The Furze

"Goatbreath"

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The eye of my sorrow
Will clearly belong to a land of it's own
But continues to grasp for new air
To see

My destiny in a piece of work
On the road
To settle in a sorrowland
Or on the road
Miles later what will I've learnt?
Look back and remember each sight and vision
All that striked me
Runs through my land
Soon I'll meet another river in the front
Before gaining speed a goal must be sat
The tunes in my head must burn
Those who betray I will possess into fire as well
Not ignoring a thing but what's nothing
Even ashes are Gold in my pocket

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