

I am the breeze
along a blue horizon
as for you, you're just a child
praying by a pale rainbow
fading so silently

I am the echo of colour and shape,
a multi-coloured painting
as for you,
you're a random number
on the wall of camouflages
a lonely ghost of the past
a pale memory
in a frame composed of lies

You're a name in the sand
but the waves washed it away
as for myself,
I have to water the martyrs' flowers

You're just a note in the book of life
as for myself,
I leave a footprint
on the beach of eternity

Sometimes
when all the offences
apparently fade
I retreat into my shell
my cocoon

Sometimes
when all the industrious enviers
hitting the ground of superfluity
I disclaim

Sometimes
when all the abnormal beauty
reminds me of what I am living for
I pray

Sometimes
when all the eternal moments collide
I arise
inhale a breeze of my enigma

Let the signs become clear
clock's ticking
it is time
may the last message near

It is time
it is for tomorrow