

The sky sheds elegies  
As you pass another cape  
A silent company  
On a way without repose

Behind the dunes  
And the shifting sands of cinnamon  
A lost and lonely pavement  
Of unconquered sanctuaries  
Of untouched reveries echoing

Like leftovers - dragged through time and memory  
Like leftovers - that live on as seasons pass  
Like leftovers - never let you go

And all that remains  
Is moulded in the last light of the setting sun  
And all that is retained  
Is nothing but an image without words  
And all that is means nothing anymore

Not that it was  
Always beautiful  
Not that it was  
Something to hold dear

But in the end it was  
Just another puzzled piece of you  
Now you're a martyr seeking nails  
To match those precious wounds  
Always looking back  
Looking back to something that you lack

Like leftovers - that will never let you go  
Like leftovers - under the sky of a fallen paradise  
Like leftovers - never let you go

And all that remains  
Is moulded in the last light of the setting sun  
And all that is retained  
Is nothing but an image without words  
And all that remains doesn't mean anything at all

Like leftovers - dragged through time and memory  
Like leftovers - that do not speak no more  
Like leftovers - under the sky of a fallen paradise  
Like leftovers - that will never let you grown

And all that remains  
Is moulded in the last light of the setting sun  
And all that is retained  
Is nothing but an image without words  
And all that remains can be folded in a purse