

Bel Canto, Baltic Ice-Breaker

Winter: a season of death
You hear a distant sound
Screaming, whining
Along with the cracking of the ice
You can hear someone shouting out your name

The scratching, the screaming, the whining
You're frozen to death
Or is it just the sounds of ice
Under your keel

And you know, you know you're trapped
Now you're trapped
Corpses are floating up in your wake
Floating up
A voice disappears with the wind
Blows away
Along with the cracking of the ice
The track will be frozen over in a while

The scratching, the screaming, the whining
You're frozen to death
And soon there will be
Only the ice and the snow
Only the ice and the snow