

Behind a misty garden gate,
A place not drawn on any map,
Where barefeet angels dare not tread,
I have found myself sometimes.
You were the one to guide me out of there.
As you held my hand a thorny bush scratched your face.
The night was old and we were running fast.
I was only feeling so odd and very uptight (in deepest emotions of...).

Someone glued a tear in the corner of my eye (I cried, I cried).

Oh, who took a part in 99% of me?
I lost my will, it drowned inside a pool of dark and bitter misery.

Inside the garden I kneeled down and prayed (in deepest emotions of...).

Inside the garden I bowed to fate (I bowed, I bowed).
Love for life is simply the only thing I live for (in deepest emotions of...).

Being left without it, I could no more endure (I tried, I tried).

I was only feeling so odd and very uptight (in deepest emotions of...).

Now the days are shifting and idly I de-ice (idly de-ice). Idly...