

# Where the Winds Don't Blow

Deine Lakaïen

your eyes and your profile  
hypnotizing me  
they caught me  
inside of my dream  
and they told me  
to give up my dream

these lies blind the sinner  
he ignores all the tears  
tears from pale eyes  
and would die a crime  
says it is worth any crime

and the snows they don't fall  
where is still summertime  
and the winds they don't blow  
where no bird will ever fly

mirrors maybe show you  
when you see your face  
so hard to believe how  
you've changed  
once a calm heart  
but now filled with hate

your looks and your killing gun  
bringing sorrow and misery and pain  
and all in the name  
of a sinner that turned into saint

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when you see your face  
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but now filled with hate

your looks and your killing gun  
bringing sorrow and misery and pain  
and all in the name  
should I laugh while I sit and I wait

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