

Hetane, Sirenmoon

All this mess , I am in , makes me weak
Again I cure my strength to storm my will
O Friend, you gave me that little love, it grows in me
The way you looked...I'm afraid but I'm circling...
I'm humming to you
Like a sirenmoon
Only one I've got
is my voice inside
I'm going to you
I'll be closer soon
in my worn-out hat
go on my hitch-hike
I trip with my wooden sticks they seem my cheeks
Carrying the violin in my breast...to breathe
Hiding the zither in my fingerprints to touch
the guitar holds my arm
but voice is my heart...
I'm humming to you
Like a sirenmoon
Only one I've got
is my voice inside
I'm going to you
I'll be closer soon
waiting for the sun
blue bird in the sky
blue birds scratched thy sky