

# Samovar

## Fold Zandura

When you were Santorin  
You were once worshiped as a fire king  
South of Naxos, shaped by Scirocco heat  
Far above surfacing the Sea of Crete, your feet  
Long gone, hollow the cone  
Volcano, down to the stones  
I was born to sail the Cyclades  
Marble Islands  
Starlight sang like an Aegean breeze  
I was drawn by the myth of your monolith  
Like a perfect face is drawn by the scar  
And was caught in the pour  
From a blast in the core  
Like a super-heated samovar  
That's all you are  
Long gone, hollow the cone  
Volcano, down to the stones  
Its shadow stealing the sun  
Long live the tears, see how they run  
Gone, follow my own  
Volcano, down to the stones  
Its shadow stealing the sun  
Long live the tears, see how they run  
So long as the memory burns  
You should know I'll never return  
You shadowed places to run  
For so many years stealing the sun  
Bring back the sun  
Bring back the sun  
Bring back the sun  
Bring back the sun

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