

The price

Olympos Mons

When the morning mist is fading
and a new day's breaking through
I find myself walking this same old road

some shadows are still dancing
to a music never ending
among them walks a man with a heavy load

he's only doing what he's been told
it's the game he has to play
nothing new, he's getting old
he lives from day to day

it's the price we pay
for every single day
we got to push to make the big wheel turn
neither black nor white
just another shade of grey
if you reach the sky the sun will make you burn

I am singing out my sadness
as the morning mist arise
let the sun come melt my pain again

in the sunshine of tomorrow
there's a promise I've been told
about a future wrapped in golden chains

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