

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