

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