

## Columnae

Dagoba

Some of us are made to live,  
Some of us are made to dream,  
Some of us are made to kill,  
We're all about to die  
There's something, somewhere,  
A risky place, a kind of hell,  
Attractive, impressive,  
Where freedom dwells!

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I leave behind the quiet sea  
to join the place where real storms are.  
I feel the warmth of a new stream  
Healing the hips of my deepest dream  
Tomorrow comes, the march is on  
Ocean breeze... Freedom teases me on!

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Surrendering everything, I got to go  
To somewhere called a new life, version 2.0!