

This is waterfall of human tales.
Just a piece of good luck,
is all that we claim.
But I'm told by a friend,
it's imore than sure.
Just as clear as the sky,
there is no fortune for all.
And this is nobody's fault,
and this is nobody's share.
And I Say:

Somebody's soaked,
somebody's cliché.
Am I caught in the storm.
The sleeping creature.
For I beg high and hope,
For I beg high and hold.
Till I fall in the storm.
The storm of cliché.

This is whore that prays in church,
torn her soul.
This is countess on the ball,
but the title is stolen.
This is a cripple from the war,
the guy you know.
But the answer's in the end,
something cannot be changed.
And this is nobody's fault,
and this is nobody's share.
And I Say:

Somebody's soaked,
somebody's cliché.
Am I caught in the storm.
The sleeping creature.
For I beg high and hope,
for I beg high and hold.
Till I fall in the storm.
I did not reach it,
I did not reach it.

Somebody's soaked (Somebody's soaked - ozvěna),
somebody's cliché (somebody's cliché - ozvěna).
Am I caught in the storm (storm - ozvěna).
The sleeping creature (creature - ozvěna).
For I beg high and hope (hope - ozvěna),
for I beg high and hold (hold - ozvěna).
Till I fall in the storm (storm - ozvěna),
The storm of cliché (Ooh).

Somebody, everybody.
High or low, or hiding.
Nobody's born as a creature.
You better be,
not mad at me,
'cause body falls,

vanishes souls.
Me better fear,
nobody's born as a creature.
Nobody's creature,
and nobody fears.

Somebody's soaked,
somebody's cliché.
Am I caught in the storm.
The sleeping creature.
For I beg high and hope,
for I beg high and hold.
Till I fall in the storm.
I did not reach it,
I did not reach it.

Somebody's soaked (Somebody's soaked - ozvěna),
somebody's cliché (somebody's cliché - ozvěna).
Am I caught in the storm (storm - ozvěna).