

God's Bow, Tired

On that old picture
She was standing near the lake...
Cold wind kissed her cheeks...
Little girl too little

To understand
Giant's rules...

Too weak to persevere
In lens of the present days...

When night opens her own shoulders
Sowing scent of fear...
Which blooms and waits as a devil
To take her own harvest...

Like tired soldiers we must go...Must go...
Cold wind outside but we must go...Must go...
But where sometimes we don't know...
Like tired soldiers we must go...Must go...