

Dubaldo Marie Claire, No Turning Back

NO TURNING BACK (Marie Claire D'Ubaldo)

When you called, I was sleeping
when you called, I was dreaming
I was walking in a garden
I was talking with eucalyptus
When you called, I was crying
when you called, I was dying
joy and sadness are the same
anger and love are both from pain
The sky turns from blood red to black
on this road there's no turning back
The last time I saw you
you kissed me
the last time I saw you
we made love
can't remember when I last saw you
maybe I wasn't even born
If my heart stops, it's beating
in the dark of the evening
carry me in the simplest pine box
way away from this violent world