

Behind the walls I feel the scenes of ancient crimes  
My murderer stand in silence outside  
Above the bed slurring white shapes, they're watching me  
I can already hear how much I'm dead

As if I had the will to cross the line  
I'm getting on my feet, sweating cold, tearing eyes  
Making love with ghosts before I leave  
Such an intense moment of time

How long will it take?  
So long do I'll wait  
Before the angels say my name

How long will it take?  
So long do I'll wait  
Deep down the demons spread their flames

The air is pure I'm feeling strong  
Look at me now  
And describe only what your heart can see

Am I made of black, am I made of white  
I need to know  
In order to show my soul where to go

As if I had the will to cross the line  
I'm getting on my feet, sweating cold, tearing eyes  
Making love with ghosts before I leave  
Such an intense moment of time

I envy those who lives without their lost  
I should not regret  
I admire the suns rising over the hills

Magic....