

Do you ever sink your hands into the earth?
Do you question the reasons for your birth?
Do you inhale the smell of old leaves in your hands?
Do you really fail to understand?

Do you like to feel the crunch of fresh, white snow?

And feel the sun-scorched sand under your toes?
Do you feel the ice cold chill upon your breath?
Or do you smell of death?

You shine
Still, you shine...

Who's gonna save you, beautiful soul?
Who?