

# Tela

## Luiza Fria

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  
Tela Tela jewel of Wilson's foul domain  
A lullaby the breezes whisper

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