

## 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.