

Watching through your crystal eyes
I fly in the wind of your lies,
the wind brings me back by the sea,
where the foam of the waves
melts with dreams.

Crystal drops play with your candid lips
while your bitter tears voice
whispers "I must leave...",
willow weeping has died
by the lake of my dreams
and the dreams hide your face by the sea...

Waving through the ripples,
the entrance to reality
disappears into obscurity.
The dream becomes reality
and I can't leave this place,
falling in your deep crystal eyes.