

My Inner Storage Room

My inner storage room

Is where my memories are kept

Gathered moments since the day

I was born and till the day I die

Recollections and reflections full of love and pain

Stretching minutes, hours, days and years

Rules of time are nonexistent here

Only their echo, echo of time

Out Of The Black

Out of the black

Suddenly you appear

Struggling to be noticed

Out of the black

Here you are as always

Trying to catch up with me

A tiny bright light

With a bag full of hope

Out of the black

And into the light

Striving to make a difference

Out of the black and pain

Walking into the beauty

That is powered by life

A tiny bright light

With a bag full of hope

Never giving up

Covered Up In Bed

My bed across the room is whispering
With a moaning tone of voice
Calling my name
Won't you climb in?
Please lie down and keep me warm

My bed is dressed so fine and tempting
Promising me a pain-free night
Pillow flirting
With my left cheek
Are you coming or are you not?

Falling back against the mattress
Crashing into the unknown
Craving silence
Covered up in bed
I finally do surrender

I Believe In

I believe that life is stronger than death
I believe that life is too short to waist

I believe in giving more than taking
I believe in kissing, lots of kissing

I believe that smiling is contagious
I believe that fear can lead to madness
It is all connected

I believe in colors, lots of colors
I believe in starting a new chapter
I believe in you and also in me

Cause we're connected

We're all connected

Cut Our Selves Some Slack

Things might get worse before they get better

Things might get better before they get worse

Stop by always trying to fix something

Move in your own mood clock spirit flow

Aren't we all aware of the fact

That no one is perfect?

So, lets take the chance

And cut our selves some slack

Things might get worse before they get better

Things might get better before they get worse

Lets create a space free

Of anxiety and hesitation

Give me your hand, both hands

Feel the strength of what 4 hands can do

Stop by always trying to fix something

Move in your own mood clock spirit flow

So lets take the chance and

Cut our selves some slack

Make A Wish

Your hands are touching

A rainbow in the night

Your fingers holding

Songs caressing tear drops

Here I am

So make a wish

To the raging moon

Destiny Made A Mistake

Can it be that destiny made a mistake?

I wonder if it's even possible

Can it be that destiny made a mistake?

Or is it simply meant to be

Chance or choice

Which one to seek?

Accept or protest

Which one to pick?

Perceiving that I'm moving in the wrong direction

Towards an unexpected destination

Facing an entire different reality

Clearly my future has changed its tonality

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