

Charisma, In This Storm

This speed, sound of old street
All these figures are changing
Passing cars, woods and this blowing wind
Is taking me i dont know where to

All i had to do these miles
I had to go through
In this storm i have to stop this engine
I cant run from you

This new sudden rain is dancing
On the sreet of my mind
These long streets and stops are healing
Becoming friends of my life

This freedom must be built inside me
This freedom must be built inside me!!!