

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.