



But, I know it, I am sure I will follow you, I will come wherever you are In your soul I live, I am without measure

There is no place for anyone but me

**Before you may sparkle many faces It is me looking at you through their eyes, In every voice, you will hear my language
In every sound you will perceive my confession.**



Only when you hold the cigarette through the hole is it lit. When the fire makes a rush against



Երկրորդ (կամ ավելի) համայնությունը
Ինչպես ասացի, դու չես կարող մոռոթիլ ինձ: Սյլվա Կապուտիկյան