

Sieges Even, Change Of Seasons

Do you remember the giant's world
when infantile heroes restrained the dragon with millboard swords?

Now memories blearily begin to clear up
As the weight of the day slows our courageous way.

And we're chasing the day

Walking the aisles we observe old fragments
of difficult realities and unbroken pasts.

And with knowing we stumble on familiar ways
Yet we see all of those places through a sober stare.

Still we're chasing the day

We did cling to longing hopes and expectations
Now the relics resound from shadows of reminiscence, it seems.

Tired and weary, dusk grips our hearts as we attempt
to renew the bond with ages gone by...

And we bury the day