

Walking through dark streets,  
the cold is looking for some  
way to stroke my skin.  
My body is shaking,  
my knees are weak,  
intense emotions  
overflowing me...

I try to find myself,  
I try to move on,  
dont know where I am,  
please carry me home...  
I try to find myself,  
I try to move on,  
dont know where I am,  
please carry me home...

But I tell you whats  
inside of me will never die,  
will never die...

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I try to move on,  
dont know where I am,  
please carry me home...  
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