

Twice

Isgaard

Twice I turned my back on you
I fell flat on my face but didn't lose
Tell me, where would I go?
And tell me, what led you on, I'd love to know
Was it the blue night gone fragile?
Was it both men in wonder steady gone under?
Was it the light ways so frightening?
Was it two wills? One mirror holding us dearer now
I thought, I had an answer once
But your random ways swept me along
Colossal signs so I got lost
With so many lovers singing soft
Was it the blue night gone fragile?
Was it both men in wonder steady gone under?
Was it the light ways so frightening?
Was it two wills? One mirror holding us dearer now

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