

Harald Axel Heymans "Empty Room"

Visit "[Empty Room](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Raise the storm the other way, he said
We've been walking over these frozen lakes, way too
many times
Our bodies cannot lug the load around anymore, we're
too damn tired

We are surrounded by thick skin, all cracked up and
dried out
It makes it hard for us to say goodbye to something
that we call our own destiny

We fly without our wings, this time, as we are not
bound to the earth
Feeling as one with the air that feeds us
We dissappear into a vague stream of wind that
connects the beginning with the end
Embarks silence with sound...

We are a hurricane, we are a childs wistle in an empty
room
Spitting fire across the desert sands, reaching two
thousand miles over the hills of tomorrow

I do believe

Visit [Harald Axel Heymans](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.