

# Mar De Grises, Storm

My vertical scream becomes  
A horizontal pain  
As i go towards the sun  
I go sober and drunk  
While i sit and play  
Or i love and burn  
Don't matter  
It's all the same  
(why) can't i hear the storm?  
If i can hear my soul... fall  
Will i taste your air?  
I hope  
I can still play  
The harvest is waiting...  
Fast i run,  
But faster it comes...  
...mi humilde cara inmovil  
...como si yo no existese