

Milla Jovovich, On The Hill

All the clouds roll on
Roll on before you
Who can say anything
When the sun shines, it shines
I turn my face towards your face
Alone facing the sun
Facing the sun
Then the wind will follow
Blowing away trace of tomorrow
On the hill grows
A single silver rose
On the hill grows
Everything I'd ever longed for

Find myself walking on
So far...so far
Look behind the wind's fire
My sun still shining away
How many times did I look behind?
Stare at my sun to light
Blind to die

No the sparks came and went like sparks do
Time and fire never tried to help them stay
But my sun burns my own lies and dries them

La, la, la
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la