

The Riddle

Prezioso & Marvin

Near a tree by a river
There's a hole in the ground
Where an old man of Aran
Goes around and around

And his mind is a beacon
In the veil of the night
For a strange kind of fashion
There's a wrong and a right

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Where an old man of Aran
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And his mind is a beacon
In the veil of the night
For a strange kind of fashion
There's a wrong and a right
And he'll never fight over you

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I got plans for us nights in the scullery
And days instead of me
I only know what to discuss
Of for anything but light

Wise men fighting over you

It's not me you see pieces of valentine
With just a song of mine
To keep from burning history
Seasons of gasoline and gold

Wise men fold

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Lyrics submitted by Cristian Ariel.

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