

Fly To The Rainbow

Scorpions

Life is empty, can't remember anytime before,
On a plain lit cold December, see it evermore,
Gliding through this life, and another is a child,
And we're doing games, and losing things,
Always playing gigs.

Somewhere in the sky, where the moon the stars shine bright,
Where the sun is shining, in the night.
I am in disgrace, yet I see a smiling face,
And I hope you let me, share your place.
I don't live today.

Rain in the sky , make the world fly,
Into time, beg me your time.
Sun in the sky, make the world fly,
Into time, beg me your time.

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Well, I lived in magic solitude
Of cloudy-looking mountains
And a lake made out of crystal raindrops
Roaming through Space ten thousand years ago
I've seen the giant city of Atlantis
Sinking to eternal waves of darkness

Somewhere in the blue distance
Are those long-forgotten trees of yore
A broken violin floating alone in December
Darkness everywhere and nothing more.

Symbol, strange Symbol, Melancholy

Painting torrid colors to a sky of green
Candle breathing one night only
Far away, in chillness, bleak, unseen

Drifting galley, ghostlike shadow,
Sails rigged to catch and kill the Time
Echoes wandering down an endless meadow
To call the Thing
Sublime!

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