

Before The Dawn, Cold

I refuse to play my role
In this badly written play
Cut my strings
And step down in silence
From the stage that gathered
The characters of my life
Became too small, became unwelcome

If you count my failures
A big blank wall
Will be filled with numbers
And the wall of my victories
Not a single trace
Like a soil covered in frozen rain

Again the winter has won

Descending snow and ice will burn
My skin pale as the landscape
Already cold