

When you just telling what I cannot say
When you just shine upon the ghost on my way
I dropped the game I'm throwing arsenal
There must be marks on every tree from the past
To our home

Only the main fly used to tell me so
Now it is obvious drop your way just let go
Now men at antiques turns in all the lights
And when I ever have to feel what does blades were
about

And then that sound of sighing ,that empty house
And all the everloving bands in the line of your try
Some men forgotten and some others believe
What ever happened to the boars now a tale for the seas
When you know you're already on
Like the grass with it to become
Again and free
It's all we'll ever be

I don't remember where I learn to die
But I am humble for the rocks when I try
And somehow I am lured onto the waves
And I'm with you I feel the sun and the salt
On my face

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What ever happened to the boars now a tale for the seas
When you know you're already on
Like the grass with it to become
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It's all we'll ever be

Tied motion of the rusty path
Just humming wiser I quit
Go to hell
I've been to the tower
But now I walk alone
There must be marks on every page
From the past to these songs

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