

Did You ask about Our Love:

Waiting for the rain, the cold eats my skin.  
Watching my time, my breath they hear too loud.

Our hands have slipped apart - The fragrance is transparent.  
Watching my time, my breath they hear too loud.

Did You ask you about Our love..

I have a map for my journey. But the scars on my chest reminds me that I'm  
delayed, to where I'll go next.

My thoughts I cannot read. I'm sure we've sad farewell - We've slipped  
apart. - My breath they hear too loud.

Did You ask you about Our love

*Then I gave my soul*

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