

Another Tale "Into The Dawn"

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On the distant hills the trees are stripped bare
Rustling leaves everywhere
Sometimes cold and sometimes warm
Sometimes wind and sometimes storm
Whispering breezes are calling my name
Throwing faces into the rain
The smell of winter deep in my brain
I'm alone - home again

And the autumn-wind blows through the land
Across my dreams of nostalgia
The day is dawning
The past is calling

I search for silence all around
While I'm walking over muddy grounds
I still hear the voices of those who I lost
Crieing for freedom whatever it costs

And the autumn-wind...
... The past is calling

Oh, I am falling

Raindrops falling out of the sky
Memories teaching me how to cry
Past's bells ring again
So I close my eyes and dive into the dawn
Running through the howling storm
Run away
Away

But the autumn-wind blows through this land
And lights the hell of nostalgia
The past is calling
I am falling

Children voices sadly and loud
Calling for peace out of the thunderclouds
I've got to run
And scream
But I close my eyes and dive...

Raindrops falling...

Children voices...

So I close my eyes...

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