Labyrinth

Elisa Toffoli

Just like a spy through smoke and lights
I escaped through the back door of the world
and I saw things getting smaller
fear as well as temptation.Now everything is reflection as I make my way through this labyrinth
and my sense of direction
is lost like the sound of my steps
is lost like the sound of my steps.Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog
Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fogI see my memories in black and white
they are neglected by space and time
I store all my days in boxes
and left my whishes so far behind
I find my only salvation in playing hide and seek in this labyrinth
and my sense of connection
is lost like the sound of my steps
is lost like the sound of my steps.Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fog
Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog
walking through the fogWords sounds music and I'm spinning in
Words sounds music and I'm spinning out
but I want to stay here
'cause I am waiting for the rain
and I want it to wash away
everything, everything, everything.Scent of dried flowers and I'm walking through the fog
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