

A Kind Of Eden

Saybia

Look through my eyes
behind my disguise
and you'll find a place with no grace
all there is left in this colorless room
is the echo of sadness and blue

hidden in a corner behind all the tears
is a green spot with no fear
it's a garden, a kind of Eden
where I have spent most of my life
dreaming

you'll find me here among colorful trees
picking the flowers of my destiny
My futures are here but my past will remain
so I'm killing the flowers of yesterday's pain

I'm nursing the truth of the season pollution
protecting my own illusion
but it's so hard to take care
of something that ain't really there, really there

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it's just my way to get by
it's just my way to goodbye

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for me it is just a kind of Eden