

Memory Garden, A Long Grey Day

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Sometimes the days seems to be longer than other days
So much longer
Some days the time seems to go slower than usual
So much slower

Somehow this grey day seem to be more grey than the other grey days

Walking in circles, waiting for the next day

Caught in the web of time, waiting for more
Colorless days passing by, longing for more

Walking in circles, waiting for the next day

Silent and slowly the day goes by, I am bored to death
Slowly and silent the evening goes by
The night arrives with promises

I won't be mourning when the morning comes
Some might think that I've lost my mind When the dawn is here I'll be free
When the dawn is here I'll be free