

i sought thousand days  
and thousand nights  
like a ghost i was  
living from dream to dream  
and dying every waken hour  
and breaking dawn

i drifted thousand days  
and thousand nights  
like a trash in the wind  
through the flow of time  
in this empty world  
forever left astray

i'm the breeze outside your window pane  
i'm the shade beside your bed  
i'm the steps you hear on your stairs  
the mellow voice inside your head  
i'm the breeze outside your window pane  
i'm the shade beside your bed  
i'm the steps you hear on your stairs  
i'm everything, i'm nothing