

Convulse, The New Arrival

The path is cold and dark no stars in the sky leafless trees
scratch the new arrival touching with cold hands the foreigner
who searches for his place
Spirits of lonely ones hail the wanderer and lapse back the quietness
to sow the seeds from which we are fed
It has become time to leave the paralyzed seas
and open the door of the new beginning
March this way with your heart close your eyes from the past
don't fall from this path 'cos then the morning light comes again