

Groaning / In the Middle of Mist

Frown

A few years have passed away
When she said goodbye to her love
I told her not to wait at home
Drown in tears alone and frown

Warm touch of ash is like a fire
In her lap she's got a creeps
She puts off her dress of fire
Like a groaning autumn trees

At the horizon the crescent disappears
The gloomy black night is coming soon
Salubrious breeze for her soul
Time of fury wakes her up

Christmas moon shining
So full still bright
Make me pure
I renounce my sins

Inside of this mist
Of shady lights
In wicket I'm wincing
Got frozen by cold

It is snowing
The wind takes the light away
The wind's blowing
The snow drifts my footsteps