

## 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 tomorow 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