

# Tarot, State of grace

I see the hill  
scattered to horizons  
They've haunted my dreams  
for a long time  
The bones of ancestors  
lay unrestful  
They're calling me  
to their shrine  
And I struggle  
With the season before the snow  
The ground is hard with ice  
the road beckons, I'll follow  
Home must be left  
to know the longing  
The toes will grow numb  
from the frost  
I used to know  
where I was heading for  
Somewhere, somehow  
it just got lost  
I'd give anything  
for the signs in the sky  
Wheels of fire wild at play  
spinning, ascending  
To learn that there's more than  
just to live and die  
Some love would be sweet  
before the final ending  
I will dream myself alive  
awaiting light  
The pilgrim will arrive  
to the state of grace  
Where the starved souls will revive  
awaiting light  
This pilgrim will arrive  
to the state of grace  
I'd give anything  
for the signs in the sky  
To know there's more  
than just to live and die  
I will dream myself alive  
awaiting light  
This pilgrim will arrive  
to the state of grace  
Where the starved souls will revive  
awaiting light  
This pilgrim will arrive  
to the state of grace  
I will dream myself alive  
awaiting light  
This pilgrim will arrive  
to the state of grace  
Where the starved souls will revive  
awaiting light  
This pilgrim will arrive  
to the state of grace  
To the state of grace  
To the state of grace