

# Novembre, Nascence

Through windows of new desires  
I guess I am coming to bright

Feeling the coolness of the ocean in your bright eyes  
The taste of salty waves  
Nascence and feel no discomfort while I  
Slowly run my faint hand through the softness of your hair

Higher nascence  
Higher...

Nothing will ever make this magic moment vanish  
Throughout the streams of time, into the  
Fire that purifies the memories  
That purifies the hardest feelings  
Hidden, lost and found

The last time you met me  
I thought I was alive  
Through Earth, wind and fire  
I'm now coming to life

Through windows of new desires  
I guess I am coming to life through  
Earth, wind and fire