

A sunny morning, almost spring,  
your drowsy smile grey like a kiss  
some weary lover would have given  
to a glorious jewel from the abyss.

Where are the hours of your rising night...?  
Worn-out and incredibly bright...  
And then again we both wake up  
saying hello to our own world  
a dust like gold was everywhere  
filling the room, the reborn air  
unseen a spetter was waiting  
for that invincible soldier.

He had my eyes and my cruel heart  
my secret days, my chilling flames  
was near to you while staying apart  
watching his days lost in a game  
made for some ghosts looking like him  
but I can swear he had a dream.

A sunny morning, maybe March  
And now must turn my face to you,  
I must realize what is that arch  
enemy looking for your blue  
but willing and merciful arms.  
Don't say a word.  
The world has gone.