

Destiny, My Day In Your Summer

Sometimes it happens that I'm nothing but a statue
In which there is sensation stirring
Crying for recognition
Pleading for motion
The lights begins to change their colors in the moonlight
And they form a creation on the lake
And where can I be seen
The lights begin to lose their colors in the moonlight
And I try to give the day another name
To write it down and yearn for it again
But the concentrated frustration breaks into a passionate confirmation
Vanished is my wish to find you
Remorse that leads me to the start
The horizon shows me the end
And I am yet in the middle
The sensation cries for rebirth
Die in my arms
And I look back
And I see nothing... but me