

My Apology

Dying Passion

I'm leaving swallowing pride,
With my eyes dropped,
So hard to say how much I'm sorry,
Last night I was rude and forward.
My silly, whims uneasy device,
Like a siren roaring in tranquillity.

Not for now,
I call for patience,
As I'm leading to you with my apology.
I'm like stone falling down from the rock,
Still flying, in a moment hits the ground.

Me and I, a kind of selfish, that's all me.
Greed promoted to an emotion.
First comes the tender warmth,
Then the avid cold,
As dead man's hand reached the door.
Run, baby, run before the echo of my vicious soul
Leads you astray.

Not for now,
I call for patience,
As I'm leading to you with my apology.
I'm like stone falling down from the rock,
Still flying, in a moment hits the ground.

Where the heart should be,
Something has stung and it hurts little bit.
Should I regret it?
It's just an illusion, just an illusion, baby.
Just illusion.

Not for now,
I call for patience,
As I'm leading to you with my apology.
I'm like stone falling down from the rock,
Still flying, in a moment hits the ground.

Still flying, still flying,
Moment hits the ground.
Still flying, still flying,
Moment hits the ground.