

Who am I

Orange Blue

A million years have passed away until the first
of us created a million words of a candle's soul
with history beyond control. A thousand million
years ago a thousand miles away from home tow
little eyes were born to breathe.

who am I when my mind creates that wall of wrong
views beyond recall sometimes you should take the
hand that is given by a friend. I lift that viel of golden
rain books of knowledge fill my veins you'll defeat the
savage death if you're sencere with every breath.

every man can pave his road
like a dinosaurs crowd. and all of us will make
mistakes but time will tell us what it takes. now
I'll be there to drown your fears to give you care
With all my tears there's just one question to esteem.

who am I...

there's a simple answer's key
to this simple question in front of me. in a
sense: you need a friend.