

Painful Silence

Sceptic

The beauty of silent waters has awaken
Green in the shadow or gold in the sun
Echoes from the bottom of my heart
Are reflecting in the drops of heavy rain
How light and fresh is the air we breathe
In the windless autumn day like this
Our feelings are turning into the stone
And floating away to the stars again

What's more beautiful than nature , it's mysteries
Fantastic words and finally the painful silence of melancholy

My dear , bosom friend , why don't you understand
Those figures on the ground , that we have to defend

Like secret of an abyss of sky , we were trying to find
Oblivion , the precious piece of our confused and lost minds