

The sky sheds elegies
As you pass another cape
A silent company
On a way without repose

Behind the dunes
And the shifting sands of cinnamon
A lost and lonely pavement
Of unconquered sanctuaries
Of untouched reveries echoing

Like leftovers - dragged through time and memory
Like leftovers - that live on as seasons pass
Like leftovers - never let you go

And all that remains
Is moulded in the last light of the setting sun
And all that is retained
Is nothing but an image without words
And all that is means nothing anymore

Not that it was
Always beautiful
Not that it was
Something to hold dear

But in the end it was
Just another puzzled piece of you
Now you're a martyr seeking nails
To match those precious wounds
Always looking back
Looking back to something that you lack

Like leftovers - that will never let you go
Like leftovers - under the sky of a fallen paradise
Like leftovers - never let you go

And all that remains
Is moulded in the last light of the setting sun
And all that is retained
Is nothing but an image without words
And all that remains doesn't mean anything at all

Like leftovers - dragged through time and memory
Like leftovers - that do not speak no more
Like leftovers - under the sky of a fallen paradise
Like leftovers - that will never let you grown

And all that remains
Is moulded in the last light of the setting sun
And all that is retained
Is nothing but an image without words
And all that remains can be folded in a purse