

Season In Silence

Sadist

Sky's up above my head
Surrounding uncontrollable hands
Something's about to change: you better look at me
A blanket made by the cold of a winter mountain
Going down slowly through the silence far from here
All noises are deaf listening
through out the white silence
That's what I'm waiting for it's always welcome
A blanket made by the cold of a winter mountain
Going down slowly through the silence far from here

A woody boat reminds me of my long journey
When I bought the world with no money
I close my eyes and breath the coolness
Taken away from so much purity

Ain't gonna be alone no more
In the greyness of an old men dress
Coming out from the ancient door house
With big palms telling tales of a past life

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