# The New Mythology

## Elf Power

Ghostly eyes so old, I can hardly see you;
Coming underground, digging through to feel you.
The echoes in the night tell me not to follow,
[Licking all the world(?)] is born again tomorrow.
The whole world is like a giant burning flame,
It fries you in your mind, and leaves you trying
To find the way home.
I have seen you there, in the new mythology,
Walking down the road, blending with the scenery.
The treasure's all the world, falling from your fingers,
Riding in the dark, the feeling always lingers.
The whole world is like a giant burning flame,
It fries you in your mind, and leaves you trying
To find the way home.
Sometimes you can't escape,
From the crushing weight, drags you on down to the bottom.
The faces and the names all just go away,
Buried down deep and forgotten.
Outside on the road, I heard the rain falling.
All the big black birds, they all came calling.
Early in the morning, [?] in the light.
Rolling through the days, flying through the night.
The whole world is like a giant burning flame,
It fries you in your mind, and leaves you trying
To find the the way home.

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