

# A Kind Of Eden

Saybia

Look through my eyes  
behind my disguise  
and you'll find a place with no grace  
all there is left in this colorless room  
is the echo of sadness and blue

hidden in a corner behind all the tears  
is a green spot with no fear  
it's a garden, a kind of Eden  
where I have spent most of my life  
dreaming

you'll find me here among colorful trees  
picking the flowers of my destiny  
My futures are here but my past will remain  
so I'm killing the flowers of yesterday's pain

I'm nursing the truth of the season pollution  
protecting my own illusion  
but it's so hard to take care  
of something that ain't really there, really there

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it's just my way to get by  
it's just my way to goodbye

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for me it is just a kind of Eden