

Amberlife

"Whisper"

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Time is always asking you too much,
It's not for someone; it's for you to go in touch.
Now you welcome to find out the true,
To be leaving and the mystics hanging on the moon.

Chorus (2x):

Oh that's something like whisper,
The end of the winter,
And you know you like you really care, all this.

Sun is shining through the clear blue sky,
Windows are painted and the hazes sticks around free
close.

Through the smoke and sweepers downs the ice,
And trees are sad now, cause the ravin screaming all
the night.

Chorus (2x)

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