

# 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