

I guess I just can't talk about the simple things
Something drives me further than that
Maybe like a cold desert wind
Maybe like a sinking ship

And I seem so alive in this skin
But i'm really empty inside
It's not something i like to explain
It's just the way it has come to be

What are we now?
hands in the air like a sinking ship
What are we now?
Phantoms of progress
of time and of space

I and my own have beenleft here alone
Or maybe no one was ever beside us
And the ghosts we have always believed in
Are just the remains of a gypsy wind

And some days I dream of a life on the other side
But what could it's meaning conceive?
Heaven and hell are just names of a suffering
Maybe it just starts all over again

There must be something I'm missing
Something I just cannot find.