

# Elisa, Labyrinth

Just like a spy through smoke and lights  
I escaped through the back door of the world  
and I saw things getting smaller  
fear as well as temptation.  
Now everything is reflection as I make my way through this labyrinth  
and my sense of direction  
is lost like the sound of my steps  
is lost like the sound of my steps.  
Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog  
walking through the fog  
Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog  
walking through the fog  
I see my memories in black and white  
they are neglected by space and time  
I store all my days in boxes  
and left my wishes so far behind  
I find my only salvation in playing hide and seek in this labyrinth  
and my sense of connection  
is lost like the sound of my steps  
is lost like the sound of my steps.  
Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog  
walking through the fog  
Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog  
walking through the fog  
Words sounds music and I'm spinning in  
Words sounds music and I'm spinning out  
but I want to stay here  
'cause I am waiting for the rain  
and I want it to wash away  
everything, everything, everything.  
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