



HIGH IS THE MOUNTAIN

This dream is not my own
This water-colour road I walk
Has been walked before
The things I write or say
Are only waters that I draw
From the talking well

Maybe I was the drowning man
Maybe you were the sea
Now my life is second hand
Ever since the day you disappeared

High is the mountain left behind
Nothing seems quite as divine
Learned the magic and the science
Now this dream is not mine

I've learned how to cry
I can shed tears in any colours
Blue, red or white
This dream is not my own
This wrinkled sky that I touch
Is burning, burning hot

Maybe I'm only half alive
Nothing seems completely true
Dawn is running out of masks
And the future feels already used

High is the mountain left behind
Nothing seems quite as divine
Learned the magic and the science
Now this dream is not mine

Now the world's a silent movie
I watch the man a few years back
In his eyes dreams are blooming
But high is the mountain that he's yet to climb

