

the night's filters do not respond
sweat is dropping on the pillow
and my mind is in a larger agitation
which is pressing the temples

echoes of wind / echoes of wind
my hand are searching your fingers
the death of sleep and the artificial caress
i wait for the morning time

around the the night in silence
the watcher dreams the joy
that man was in the garden
the devils are waiting

echoes of wind / echoes of wind
my hands are searching your fingers
behind that door there's somebody calling
edges have no end