

## Gray Over Gray

Banco De Gaia

our subconscious leads our intentions  
where the light ends gray over gray  
i can see forever all the way to yesterday  
bleeding colours fall away, night skies with  
no wars overhead

belief not limited  
one heart beating, one life lived  
overcast like a silent film  
music leadin us to the sun.  
yet now our voices fade-paid, burned and paved.

why such pervent preaching, when no blessings  
can be found?  
why then leave your aspirations in the dry and  
cracked ground?  
i have prayed for absolution,  
i have prayed for a new language  
i have served my intuition  
felt it cringe and hesitate

i can see through the shades of gray

and then the veil is lifted  
i can see forever  
and life is beautiful  
life is beautiful  
and i am beautiful  
and so it goes

no you can't take that away from me