

## 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.