

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