

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