

Catherine Corelli "Sort Out"

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I open my eyes into the dark
Of a bleak night...
I open the window
And enjoy the wind touching my cheeks.
I bet it comes from afar
But I can't figure out from where...
It comes with a secret message
That's dedicated only to me...

'Take haste,
Sort out your life before erased.
You know you have all the time,
All the time till you die.'

It wipes the leafs off the ground
And deletes the clouds high above,
It brushes the dust away,
The dusts of those are gone.
It dries all my tears, but again
It keeps me weeping inside...
It pats my heart with a chill
And then it whispers to me...

'Take haste,
Sort out your life before erased.
You know you have all the time,
All the time till you die.
Take haste,
Sort out your life before erased.
You know you have all the time,
All the time till you die.'

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