

As Divine Grace, Gash

In my head there is a tiny world
it's so huge
it's so small
When I see the light on the wall
of my room
I get happy
I get so sad

Tightly and slowly I go around myself
And I try to look, i try to find something common something else.
The clocks are ticking from one to one
The midnight hour my shadow meets
My own reflection My shadow meets my own reflection

You faded away like a line drawn on the water
I'm fulling again into deep see of my mind

We touched the stones on the ground
And we played those to be the jewels
of our crowns
And you squeesed my hand
And wispered a sentense
And our eyes were bright
And our feet were dirty, so dirty