

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