

This Moment

Stream of Passion

Memories

travelling slowly down the walls,
as sweet as their whispering may sound
they are only ghosts.

Voices

building castles in the air,
but as beautiful as they may seem
they will disappear.

So don't look back
and don't look forward.

Just take my hand
and come with me.

In the fever of this moment
we will drown,
falling deeper into the unknown.

She who's writing the story
can't comply,
but in this intoxicating stream
we'll remain unseen.

So take my hand, come with me.

From this cloud of light
we'll breathe endlessly.

In the fever of this moment
we will drown,
falling deeper into the unknown.

In the fury of this moment
we will sink,
for a moment we will disappear.