

Strange

It's strange
How the world keeps on moving, moving on
Almost strange
How the air smells like roses, roses still

Like the rain just washed away
Your footsteps
Like the sunshine overtook
Your smile

Silently over the fresh mowed grass
Breathe out the sadness to breathe in life
How I almost stop breathing
But it tempts me

Spring in the air
Telling me to go, move on, walk on, live on
Step after step
Grass and stone
Trees waving goodbye
Welcoming home, welcoming home

It's strange
How the world keeps on moving, moving on
While yours stopped
Almost strange
How the air smells like roses, roses still
Still on your grave