

**Driving
Road 122**

They try to keep me alive with lights, colors and sounds
But true life is living simple things

Don't wanna live my life waiting that something changes
The real turn starts always from within

May seems drastic, maybe strange but now all I want is

Now all I want is ..

Driving, moving, running away from these lights
Mountains skies, don't need anything else to find my way
Escape and to go far, I want to forget these sounds
Live each day as if it was going to be the last on this earth

Believing in a God and in a second life
Without trying to live well this first one

How can faith stand as an answer, when most of believers
are people who don't make questions?

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Life is made of people trying to make me see the world as they see it
Only way to fight them is to leave and let them speak to no one else

This is the reason why I'm still..

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