

Wind blows through my hair  
Here we stand at the edge of day  
As the quiet murmur echoes through the air  
I kneel to see you from eye to eye

Never had the time  
Nor the will to say  
And now it's too late

Son, look at the skies  
It's on flames tonight  
This is a moment to recall  
When it's your time to fall  
Son, look at the mirror  
Of dark and serene waters  
Now sleep my Son

You long to my deepest thoughts  
As you watch me breathe with wetty eyes  
I find it hard to open my mouth  
Now when all the words were left unsaid

It's too late for apologies, Son  
But it's never too late to reach the sun  
You have years ahead, days to live through  
It's my time to go now: Son, farewell

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Nor the will to say  
And now it's too late

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