

The idle and the fair

Music & Words by Claas Fischer

1.

Loneliness weighs like a heavy burden on my soul,
A steelen void in inner space expanding more and more,
Yearning like a distant, cold black hole,
Used up sun, reaching out from an empty core.

Chorus:

My mission's clear: Let there be light.
I came down here to make things right.
This rebel's fight is full of fear,
But with dignity and might he has to persevere.

2.

A shiny piece of baken rock reminds me of myself,
Fallen from the sky into this desert sand.
Designed to cross through space, to query and delve,
To finally take its place and end up in my hand.

Chorus