Schiller feat Veljanov, Desire

Turn my silver into gold Not afraid of getting old Want my soul remove the cold When the night comes give me hold Gold i never to build you dreams Older, wiser than it seems Cold as ice you play with me And you hold on to your dreams... Turn my silver into gold Not afraid of getting old Want my soul remove the cold When the night comes give me hold Gold i never to build you dreams Older, wiser than it seems Cold as ice you play with fire And you hold on to desire... Turn my silver into gold Not afraid of getting old Want my soul remove the cold When the night comes give me hold Gold i never to build you dreams Older, wiser than it seems Cold as ice a man of means And you hold on to your dreams...