

Lunatica, Time

Autumn has come, I'm loosing my leaves
The sand has almost ran through
Run, run, run for eternal youth
I must escape from my faith
There is no bribery to make the mirror lie
Run, run, run, run
The air is getting thin
In my life's opera, they play the final notes
The happy tunes turned to minor
Time is hunting me, there is no way out
My winter will come
A long time ago the orchard in me has withered
Time to go