

My Insanity, Dead Season

Fog is passing through these dunes
Little seagull trembles on the breakwater
Behind us trees are barren
I admire Mother Nature in her beauty
Only the sea is living
But very shallow - it's the dead season

Come into my arms tonight
I will keep you warm
My little princess
My baby I'll hold you tight

Is nothing there to let us know
In which time we are?
Nothing that's turning around us
A gentle breeze blows a melody
On the withered grass which paralyzes
A sight only for the pair on the beach
Nevertheless - it's the dead season

My promise - you will never lose me
I will never leave you
And slowly your inner sun goes down
I can't shed your light upon