

## 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