

# Voyager, Deep Weeds

Can you live your life with such passion  
that your anger will bear the pain?  
From a seeling of ageing nations  
Calling me again  
Now that I'm young  
Now that I fear  
Only the years appear  
When I am old  
I will have told  
Songs of the ones that I had near  
Tales of the past  
A sorrow each crease  
Here in my face so pale  
While I am young  
I will escapse  
Till I'm old and frail  
Never speak of my life's erosion  
Wipe the withering blaze away  
Cover up all my skin's corrosion  
So I can bring back the light of my lost summer days  
Down bring me down  
Bring me down bring me down.