

Winter Depression

Euthanasia

The night has come and tender street lights
enlight snowy church.
Thousand days ago you had the same thoughts.

You are feel lost, without family,
sinful and lonely,
clutch cold handle of majestic doors.

That's time for the shadows of your life,
eyes of the angels see the tears in your palms.

You're a young man with face of old man,
with scarred body and soul.
The nights are long, getting longer.

States of depression and thoughts of suicide.
Couple of perverted moments and years,
the love was called drug.

States of depression...