

# Tystnaden "Tystnaden"

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This melody could be the story of us,  
These sounds recount pieces of our usual lives  
Differences join us in a dim canvas  
Clashes make us stronger  
But at the same time they weaken us.

But when we're there it's as if our cores  
Become a single one,  
Tears and jokes, rage and thoughts  
Let's enter the people's depth

This drama could be the melody of us  
Visionary view through our arms and minds  
But when we're there it's as if our cores  
Become a single one,  
Tears and jokes, rage and thoughts  
Let's enter the sightseer's heart

As the paint in a gallery  
Touches deeply sightseer's heart

Joy is everything skims over our wall  
Suffering and pain weaken us as far as going away  
But a gaze towards the sky where sun is wonder  
Where nothing becomes world,  
Where our light shines.

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