

Frost Bite

Men I Trust

What kind of marvel could heal
My hardly steering heels?
Here no more crucifix or naves
But cypress are standing
Trapped in the claws of the bear
And I wonder
Will all things be empty again?
All things empty again
Bare hands with my winter fears
Cold 'til it burns
You'll be blowing away the frost bites
When we'll return
What Kind of marvel could heal
My hardly steering heels?
Here no more crucifix or naves
Cypress are standing