Voyager, This Bitter Land

In the blossom of my life When the chart is at its highest I begin to feel the pain As the dust runs through my veins As I thirst for more and more And my strength has ceased to soar I raise nothing but my hand Take me from this bitter land Slowly colours fade into a grey Disappear from progress of the day My success Id trade for just one hour That the colours will not fade away At this very point in time I would give all that is mine I begin to feel the pain As the dust runs through my veins Like a victim of the seasons I will slowly crawl within Now I raise my heavy hand Take me from this bitter land Slowly colours fade into a grey Disappear from progress of the day My success Id trade for just one hour That the colours will not fade away