

# Mental Home, Southern Calm Waters

[Music - Roman, Sergey]

Look from the sky,  
I hold you in my hands,  
When the sun drowns in the sea,  
It seems like a dream.  
Shaking fingers makes you breath,  
When i get you out of pack,  
Under light of southern stars,  
You may rest in peace.

Lonely in the night,  
I will blow you from my palms,  
Ashes falls like dust in sea,  
Filled with your tears.  
Leafes of tropic treas,  
Will be hide you from your sight, Taste the water  
and begin, Long way to home...