Nascence

See You Next Tuesday

Through windows of new desires
I guess I am coming to bright
Feeling the coolness of the ocean in your bright eyes
The taste of salty waves
Nascence and feel no more discomfort while
I slowly run my faint hand through the softness of your hair
Higher nascence
Nothing will ever make this magic moment vanish
Throughout the streams of time, into the
Fire that purifies the memories
That purifies the hardest feelings
Hidden, lost and found
The last time you met me
I thought I was alive
Through Earth, wind and fire
I'm now coming to life, instead
Through windows of new desires
I guess I am coming to life through
Earth, wind and fire

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