

# 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