

Eowyn

"The Other's Touch"

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It's so improbable to find the light,
When clouds are rubbing me.
Words run creating hatred scrawl,
Streets have nothing more to ask.

When I relive this Pain
Chessmen have a unique colour,
And the Clash begins.
I feel all the moves,
I know all the moves,
But I can't expect them:
'cause I'm the battlefield.

My feeble profile seems to implode,
My aural prison becomes the perfect hiding place.
View is overturning
To this internal Abyss,
Where
My withered leaves burn
And mirrors have nothing left to reflect.

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