

Allocution

Diary of Dreams

When the sweetest voice is murdered in this stubborn and precocious throat

When the glimpse is gone and the stare remains

When the moment dies and eternity prevails

When the single sound becomes a lasting tone

What was it all good for

If you give it up now

If you lay down now to rest

If you stop the fighting

When four seasons merge and only one is left

When all the movements of this world end up to be just one

When all these tears we cry would gather to the flood

And when it hurts you feel the pain in every single bone

What was it all good for

If you give it up now

If you lay down now to rest

If you stop the fighting

What was it all good for