

## The Sound Of Beating Wings

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They are leaving now,  
To the sound of beating wings.  
To images of a scenery,  
A scenery whose colours,  
Have started to fade,  
And whose brightness is passing away.  
Left us nothing but cold,  
It's not just in the air,  
It's the gap between us.  
It's in our voices as we speak,  
In sentences that we say,  
In words once beautiful.

Saw you found something new,  
Something that's more for real,  
Not as fragile as we used to be.  
But would you cross the line for me?  
For a second let your heart beat,  
The way it used to beat?

The would the words get thir meaning back,  
The sentences their depth,  
Our voices their warmth,  
And your eyes would they once again,  
Burn as bright as they once did?  
Burn as if you were seventeen?

They are leaving now,  
To the sound of beating wings.  
To images of a scenery,  
A scenery whose colours,  
Have started to fade.  
They are leaving now,  
Just like the easier days left us to die,  
Just like the loss of you,  
Left the scars that will always be a part of me.