

Forest Stream, Snowfall

Come and take me away Procession waits for ceremony
White hearse among the trees And endless line of black hoods
Nothing will break the solemnity First Gates are closed
Another opens for me to fall into oblivion... .. Mountains of the grief
Guards of my ethereal sleep I never thought how hard this road is
The road that I have been led to nowhere I have left this all to contemplate
the snowfall
To realize myself...