

## Sing Like Sirens

Lycia

Every little harmony  
Swirls around my head  
Like a symphony, of old and past  
Every little harmony  
Bores inside my head  
Like a tyranny, of old and past  
Don't you ever think of things  
Don't you want to sing like sirens do  
Don't you ever want to know  
Don't you wonder where just everybody goes  
In the burning sands  
Then the blinding snow  
From the highest high to the lowest low  
From the tallest peaks to the river low  
There's a place so near  
It's the place I'll go  
I don't ever think  
I don't ever want to think  
I don't want to know anything  
I don't ever know  
I don't ever want to know  
I just see things pass away