

# Nick Grey, All Lives Revolve In Bright Circles Of Quiet Light

Drop before  
The pale day floor  
And drive all gold  
Along our walls

And fall on sand  
And breathe our land  
When sunbeams grow  
On burning hands

(a frozen call  
and endless land  
a frozen fall  
In shape of man  
In scarlet air  
In fields of wine  
A frozen call  
mmmmmm)

I don't belong here  
I can't find my way out  
Every new morning is  
Like a grave to my heart  
I'd better keep moving  
But I don't know where to start  
And you won't hear me calling  
On my way out