

# The End Of The Scene

Katra

The candles have burned out  
But the wind is still strong  
There's no hand to hold on

The streets lead to nowhere  
Darkness has fallen  
There's no one to lead on

Dreams and illusions  
Are gone  
The swans lift their voices  
In last song

The only thought  
How to thrive:  
Just to try  
Keep yourself alive

The whispering mourning  
Wipes the laughter away  
There's no will to go on

The fatal tomorrow  
With no warning call  
Will the strong carry on?

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Are gone  
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In last song

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Just to try  
Keep yourself alive

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