

Dilba, Well Stay

Dilba

It's time to face the eye of truth
Don't let it slip away too soon,
they say,
but I know I should manage
And I think I could
Remembering what we
used to say
We do what we want
And not what we may
Just wish I wasn't so
afraid of the day
When we would fall like raindrops
In the desert on a sunny day
Like broken wings on an angel
The past let the future down again
When we will fall like raindrops
In the desert on a sunny day
Like broken wings on an angel
Because this time it's too late
It's too late