

The rain has fallen, too many times,  
in silence sits the poet, forgotten are his rhymes.  
There's no way you can see him coming,  
he knows where to hide in the night he's the groom  
and sorrow is his bride.  
In the summer he'd see you passing by,  
you were talking to the angels,  
you would see them as they'd fly,  
so you liked to hear the music,  
those choirs of the night you'd be dancing with the angels,  
under the moons clear light...

Cat eyes, where did you go?  
Did you tell him so??  
(You put a mark on his heart and you tattooed his soul.)  
You made him forget, his purpose, his goal  
and I don't know why but you'll surely know;  
cat eyes, you will surely know.

You'd watch him from your great blue heaven,  
you'd watch his every move, you'd hear the songs he'd be singing.  
You could hear every line;  
you'd call on our attention you'd say: "Once he was mine".  
And now we're standing face to face  
riding the sky in all our grace,  
you know I'll be there,  
I'll make you see I will stand by you all through eternity.

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(secret messages)

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