

# 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