

When the fists of winter fly
Driving bones into the snow
Blackened frostbitten nights
Vodka running dry

The statues cloaked in white
And migrants from museums
Losing all the feeling now
That sunrise is outlawed

Strangers plant themselves
Down in the cold hard ground
Later when the harvest thaws
Snow drops will be in bloom

Crossed out on city maps
Prospekt Mira reveals
Shadows drinking antifreeze
'Neath the underpass

Ordered once a Gulag's march
Now cities send the call
Falling from the rooftops fast
And frozen against the wall
Where strangers plant themselves

Dead souls of the underground
When February thaws
Snow drops will be in bloom again
Bloom again
Bloom again
Bloom again
Bloom again
Red blooms
Red blooms