

# The Cold Spell

Wynardtage

To our broken centre's  
the tragedy of hope  
to our strangled meaning  
we're fighting alone  
empty slackening days  
fragile and undressed  
we lose now the contact  
we surrender sightless

To the first farewell  
the cruelest thoughts of all time  
the shocking diagnosis  
will shut-off our minds  
to our throbbing pain  
our most deserted world  
the fear to pine away  
is shaking out all worths

Fight  
throb  
struggle  
to brace oneself

I am with you  
there is nothing more to tell  
I will beating for you  
the cold spell