

Cold

Khors

Trees are caught be ice, frozen wood asleep
The stars are cold, cold are the thorns of Heaven.

The wisdom are endless, stars are old.
It is so lonely and cold,
Through the wounds of the space
Ice cold wind carries the song of the past.

Stones in the ice, frozen rocks are asleep,
Dreams are cutting the wounds - memories of past,
anciense, eternity and endless cold.