Deep inside me, I feel a storm, Its echoes flee, I rest warm. It's like a bomb Of fire and sound It's coming from Where profound. My world's made of tears Since you departed to disappear, But my hope is clear; I will carry on standing up here. I'm a white paper with a blot, I'm a bright sun with a black spot, And in my dreams we are together As ever. I'm a clear mirror with a crack That reflexes you forever, And in my dreams we are together As ever. Deep inside you, You feel a chill, It's something new And gets you ill. It's like voodoo, A magic rite, It ties up you, Stops your flight, My world's made of tears Since you departed to disappear, But my hope is clear; I will carry on standing up here. I'm a white paper with a blot, I'm a bright sun with a black spot, And in my dreams we are together As ever. I'm a clear mirror with a crack That reflexes you forever, And in my dreams we are together As ever.