

Vain prayer of the lover who lost his lover  
By Jean Dornevil

I

From the time the roosters start singing to announce the depart of the moon  
I would be up, wishing that she was by my sides  
From the time the sun shines and brings what most people call noon  
I would be wishing that, at the beach, we were together beholding the tides  
From the time the sun gets extremely hot, till it comes down to give birth to the afternoon  
From the time the sun stops shining and leaves its spot for the moon  
I would be wishing that the night had already died  
And had already given birth to the day that would put her, forever, by my sides.  
Or should I say the day that forever, would put me by her sides  
For she is gone  
And Earth alive, I am still on

II

Sitting in music class listening to my professor talks about one and a half steps  
But I am lost thinking about you being thousands miles away  
It didn't take me long to realize that I could not count how many steps  
It would take me to get there, even if I counted for an entire day  
It would be a waste of time to try  
Because there is no way  
To count how many steps away you are, babe ain't no way  
Ain't nothing to do but to patiently wait and pray  
That for you to be back, soon will come the day  
Better yet, for me to go there will come the day  
Bye bye... babay !!!