

Korozy

"From The Cradle To The Grave"

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Come on, climb up the top, you will see everything
Look at the Sun - oh, there's no Sun already
Then look at the sky... It's black
Like an ink-spot over your head
Do you see me over there now,
Now I'm merging in the spot
But hear my sweet voice, take my hand

Rock into your dreams
I'm coming to take you, I am your pander
And you'll become like me, blackend on the landscape
I'll take you down to the grave, it's over there

You are my chosen...
I've lowered for you a cradle
Braid from dead lianas and withered flowers

>From the cradle to the grave
It cannot rain all the time
It cannot always be the day
But it can always be the night

Way down to your eternal bed
Kept it for you, kept it for years
Till blossoms fallen and lianas molder
Set free your soul, it goes to me
Don't think for nothing, my voice is leading you

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