I walk in knee deep heavy snow and feel wind on my skin.

I'm on journey to the north where I was sent.

I heard the calling by the light and silent whispers in the wind.

And behind there trees I found the monument.

Cold as ice - Pure as light.

Icon of ice - witness of my demise.

The icon shines its cold blue light.

Icon of ice - reflection of life.

The icon opened the eyes of my mind.

Strait is the gate and narrow way which leads me unto life.

I feel like life has become an open field.

For a while there is no woe and all my fears are laid to rest.

Fallen is my heavy burden from which I'm freed.

Cold as Ice - Pure as ice.

Icon of ice - witness of my demise.

The icon shines its cold blue light.

Icon of ice - reflections of life.

The icon opened the eyes of my mind.

Icon of ice - monolith of Christ.

The icon shines its cold blue light.

Icon of ice - reflection in time.

The icon opened the eyes of my mind.