

Diary Of Dreams, Matching Lives

Yes i find rest when i feel your breath
Cleaning my dirty pores
When i sense the wind in my hair

I find rest when my eyes swallow beauty
when my body - gently disappears - in the sea of life

Oh what a pleasure,
Oh what an honor,
to be here, to feel, to regret
Too scared to say a word

Our worlds have always collided
Our worlds have never been one

Will you drown with me, out there ...
in the deserted sea?
Would you walk with me till the end of time,
and see with me what no-one (else) has seen?

Please don't look at me like that
It feels like you're killing me
Please don't touch my skin like that
as if you're not here with me