

Miss Grace And Her Kiss On My Cheek

Intohimo

Same old stars on the rise again
and now it's time to turn winter into spring.
I've had enough of never ending nights
and soon I'll be gone in search of a new days dawn.

In the search for myself I found nothing.
In the search by myself I found nothing.

I've tied my hands to blind men,
following blind men.
I have been leading myself into new
nights over and over.
Now it's time to walk by your side again.

In the search for myself I found nothing.
In the search by myself I found nothing
but failures, failures, failures but you bring hope.