

Shining in a mistic dusk of one lightning
I will awake the sleeping in the sun covered with heat

In a mourning of life, majestic in pain
In air still rising they go deeper and deeper

Eyes of fire in the black horizon rise with rays

Sand-glass goes on torturing without hope
In a deadly silence souls rest in a shadow
Its jealousy does not hide any secrets
I put fires that echoes in horizon
They howl hungry sending their despair voices up to heaven
I will not control my passion

I will struggle to bring them up to the sky
I will struggle for them to burn in their beauty
I will struggle for them to be a thorn in a crown of light
I will struggle for them to burn in their beauty
I will struggle for them to be a thorn in a crown of light
I will struggle to bring them up to the sky

They howl hungry sending their despair voices up to heaven
I will not control my passion to give life to all senses