

gone are the crowds and the market stalls  
and it's quiet in the square, inside the city walls  
footsteps echo loud down the old stone halls  
    in my favourite ghost town  
i've been quietly singing those hymns of praise  
as i glide down the cobblestone alleyways  
making grandiose plans for the next sunny days  
    waiting for the sun to come around

    the planets keep moving  
    stars keep shooting  
    dreams aren't always what they seem  
    and now winter's come calling  
    the snow is wet underfoot  
    in search of the moravian dream

the backroads are fading behind me now  
crowded with emptiness, filled up with clouds  
where there've been so many faces, and carnival sounds  
    but everything keeps moving on  
toward the morning's endless beginnings  
based on all of the backroads and past underpinnings  
blossoming promise with each new moment thinning  
    back home when the twilight has gone

    worldwide forecasts on the tv  
    look out my window  
    tomorrow is nowhere in sight  
    it's snowing on raton  
    it's raining in madrid  
    and it's dark on this moravian night

in the trenches in the season of perpetual night  
expending (all of) our best just to make our own light  
with the shades and the shadows teasing our sight  
    and sparks in the depths of the mind  
in the trains on the journeys we've already done  
on the way but still weighing just what we've begun  
waiting for blue skies in the warmth of the sun  
    and the thoughts that we sleep just to find

    falling off to sleep  
    in a world full of dreams  
    faroff indiana sun is going down  
    tonight it's snowing in cleveland  
    it's raining in baltimore  
    and it's cold in this moravian town