

# Compos Mentis, In the Womb Of Winter

We see it as a narration but in the womb of winter time stands still  
Nothing echoes and nothing moves  
With a universal affection  
The winter takes it all  
Like a spreading disease  
Crimson stains conspicuously on the ground  
Cloaked in pestilence, it bleeds  
Like a spreading disease  
A cold winter morning  
Crystalline rime on the ground  
White diamonds and pearls  
And the world opens its eyes  
A cold winter morning  
Bright drops dwell on the pane  
Meet in cold embrace  
And the world opens its eyes  
Like the sirens' song, the winter reveals itself  
As a deadly temptress, fraudulent and haughty  
Arraying us in its wintry veil  
Leaving us cold and numb  
In the womb of winter  
A cold winter day  
Bare trees go down on their knees  
Stroke the soil with their branches  
The pale sun is crossing the sky  
A cold winter evening  
The snow descends from above  
And drapes the ground in white  
And the world closes its eyes