

**Title : For Laura**

**Composer : Bernard Tan**

**Lyricist : Chandrmn Naiv**

And the hair that you cut, which the wind will now miss,  
and the wine in your smile, which the rain will not wash, what of them?  
They are of the past sleeping when the risen day had fled,  
for our waking and our sleep.

There is only the bright sun.  
Dry-ing our intentions, and our hurts, what of them?  
When each morning we compose our sorrows into faces.  
Walking down the streets of our hells  
Not caved for, or by, alone waiting.  
As the wind and rain will wait for your hair to grow again.