

Again

Illusion

Through the rain
Trough the clouds
That comes from nowhere
Storm blown gale
For the unquenchable wings
Rain, drops of tears and blood
for the dry heart
I'm your satelite
Feel the ravengefull words and lies
These aren't for us
Hopeing for a few good friends
A glass of wine
These are all that we need
That comes from nowhere
That comes again
I'm your satelite