

A sunny morning, almost spring,
your drowsy smile grey like a kiss
some weary lover would have given
to a glorious jewel from the abyss.

Where are the hours of your rising night...?
Worn-out and incredibly bright...
And then again we both wake up
saying hello to our own world
a dust like gold was everywhere
filling the room, the reborn air
unseen a specter was waiting
for that invincible soldier.

He had my eyes and my cruel heart
my secret days, my chilling flames
was near to you while staying apart
watching his days lost in a game
made for some ghosts looking like him
but I can swear he had a dream.

A sunny morning, maybe March
And now must turn my face to you,
I must realize what is that arch
enemy looking for your blue
but willing and merciful arms.
Don't say a word.
The world has gone.