

## Last night

Last night  
you sneaked into my thoughts  
like the Spring quietly took over wasteland  
like a breeze softly through a desert  
like sudden solace to the sick,  
for no reason.

Tonight,  
don't touch the sad chords  
No need to recall the travails now  
No need to complain, let it to the fate  
No need to think of the future (hell with it!)  
No need to cry over the past  
All pain and grief end somehow.

Don't play on the sad chords again,  
tonight.