

Mental Home, Their Finest Voyage

[Music - Sergey, Igor, Roman]

Autumn leaves cooled by morning rime
Their trip ends.
Streams of pain close my bitter eyes
In daylight.
Let me take all your souls in one
I'll keep it
Till the day I'm gonna make you free
On heaven.

But I'm sad feel my hands,
They're filled with snow, oh! I cannot move.
If you see, if you feel,
If you ever know, how I'm here alone.
Bleed my soul, drop my love,
Fill my heart with ice,
Please accept my warm.
Once again, when I'll need,
Hope you'll help me,
Oh! I must believe...