

My horizon is lit on fire
And black I paint the white
The earth lies bleak and scarred
The trees withered and bare

And colors are memories
Sung in a grayish veil
Choking on a drop of rain
No water left for tears

On silent days I hear you whisper

In the wind and in the storm
Hold on to what is sacred to you
Hold it close and don't let go

Tell me now...

The clouds that we breathe
So heavy and stale
Deserted the realm
In dreams I can feel