

## Thoughts In Absence

Anekdoten

Face my fears, my soul is absorbed into black  
Dry my tears, fear and pain is what I lack  
Broken, torn I live with my light-eye drowned  
Ease and calm you give,  
but life begins and ends with pain  
My time has come now, this bird has flown  
A glimpse of hope,  
but still an everlasting moment

Walk with me, for I shall go no further now  
Dance for me, my soul shall end its futile ride  
Dressed in gold I rise with my face to the sun  
open the shallow skies  
But life begins and ends with pain  
My time has come now, this bird has flown  
A glimpse of hope  
But I walk this earth no more