Private world

Moving fast
I see your face in the distant past
Time passes slowly
Time passes slowly
Time passes slowly
Echoes of an empty room
Assassin at the window below
The concrete jungle sleeps at night
Story ends
Leave him alone

Calling
Calling your name
All that you say goes in vain
I would like to find you
On a voyage
That could find itself true

Centre of a scene
Where a man lies dying in the sun
The concrete jungle sleeps at night
Story ends
Can't leave him alone

Calling
Calling your name
All that you say goes in vain
I would like to find you
On a voyage
That could find itself true

Private world
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Time passes slowly
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