

A glassy heart is crying  
and for all the dreams denying  
never smiles  
always on the move

By the years it`s raked with fire  
and the heyday of desire`s  
far to reach  
down and out it lies

The inner fallow land  
in a tight spot I demand  
the young bliss of eternal dawn

And when all the skies would fall  
and a single chance is small  
I`ll still toe the line

My heart is like an ocean  
when the rain is lashing down  
and if all fails and the waves are rising frown

My soul caught in a whirlwind  
like the embers in the fire  
if not elsewhere, then where is the desire

If not elsewhere, where is the desire