

There is always the sound,  
Are you hearing it too  
How it's weird living inside the town.  
Empty days without you.

There is always a fall  
But it happened too soon.  
How can I see the living all around,  
When I struggle with you

There is always a clock  
Gods beyond, by the curve  
What's the point to give in  
To desperation? to desperation...

Youth in the sun drowned in broken seas  
Cruising the summer sands  
Despite all the bruises coming from the side  
You'll always be young and amused (and amused)

I miss you...