

Mishaela

NOA

Who knows what is in her eyes? Grey clouds disperse in the four
winds A dry riverbed overflows And the horizon opens wide

Up to the heaven she turns her eyes Searching, diving in to the
chilly blue Floating in the air Touching the pure golden light
That glimmers in her hair

Mishaela, what do you see? What is it in your heart That greets
the desolate silence with such Laughter?

It is one rainbow in the east, she says It is all I need

What more could I want? It is all that I need