

Anekdoten, Thoughts In Absence

face my fears, my soul is absorbed into black
dry my tears, fear and pain is what I lack
broken, torn I live with my light-eye drowned
ease and calm you give,
but life begins and ends with pain
my time has come now, this bird has flown
a glimpse of hope, but still an everlasting moment

walk with me, for I shall go no futher now
dance for me, my soul shall end its futile ride
dressed in gold I rise with my face to the sun
open the shallow skies
but life begins and ends with pain
my time has come now, this bird has flown
a glimpse of hope
but I walk this earth no more