

Michael Cretu

"Prism of Life"

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I am haunted by the future,
will the future be my past,
or is time a fade out picture,
of my everlasting cast.

Love is phasing, love is moving,
to the rhythm of your sight,
I get closer to the crossing point of light.

Let us try to live our lost illusions,
they are the sun at night,
if you don't, we'll never taste the spice of life,
and when it seems that we're in a dead end street,
there's no reason to cry.
Because we have a helping hand,
who's always at our side.

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