

Thoughts In Absence

Anekdoten

Face my fears, my soul is absorbed into black
Dry my tears, fear and pain is what I lack
Broken, torn I live with my light-eye drowned
Ease and calm you give,
but life begins and ends with pain
My time has come now, this bird has flown
A glimpse of hope,
but still an everlasting moment

Walk with me, for I shall go no further now
Dance for me, my soul shall end its futile ride
Dressed in gold I rise with my face to the sun
open the shallow skies
But life begins and ends with pain
My time has come now, this bird has flown
A glimpse of hope
But I walk this earth no more