

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