

Colder

Diorama

trace me down by the
dawn-breaking hills
where no thought
is ever wasted
these tormented souls
will never prevail
never prevail
never prevail
never prevail

trace me down by
these uncertain fields
as the days are getting colder
endless circles on the ice
the air untouched and clean
kept silent by
this unknown power

trace me down by these
uncertain fields
as the days are getting colder
these tormented souls
will never prevail
never prevail
never prevail
never prevail