

Bel Canto, Birds Of Passage

Feel the winds on the ridges
the whirls in the meadows
the ice-capped reed announce
that the air is colder

I feel the strength of my heart
quiver inside me
but I have no cure
for the laughter in your eyes

The wind will carry me away
the wind that would have killed us both
it saves my life

Your wish I'll keep in mind
and if it won't come true
our dream will dream