

Clepsydra

"4107"

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Where a hole in the mirror
Acts on the scene
You stand alone
With your mind in your heart

I remember these days
But the power is off
The dust on the drums
Seems snow on a tree.

The flower in your hand smiles at you
There's no leaf falling
There's no drop calling
But it bites like a snake tattoo.

The finger on the key
Strikes a journey to the heart
Switch it out if you want
Keep it off if it comes from your eyes.

The game with the words
Is a battle without referee
Thousand and thousand
But the song is still the same.

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