

## 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