

## 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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