

Nothijngrad

Novembre

Sometimes the night
Brings memories, sometimes the night
Brings feelings you thought they are died
In some dusty, forgotten lost hall of your mind yes, sometimes
The night This time a sea of ox-eyes
Painting the irises of white
Flooding mi senses with light
Filling my forgotten halls with bright Because the lanes of the night
Always lead to railways blind
Always lead to the most pointless rhymes
Rhymes of life that sometimes we must write
Take the hand that is given to you
Let yourself to this Sunday morning We're riding this shore to some-place beyond
So don't ever believe we'd stop by
A thousand years we've got ahead of your eyes [x2] The further sight, always the farthest of sights
The farthest sight Pride and might
We believe it's Nothijngrad

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