

## Reprise

### Phase

I'm falling high once again  
Like a wind lifted small grain  
Though I can't wipe off the stain  
I'm keeping up with the strain

Though the time seems won't reach me any more  
Lady luck's not a whore  
Even though I am washed to your shore  
Breathe me by every pore

I'm climbing down once again  
Crying this endless rain  
I'm moving backwards the same lane  
Tearing (apart) the veil of shame

Though it feels that I haven't moved on  
That the ties are so strong  
And it seems that my self is left forlorn  
Bleeding by every pore