# A Music in my Soul

**Dark Moor**

I break down just thinking on dark swallows,
I've not strength enough to fly away,
so I could look like a kid who follows,
staggering, a serpentine long way.
When my anguish is becoming bigger,
only loneliness is my true friend,
then the shadows show their tragic figures,
day and night are equal in the end.
Now, I see
how I am free,
behind in the past,
time is running fast
from then to me.
I try, in despair, to find a reason
when I have collapsed under the rain,
I have better wait on other season
to be able to stand up again.
Now, I see
how I am free,
behind in the past,
time is running fast
from then to me.
I'll never grieve,
never wail,
never be afraid of tomorrow,
I'll never leave
never fail
nor give up facing my woe,
no crying,
oh, no!,
(but) listening to (a) music in my soul,
in my soul.
In the nights of pain my dreams were livid,
wax portrayals which escaped with dawn,
now, remains a memory so vivid
as the rest of me that carries on...
Now, I see
how I am free,
behind in the past,
time is running fast
from then to me.
I'll never grieve,
never wail,
never be afraid of tomorrow,
I'll never leave
never fail
nor give up facing my woe,
no crying,
oh, no!,
(but) listening to (a) music in my soul.
I'll never grieve,
never wail,
never be afraid of tomorrow,
I'll never leave
never fail
nor give up facing my woe,
no crying,

oh, no!,
(but) listening to (a) music in my soul.
I'll never mourn:
if I'll die, I was born.
I'll never grieve,
never wail,
never be afraid of tomorrow,
I'll never leave
never fail
nor give up facing my woe,
no crying,
oh, no!,
(but) listening to (a) music in my soul,
yeah!
I'll never grieve,
never wail,
never be afraid of tomorrow,
I'll never leave
never fail
nor give up facing my woe,
no crying,
oh, no!,
(but) listening to (a) music in my soul,
in my soul!