

Unholy, Gray Blow

Water gives a sigh

My hair seems to be seized by the wind
But I must continue this trip never looking back

Whirl absorbed, water gives a sigh
Through's are reserved, water is darkening

Gray blow is my home
Nice weather was, is and will be today
Now I'll transpire, gray blow is my home
Still I am doomed to be in this walls of myself
They prevent my words
I fell in love with myself