

## Cold

### Before the Dawn

I refuse to play my role  
In this badly written play  
Cut my strings  
And step down in silence  
From the stage that gathered  
The characters of my life  
Became too small, became unwelcome

If you count my failures  
A big blank wall  
Will be filled with numbers  
And the wall of my victories  
Not a single trace  
Like a soil covered in frozen rain

Again the winter has won

Descending snow and ice will burn  
My skin pale as the landscape  
Already cold