

It's Snowing Through The Night

Dying Passion

It's snowing through the night.
I hearing the voices of a distant shores.
I'm looking for words
Like for precious jewels
And working them into a fabric of my mind,
Under the hard shell of everyday vital nonsense.

I found pride and humility breathing.
I'm walking through darkness of an empty street.
A quiet song wants to be born.
I'm on the heaven's door.
Crowds of shadows wreck me inside,
Wreck all I long to touch...
Hope... Love... Freedom... Death.
My feet are freezing
And it's snowing through the night.