

Labyrinth

Elisa

Just like a spy through smoke and lights
I escaped through the backdoor of the world
and I saw things getting smaller
fear as well as temptation

now everything is reflection
as I make my way through this labyrinth
and my sense of direction
is lost like the sound of my steps
is lost like the sound of my steps

scent of dried flowers
and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog
scent of dried flowers
and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog

I see my memories in black and white
they are neglected by space and time
I stored all my days in boxes
I left my wishes so far behind

I find my only salvation
is playing hide and seek in this labyrinth
and my sense of connection
is lost like the sound of my steps
is lost like the sound of my steps

scent of dried flowers
and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog
scent of dried flowers
and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog

words sounds music and I'm spinning in
words sounds music and I'm spinning out

but I want to stay here
'cause I'm waiting for the rain
and I want it to wash away
everything, everything, everything

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