

i sought thousand days
and thousand nights
like a ghost i was
living from dream to dream
and dying every waken hour
and breaking dawn

i drifted thousand days
and thousand nights
like a trash in the wind
through the flow of time
in this empty world
forever left astray

i'm the breeze outside your window pane
i'm the shade beside your bed
i'm the steps you hear on your stairs
the mellow voice inside your head
i'm the breeze outside your window pane
i'm the shade beside your bed
i'm the steps you hear on your stairs
i'm everything, i'm nothing