

# Waiting For The Winter

Planet P Project

Warsaw, Autumn 1943  
Not many of us left  
And winter's coming  
I can smell it in the air  
And with winter the End,  
The game is over

He's a world away from mother now  
In this land of smoke and steel  
He lies listening for another sound  
And he's eaten his last meal

And he knows that winter is coming  
And he knows he won't survive  
But he's tired of endless running  
He won't hide...

And for those who still lie hidden  
He's afraid he can't provide  
And he hopes they will forgive him  
By and by...

And he's waiting for the winter  
And he's waiting for the winter

He was born here in this city  
He thought he knew these people well  
'Till the one who shows no pity  
Took the world under his spell

And he knows that winter is coming  
As it's always come before  
As he reads the yellow letter  
Painted on his door

And the letter stands for everything  
Yeah the letter says it all  
How far can one people sink'  
And how far can they fall?

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