

This time

Wolfsheim

walking through winter, through snow-white fields colder than cold ... for several weeks and the lost fire's burning miles away and the wind whispers stories in her ears

and she's asking: "do you hear these heavenly voices? do you hear the preacher who wants you to pray?"

and this night so much colder than every night and she says, she likes winter and winter-trees and the sun seems so far away tonight in the dark and deep, frozen water the light of the moon under which she dies of the moon under which we cry

...death knocking at the door ... I must let him in ... life like a river flows ... outside ... stay alive! ten-thousand good reasons to survive ...

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stay alive! ...my dear ... I kiss your cold hands ... first time ... please stay alive ... I'm loving you ... you're loving me ... imagine that you were at home ... this night ... please try it! don't leave me alone!