Hetane, Find the lost ghosts

Find the lost ghosts picking up the stone from the stream somewhere... its like finding a cemetery in the middle of uncovered woods Discover sleeping faces in the moss untouched because of time and bacteria... Find the inner calm, your black leather gloves on the hill...where you've never been before... Let's take ourselves to open spaces Let's take ourselves to open spaces again Rhythmical breathing you hear from everywhere breath out...breath in...breath out...breath in hear that everything is full of breathing hear a groan of the awakening from the life his echo in the wet valley... To hear running phantoms hear horses crying when the foal got lost in the night... find the lost ghosts..... find the lost ghosts..... find the lost ghosts..... Let's take ourselves to open spaces again