

“Ballade”

The stars are here
And they are gold,
The Sun will die
If it must grow old.

One thousand armies
Cannot stop me
From being
Here with You

When God’s time permits,
We commit
To what was
Always True.

Sometimes we think
We know
What it is we think
We’re losing

The pupil of your eye
Is mine,
And that pupil’s
A choice without choosing.

In **VERITAS** wir trinken;
thine Eye will do the thinkin’.

The stars are there
And they are cold,
The Sun can’t cry
When it shines gold.