

Papermill, Snow

The cold is creeping into this new-born day
and though I miss you, I have no voice to call.
And I forgive you, as always: I was your prey
through these mountains. They make me feel so small.

The ice is reaching my almost surrendered nerves,
but they will dream so hard, so hard that it will melt.
My mind will keep me warm, if I think of her kiss.
But these words can hardly tell the last things that I felt.

Bury my heart in the snow