

## Misty Rains Are Comin`

Frown

In the middle of frost  
The winter's started  
Her breath the trees undressed  
Made pale of sticks  
The limbo's started  
I'm sitting by fire  
And I am wet

It's drizzling all the weeks  
I guess it won't stop  
Tranquil murmur of the wind crawling into my ears

Wood is wet -wet to the pith  
O' god's disgrace  
Bright blue flames  
Like a night sky  
Far away-miles away  
In the distant nothingness  
I'm feeding the fire  
I think it won't go out

I am sitting  
By hearth  
I am wet  
By hearth