

## Behind My Window / My Seas of South

Novembre

And now that the cold has returned  
Where is my window  
From which I used to dominate  
The world

My gray, black, azure world  
A world without no wars  
A world where I could even  
Fly

Now I know love doesn't belong to these lands  
It flies free above all this  
I could see it from behind my window  
Bringing me that happiness which the eyes

Where are my seas of South which wet my eyes now  
Where is my window now that the cold has returned