

My Angel

On Thorns I Lay

How long I will exist among dead stars
How long I will be a game without end
I will be waiting travelling to endless skies,
choked into the seas of your forgetfulness
Like a bird I am flying far away searching for joy to another place
Temptation, destination of desire for every darkness there is a light,
for every innocent soul there is a promise and a god on the skies