

# Marc Puig, To start anew

I pass my time looking at the sky  
imagining coloured clouds  
Now I write with no words  
without a reason, without goals  
Think that love is a season  
of shelter and cold  
between me and you,  
between us two  
If your heaven is my hell  
now its time to bid a farewell  
When you silently cry out  
When your world is falling down  
Think that grief is a mirage  
of the selfishness in the heart  
in your heart,  
in our heart  
I pass my time looking at the sky  
imagining coloured clouds  
I fall in love with the moment, so  
I desire you, Im sorry, Im not in control  
The only thing I long to need  
An innocent look  
with complicity  
To fill my emptiness  
To feel Im alive  
To start anew