

No one knows my heart
You said, "You were too cold ..."

The crack split on the map
The wedge fit a mounted dream
Ancient history this feeling,
painted and the torn-off dream has been colored has been tinged

In the mirror, reflected inside myself I howled in the mirror,
reflected I want you now

The crack split my heart
No one knows a glass tower
There's no loneliness there's no emptiness in order to be transparent
I floated in order to be transparent

The wind of sorrow makes the bell ring the night of warmth colors the
landscape
In the mirror, reflected inside myself I howled until my voice cracked
I'm not able to laugh the best
Even if I am scarred further even if I am severely scarred further
Like a butterfly that dances in the ruins if without disguise I
can flap my
wings
Even if I am scarred further even if I am deeply scarred further
Like a flower blossoming in the rubble without disguise; 'till
the day I die'

No one knows a glass tower
Independence and loneliness like a spiral