

When hopelessness creeps into you mind,
When the weary spirit doesn't know where to turn first
Up to the surface rises whatever I've loved
Though air-tightly locked against the outer world
I'm full of illusions, I don't realize the time I spent
with searching

In the pace of the tide going to and fro
I am the blind without a stick and black glasses
All around seems vain and foolish
When the waves grow and the wind keeps wailing
On the wings of a seagull setting me free.

In the rush of surreal sensation I fly higher
I may even touch the glow of stars painlessly
I'll be forced to carry my cross again
Though its weight is intangible 'cause I know
All bad turns out good on the way to innocence.