

The Curse

Stream of Passion

Breathing far above the world
Our star is waiting
For us to turn
I'm longing...
For that warm embrace
To cut me open and
Make me whole again

Distant caller
Gift and burden
Let your curse fall down on me

Say, if it takes you
Far away from home
Will you follow?
For even when the world
Has come undone
I will follow
I can't resist...

Make your way through this saddened sky
Through muted voices and weary eyes
Our weakness
Will become our strength
And sound the only
Language that we share

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The choice was made for me...