

Muse of Mundane Days

Dying Passion

Oh, my Muse of mundane days,
Every day when the sun is rising,
I can see your image getting close to me
It gets me that feeling eith an intensity.

You speak to me
With the voice of advisor soul.
You speak to me
With the voice of advisor soul.
I give you an ear.

Oh, my Muse of hard-working day,
When you tell your stories, long or breaf,
about the world's grief,
Vicious men hanging on noose,
And all has been done as it should.

Oh. my Muse...

It seems a I could finally find peace in my heart.

Maybe I've got everything I ever wanted,
Maybe I'm nothing else but a fooish dreamer,
However, without your smile and warm word,
I'd be dead and gone, rotten deep under the ground.
Please let me in, let it happen
Let it happen over and over again.

You speak to me
With the voice of advisor soul.
You speak to me
With the voice of advisor soul.
I give you an ear.