

Going On

Dark Moor

I'm looking inside for
The particles of my past
Putting all together
To compose a neat contrast
And now, in the middle
I have found what ever lasts
Blowing like spring air
Is the love which brings a blast
I feel my prior time
Like a pantomine
In which what is prime
Never comes again
Meanwhile your living
Is going on
Love I have discovered
In the core of human frame
Where all is always changing
Love is every time the same
It's the force of past
To give me impulse to win the game
At the end of my way
Love cleans all my harshest blames away
I feel my prior time
As if was a crime
In which I think I'm
Who feels and gives pain
Meanwhile your living
Is going on