

BOKKA, Town Of Strangers

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early birds flying oh so high
standing trees - brothers in arms
dying hope in this town of strangers
carbon streets on a rainy day
carpets of leaves under my feet
the dawn is coming to my town of strangers

the storm comes and goes
and I keep walking
I keep walking
rain drops shine with gold
my heart was stolen
heart was stolen

children play in the dirt
fences break under the pressure of time
lonely moon stapled to the grayness
sleepy dogs, no one heard them bark
broken chains - remains of the past
the dawn is coming to my town of strangers

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