

IV

WHAT ARCHETYPES SAY

Lyrics



I still want to believe . . .

. . . what archetypes say.

Mara Katria

*Here comes the rain.
Here comes the flood.
We hold our hands
On the stony walls.*

*I look to you.
You would blow the smoke.
And we would pretend to be
Like those big adults.*

*Open the sky.
Open the vault.
And let in the stars' lights.
And watch them fall.*

*I stand here before you
In circle of grey.
Still want to believe
What archetypes say.*

*Here comes the rain.
Here comes the flood.
We hold our hands
On the stony walls.*

*Dress me in grey.
Watch as I rise.
And we would admire them,
So distant and so wise.*

*And let in the star light.
And watch them fall.*

*Open the sky.
Open the vault.
And let in the star lights.
And watch them fall.*

*I stand here before you.
In circle of grey.
Still want to believe
What archetypes say.
What archetypes say.
Still want to believe,
What archetypes say.*

*Hold your hands.
Hold your hands.
Hold your hands on
The stony walls.*

*Hold your hands.
Hold your hands.
Hold your hands on
The stony walls.*

*Hold your hands.
Hold your hands.
Hold your hands on
The stony walls.*

*Hold your hands.
Hold your hands.
Hold your hands on
The stony walls.*