

Beborn Beton, Winter

The feelings that we shared
Are now living separate 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