

Winterland

Morten Abel

The colours of the winterland
I'm just talking 'bout an hour
You're asking me to warm your hand
With my skin
Why is white snow blue,
Reflections from the sky,
I think

We should really get back to the car
Cos it will be getting dark soon
And we don't really know where we are
But the moon..
Couldn't we stay longer,
Couldn't we see the moon

Think about the future
Think about what it will bring
Nothing can get me away from here
Nothing..
Not the darkest forces,
Not the god I believe in