

Bel Canto, White-Out Conditions

In the light of my fire
I see footsteps in snow
In white-out conditions
My eyes have no view
In the light of my fire
I see grey sticks in snow
In white-out conditions
There's no trace of the track at all

A peak is blazed wiith the light from the moon
And there is no view in darkness
I search for the moonlight

In the light of my fire
I see cornice on stones
In white-out conditions
There's no further view
In the light of my fire
I see grey flakes of snow
There is no sign of life here at all

A peak is blazed wiith the light from the moon
And there is no view in darkness
I search for the moonlight