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 waySomething unseen calls me,
Something unseen
Something unseen draws me onThe 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 ireIn 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 onFrom 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 stoneIn 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 onSomething unseen calls me
Something unseen
Something unseen draws me onAt 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 prayerIn 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 onIn 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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