

Anekdoten, In Freedom

amazed I looked up at the stars
and I wondered how many there are
and the other side seemed so irrelevant to me
just like a dream or somewhere between

and the rollers crashed hard on the shore
and the wind blew the songs to my door
the east held the promise of morning
and soon new worlds were born
calling me on - i'm going home

new worlds were born
calling me on...