

Eilera, September

Fresh and insolent breeze is smacking me in the face
Fresh and insolent breeze is shaking me up to tease
Sending shocks to my brain
Fresh and insolent breeze and my brain is wandering
...I am awaking with the touch of September...
I'm awaking
I'm awaking
I am being called to Life again

Fresh and insolent breeze is smacking me in the face
Fresh and insolent breeze and my pulse is quickening
Sending shocks in my veins
Fresh and insolent breeze and my body 's celebrating
...I am awaking with the touch of September...
I'm awaking
I'm awaking
I am being called to Life again
...I am awaking with the touch of September...