Frown "Groaning / In The Middle Of Mist"

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A few years have passed away When she said goodbye to her love I told her not to wait at home Drown in tears alone and frown

Warm touch of ash is like a fire In her lap she's got a creeps She puts off her dress of fire Like a groaning autumn trees

At the horizon the crescent disappears The gloomy black night is coming soon Salubrious breeze for her soul Time of fury wakes her up

Christmas moon shining So full still bright Make me pure I renounce my sins

Inside of this mist Of shady lights In wicket I'm wincing Got frozen by cold

It is snowing
The wind takes the light away
The wind's blowing
The snow drifts my footsteps

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