

# 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...