

Morpheus

Artrosis

While I didn't beckon you
You closed my eyes
In the depth of your embrace
Wearing scent of candles
I gave myself to the night
You are king of dreams
You are one with your nation
You lost again
Curtain of your theatre drops
Scene is on fire down
And I wash a dream away
Dance of purple dwarfs is over
Night loses with day
And I wash a dream away