

KEiINO, MONUMENT

Where do we go when it's over
How do we trace our life in time?
When the snow comes in October
What do we leave behind?

Crying

Loving

Dancing

Fighting

All of this time

All of this time *

In your voice i feel it coming back to me

Like a shadow whisper in the night

Like a monument to all the time we spent

A minor symphony

In your voice i hear to sound of history

A minor symphony

What if we are never-ending?

If we are more than dust and sand

I will flow back down the river

Where you first held my hand

(...)

In your voice i feel it coming back to me

Like a shadow whisper in the night

Like a monument to all the time we spent

A minor symphony

In your voice i hear to sound of history

A minor symphony