

Clepsydra

"Tuesday Night"

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A wave wrapping my thoughts
turns them into dust as they were clay
while a sigh fills up my soul
to reach the bursting point
looking for a meaning I find out
that my life keeps coming back to me
flowing among others without escape
a thousand times stronger
turning me into dust as if were clay

the broken crocks
after every storm
turn to food for my new soul
using my heart as a filter
to dodge round the diseases brought by the tide
and every time a new birth is achieved
for a moment I realize
how nourishing a single breath can be

during this last happy event
an echo in the darkness breaks my silence
still coated with dust
it's the image of an old adventure
which howling in the wind
comes back in search of answers
tired of wandering in the shadow
of an old fragile existence

i'd like to know how to tell things to be told
i'd like to know how to do things to be done
i'd like to know how to love the healthy love
i'd like to know how to hate the healthy hate
i'd like to know how to live my life
i'd like to know how to live until death comes

a breeze quickly moves all the dust
setting free hidden corners unknown to me
where lights are colorful and things seem real
these are sites I never got to see
me and my heart aiming to reconstruction
sometimes we saw signals of lateral ways

sometimes, on his advice
from far i stopped to glance
and one of those times I heard a voice

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