

Features And Causes Of The Frozen Origin

Frown

Here i stand like an old maple
Hidden in the deep forest
Frozen but surrounded by beauty
I'm touching the flame
She's dancing among the trees
Prickled by the thorns of roses
Driven by the desire to be free
She wants to know what tomorrow will be
Lying beneath the leaves the smell
Of earth she breathes
The night is gloomy
And the day is long
In the autumn twilight
Black flowers for the soul
Stonelike
The mould on the untouched stones
Cold as the dark
The soil soaked in the faintness
At that gloomy time
Drowsy i ford through the wasteland