

**Andrius Mamontovas****"Wasted"**

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It's in the morning  
When everything is broken,  
Feels like I surrender  
Telling words unspoken.  
I used to feel the rhythm,  
I used to feel the power,  
Since we were together  
Until this early hour.

How can love get wasted?

There's no reflection  
in the mirror of the bathroom,  
we lost connection,  
there's no one before that mirror.  
We might lose the passion,  
we may lose our youth,  
we might need confession,  
we may tell no truth.

But how can love get wasted?

Love is the light,  
Love is endless flow...  
Love is the first class right,  
For each and every soul.  
Love is an angel's voice  
You can hear inside,  
It never comes and goes  
Cause love is out of time--  
It's always near.

So how can love get wasted?  
Tell me, how can love get wasted?  
It's never to be wasted.

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