

She doesn't move at all
Doesn't open like a door
She won't let you in
Or invite you out
Or anywhere, anyway.

So, you ask me
What's so special about the window?

She'll let the light in
Show you the sky, the rain
The trees and the snow
She'll freeze to keep you warm.

The window won't let you in or out
But she'll show you what you need to see.

She'll warn you if there is a storm
Or will greet you with the sun
She'll let you breathe and then
You'll see the lights of the city
In your own eyes.

Only then you'll know
You're ready to cross the door.

As I still see the light on the horizon,
listen to the music in the distance.

A memory of you comes, a moment in
time when fire burned, and the ocean
calmed.

As the sun sets orange, red,
The sky clears with purple and blue.
The moon and the stars are the same
as they were.

As our memory fades I can feel, like on
that day, how all ends.

But the sun still comes around to show
us that no one cares, about the broken
glass that tore us apart.

As I look at the dark, nothing will be
like it was before us.

A candle burns
As the seconds go
No second chances
Time never stops.

No need to mourn
The moment is gone
It'll be the ashes
Keeping you warm.

Don't you be sorry
That the flame is gone
Always remember
That you took the chance,
The courage,
To light up the candle
And there will be more.

Go further Back
Andrés Arroyo