

Wolfsheim, Entropy

A melting star run through my fingers
Blood red furrows on the sea
Was it wind that never lingers
or, was it you who never came

Standing on the shore
A distant call
Golden waves appear
and take me home

Cover me, oh noonday sun
So my heart could carry on
A morning new is soon to come
Serenity has yet begun

I am sick for I'm a sinner
All I attempt is in vain
The spring of ice is growing clearer
in silent storms of entropy

Anger swept away
Be firm with me
Furtive entity
Our time has come