

Matching Lives

Diary of Dreams

Yes, I find rest when I feel your breath,
Cleaning my dirty pores
When I sense the wind in my hair.

I find rest when my eyes swallow beauty,
When my body gently disappears in the sea of life.

Oh what a pleasure,
Oh what an honor
To be here, to feel, to regret
Too scared to say a word.

Our worlds have always collided,
Our worlds have never been one.

Will you drown with me, out there ...
In the deserted sea?
Would you walk with me till the end of time
And see with me what no-one else has seen?

Please don't look at me like that,
It feels like you're killing me.
Please don't touch my skin like that
As if you're not here with me.

Our worlds have always collided,
Our worlds have never been one.

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Our worlds have never been one.