

# Beborn Beton, Winter

The feelings that we shared  
Are now living seperate lives  
It seems to be not in our hands  
To make a change, to keep us from decline

I hardly recall your face, your lips  
Although I should know  
A voice on the phone says:  
Do you love me?  
And I say: No!

An eternity has past away since we first met  
The summer breathe blew through your hair  
I won't forget

I hardly recall your face, your lips  
Although I should know  
A voice on the phone says:  
Do you love me?  
And I say: No!

How shall the this faith return to earth again  
Lay hand on your heart  
What once was love is now despair again  
This winter shall not pass  
Let this winter pass

I guess it's something that I should learn  
Because I never seem to find the right term