

The strain always follows me  
Like a cloudy shadow  
100 miles I try to escape from the shadow  
But the shadow stays behind my back  
In the strain I could control myself  
Through all the time to the best of my memory  
In the other words I've been lost  
So I have to get back in a wall of enemy  
(It's like an old town melody)  
The strain always follows me  
Like an attractive widow  
100 times I try to approach that widow  
But the widow stays away from me  
I saw the dream in a sleepless night  
Deep in the stream of consciousness  
I heard the voice to a certainty  
Deep in the stream of consciousness  
When I was young, I saw this kind of fantasy  
And this time I'm walking through the door  
And go across the bridge  
But on the bridge I find some pressures of my life  
So I can never be the one who always free