

Silver moonshine touched your face
Emotions went deeper when we embraced
Each other in a field of moss
In the silence of the night we lost
The sense of time in a kind of lust
When nothing disturbs the scene

Time is running, life is passing
Where is the end, where is a hold
When eternal time will fade

This is the fresh air after the rain
And I had no control over my brain
Remembering nothing, i had enough
And sensual my heart hungers for love

Time is running, life is passing
Where is the end, where is a hold
When eternal time will fade
Where is the end, where is a hold
When eternal time will fade
When eternal time will fade

The silver moonshine touched your face
It's my eldest dream and I still dream on