

## Our Cause

## Stream of Passion

Trazos de hielo y niebla  
que se esconden  
en las pequenas grietas  
de mi nombre.  
Luz que ilumina el alba  
no me ignores;  
entre suspiros llamas  
mas no se a donde.  
El invierno me encuentra delirando  
entre flores cubiertas de desencanto,  
miedo y llanto.  
Mientras el frio corre por mis manos  
mi corazon implora:  
"hasta cuando?"  
[English translation:  
Traces of ice and fog, hidden  
in the small crevices of my name.  
Light of the dawn, don't ignore me;  
sighing you call me;  
I know not where.  
Winter finds me delirious  
covered by flowers  
of disappointment, fear and tears.  
While the cold runs through my hands  
my heart cries: "Until when?"]  
Sing to me one more time,  
turn loose the waking light.  
Unleash the sounds that define me  
and keep me alive.  
And if I fall into despair,  
tear down the walls and call my name  
to remind me who I am.  
Noches que se dilatan lentamente  
derrumbando promesas e ilusiones.  
Mientras la luna quema el horizonte  
la voz de la memoria enmudece.  
[English translation:  
Nights that slowly dilate  
breaking down promises  
and illusions.  
While the moon burns the horizon,  
the voice of memory goes silent.]  
Sing to me one more time,  
turn loose the waking light.  
Unleash the sounds that define me  
and keep me alive.  
And if I fall into despair,  
tear down the walls and call my name  
to let me know  
that our cause  
is never lost,  
our song will forever be heard.  
Tear off these chains,  
tell me my name.