

# Wolfsheim, This Time

walking through winter, through snow-white fields  
colder than cold ... for several weeks  
and the lost fire's burning miles away  
and the wind whispers stories in her ears

and she's asking: "do you hear these heavenly voices?  
do you hear the preacher who wants you to pray?"

and this night so much colder than every night  
and she says, she likes winter and winter-trees  
and the sun seems so far away tonight  
in the dark and deep, frozen water the light  
of the moon under which she dies  
of the moon under which we cry

...death knocking at the door ... I must let him in ...  
life like a river flows ... outside ... stay alive!  
ten-thousand good reasons to survive ...

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do you hear the preacher who wants you to pray?"

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stay alive! ...my dear ... I kiss your cold hands ...  
first time ... please stay alive ... I'm loving you ... you're  
loving me ... imagine that you were at home ...  
this night ... please try it!  
don't leave me alone!