

TÄ›la

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The sky is burning in this lonely land
And I kneel by the river
And I feel the sand and the wind
The wind from beyond the mountain
The wind from beyond the mountain
And she comes to me in this lonely land
And looks down from the multi-beast
On which she rides like the wind
The wind from beyond the mountain
The wind from beyond the mountain
Tela was born in a vulgar crooked hut
In the shadow of Wilson's castle
Venomous scorn from a life of bitter toil
In the shadow of Wilson's castle
Glory esteem fueled by her hatred it grew
Swelling to the point where it would
Burst at the seams
There was nothing she could do
Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain
Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain
A lullaby the breezes whisper
And I look into her eyes

And my frozen heart begins to thaw
And burns, 'til layer after layer
Melts away into a pool
A sky blue mirror of her eyes
And my soul is made of marble
But in her gaze I crumble into dust
And drift away on the wind
The wind from beyond the mountain
The wind from beyond the mountain
Tela grew strong from her struggle
To endure in the shadow of Wilson's castle
Time touched her wounds
And shelter proved the cure
In the shadow of Wilson's castle
Each passing day seemed to feed
The brazen serpent locked inside

And liberate the spirit
She'd concealed for so long
There was no place left to hide
Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain
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A lullaby the breezes whisper

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