

Wicked Old Symphony

The Flower Kings

When you see the rising violence
You confine yourself in silence
And you build your fences higher
In your dream afterlife is waiting for you
Inner thoughts are shaping you
You know where to go to find me

I looked for you, make believin' without you
Something wicked about you
But we all have our blinders on
You played for me this wicked old symphony
Thinking always about you
And the things that has gone before

There's a cynic rising fences
While we come back to our senses
We go building fences higher
In your dream afterlife is waiting you
Inner thoughts are shaping you
You know where to go to find me

I looked for you, make believin' without you
Something wicked about you
But we all have our blinders on
You played for me this wicked old symphony
Thinking always about you
And the things that has gone before
High flying birds - do you ever learn?
Showing some concern while flying
High flying birds - do you ever learn?
While the engines burn, I'm flying

I looked for you, make believin' without you
Something wicked about you
But we all have our blinders on
You played for me this wicked old symphony
Thinking always about you
And the things that has gone before