

## 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