

Golden Age

Valaska

Your time, your place, your age
Mosiacs you create
They can miss something so faceless and vain
Do you remember when?
Your imagination
Cleaned the lost upon your bottom shelf

And you
Bet your voice to hear the echo of something that's
New
Tied forgery so let go of something you
Don't care at all
Some thoughts will carry you and some won't

The seasons came and went
The breeze it headed west
Seen what you've become from a safest and slow
Do you remember when?
Your realization
It's not the road you need but a sacred trail

And You
Tried to disagree
The sound of that someone you
Knew
Suied all irony so let go the something you
Don't care at all
Some thoughts will carry you and some won't.

Lyrics Submitted by Tatiana G.

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