

# Far Above the Trees

## Sear Bliss

Fright calls me from beyond  
By the lip of a faceless man  
I'm waiting to glide his voice to my  
Neverending dark To feel my body  
As the icy wind touches  
The memories of ancient ones,  
The memories of heroes  
Which were reduced to ashes under the full moon I fly towards you  
I feel the dying grasp  
Of your untouched heat I'm waiting for her voice to show a sign,  
The way as the picture of eternal fire and power  
To shine my light, because it is I  
I fly towards you  
I'm waiting for your comfort  
In the path of the far voice  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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