

# The Calling

## Infinite Spectrum

Drifting crowds, of strange dark face  
Like windswept grains of sand  
These shuffling feet, so out of place  
In an undiscovered land  
Out of time, the old facades  
The buildings defy age  
Shutting out the sun from view  
Dark shadows have their way  
Something unseen calls me,  
Something unseen  
Something unseen draws me on  
The distant view I spied for months  
No landmarks can I find  
Like in a dream, but stranger still  
Were they figments of my mind  
I ask a merchant about the church  
Of gothic stone, and tall dark spire  
He makes the cross and turns away  
My query draws his ire  
In search of the great unknown  
Obsession is calling me on, calling me on  
Can illusion and dream be real?  
The answer is calling me, calling me on  
From harried walk, I stop apace  
and check my watch for time  
Two hours since the journey's start  
The dark steeple I can't find  
Through a maze of alleyways  
and streets of cobblestone  
A test of my endurance  
To find the church of stone  
In search of the great unknown  
Obsession is calling me on, calling me on  
Can illusion and dream be real?  
The answer is calling me, calling me on  
Something unseen calls me  
Something unseen  
Something unseen draws me on  
At last I see the tower,  
Here in this windswept open square  
The vision become real,  
No more an illusion,  
I found the church  
God heard my prayer  
In search of the great unknown  
Obsession is calling me on, calling me on  
When fiction becomes the truth

The answer is calling me, calling me on  
In search of the great unknown  
This yearning is calling me on  
Yes, it's calling me on  
Can illusion and dream be real?  
The answer is calling me, calling me on

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