

Tears Of Mankind, In My Room

In my room it became cold
The dead snow silently falls
The frost at a window spins laces
In depressing flight I am free

There in night I see the past
Before eyes runs lost
Hiding hopes of the forgotten words
I go through time

Your eyelashes in a view of the moon
So are serene so are pure
On your gentle body
Dead petal of a rose

In cold hands a sleeping star
Shining from it is far
Lighting up your fine features
Falls turning in a muse

Give me last light
Given a life of this night
Frosty air winds my face
My God has died in this place

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The dead snow silently falls
The frost at a window spins laces
In dead flight I am free