

Misty Rains Are Comin`

Frown

In the middle of frost
The winter's started
Her breath the trees undressed
Made pale of sticks
The limbo's started
I'm sitting by fire
And I am wet

It's drizzling all the weeks
I guess it won't stop
Tranquil murmur of the wind crawling into my ears

Wood is wet -wet to the pith
O' god's disgrace
Bright blue flames
Like a night sky
Far away-miles away
In the distant nothingness
I'm feeding the fire
I think it won't go out

I am sitting
By hearth
I am wet
By hearth