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Before The Dawn "Cold"

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I refuse to play my role In this badly written play Cut my strings And step down in silence From the stage that gathered The characters of my life Became too small, became unwelcome

If you count my failures A big blank wall Will be filled with numbers And the wall of my victories Not a single trace Like a soil covered in frozen rain

Again the winter has won

Descending snow and ice will burn My skin pale as the landscape Already cold

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