

How Many

Dying Passion

How many days is it, how many?
I've asked myself since you're not here
I reject to know but it feels,
Like it's hundred years

How many nights I cannot sleep - I am awake
But yet I go astray in dreams
I wander on the stars
I've got even permission beyond time boundary

How many moments I don't think of you
Perhaps the one or just the half

How many emotions which make me chill
I would slip on that ice.

How much emptiness until your return
In my reply I'll be lost for good.