

When hopelessness creeps into you mind,  
When the weary spirit doesn't know where to turn first  
Up to the surface rises whatever I've loved  
Though air-tightly locked against the outer world  
I'm full of illusions, I don't realize the time I spent  
with searching ....

In the pace of the tide going to and fro  
I am the blind without a stick and black glasses  
All around seems vain and foolish  
When the waves grow and the wind keeps wailing  
On the wings of a seagull setting me free.

In the rush of surreal sensation I fly higher  
I may even touch the glow of stars painlessly  
I'll be forced to carry my cross again  
Though its weight is intangible 'cause I know  
All bad turns out good on the way to innocence.