

Elisa, Labyrinth (Lotus Version)

Just like a spy through smoke and lights
I escaped through the backdoor of the world
I saw things getting smaller
fear as well as temptations

now everything is reflection
as I make my way through this labyrinth
and my my sense of direction
is lost like the sounds of my steps
(yes, it is lost.. yes, it is lost...)
is lost like the sounds of my steps
(yes, it is lost.. yes, it is lost...)

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 stored all my days in boxes
and left my wishes so far behind
I find my only salvation
is playing hide and seek in this labyrinth
oh my... my sense of connection
is lost like the sounds of my steps
(yes, it is lost.. yes, it is lost...)
yeah I'm lost like the sounds of my steps
(yes, it is lost.. yes, it is lost...)

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 I'm spinning out

I want to stay here
I'm waiting for the rain
I want it to wash away
everything everything

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

(we can find a way out)
scent of dried flowers
and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog
scent of dried flowers
walking