

Standing firm on this stony ground,  
The wind blows hard, pulls these clothes around.  
I harbour all the same worries as most.  
The temptations to leave or to give up the ghost.

I wrestle with an outlook on life  
That shifts between darkness and shadowy light.  
I struggle with words for fear that they'll hear,  
But Orpheus sleeps on his back still dead to the world.

Sunlight falls, my wings open wide,  
There's a beauty here I cannot deny,  
And bottles that tumble and crash on the stairs  
Are just so many people I knew never cared.

Down below on the wreck of the ship  
Are a stronghold of pleasures I couldn't regret,  
But the baggage is swallowed up by the tide,  
As Orpheus keeps to his promise and stays by my side.

Tell me, I've still a lot to learn.  
Understand, these fires never stop.  
Believe me, when this joke is tired of laughing,  
I will hear the promise of my Orpheus sing.

Sleepers sleep as we row the boat.  
Just you, the weather, and I gave up hope.  
But all of the hurdles that fell in our laps  
Was fuel for the fire and straw for our backs.

Still the voices have stories to tell  
Of the power struggles in heaven and hell,  
But we feel secure against such mighty dreams  
As Orpheus sings of the promise tomorrow may bring.

Tell me, I've still a lot to learn.  
Understand, these fires never stop.  
Please believe, when this joke is tired of laughing.  
I will hear the promise of my Orpheus sing.