

Is it too late to go in peace, I wonder how,
how these things did start anyway
Maybe too late to find a way, when the
trail of grief is marked with memories

Now when you're gone,
the warmth of the sun seems so faraway

I believe - in everything I see, every
second is a miracle for me
I believe - after sunshine comes the
rain, and when it's pouring down
the only thing I feel is pain

I walk alone through shapeless dreams
my only home is the wasteland that I cross
I close the door and turn the key
those days of joy are barely memories
Now when you're gone, your star will
shine on, wont you shine for me

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