

# Land Of The Miracle

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Blinded by the fire and the sorrow of the day,  
I come knocking at your door  
to dry the tears away.  
The eventide is calling me to take a look into your eyes.  
Pull me on and make me mesmerized  
Riding on the wings of light,  
dreaming dreams and holding tight;  
leaving all my sorrow far behind.  
Your eyes are the gate

to the land of the miracle where our love can make us fly, make us fly.

In the land of the miracle  
we can find a reason why and how we can fly.

Open up the book of madness,  
read the page of life!  
Who's the one to tell you what to do  
and how to rise?  
And if the stars would fall one day  
I'd climb up to the sky  
to put them back for you to save your smile.

...Take a look into the book of fantasy and poetry and you will see:  
What you can feel is everything you need to heal your crying mind,  
the soul behind and everything that you may find inside your head...

...A million years have passed away to make us head for the decay and  
to unlearn just  
what we yearn for all day long: right to be strong and stick to our ideals,  
are they for real and do we just have lost the thread?...

...I believe in miracles they happen every day.  
In your arms a dream comes true for me...

(...isn't poetry one of the biggest gifts to forget our daily life of  
sorrow?...)