

## Time

Lunatica

Autumn has come, I'm loosing my leaves  
The sand has almost ran through  
Run, run, run for eternal youth  
I must escape from my faith  
There is no bribery to make the mirror lie  
Run, run, run, run  
The air is getting thin  
In my life's opera, they play the final notes  
The happy tunes turned to minor  
Time is hunting me, there is no way out  
My winter will come  
A long time ago the orchard in me has whitered  
Time to go