

## Horn

# "Landscapes On Hold"

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Frozen iron graves,  
Above the sheets,  
An empty heart,  
Makes it's way through the fields.

Magnificence, vast emptiness,  
Landscapes on hold, beyond the reign of death,  
Magnificent, landscapes clear and bright,  
From now on, forever winternight.

Warm breath rose to the night sky,  
Myself covered in a coat and fur,  
And the landscape, buried under the shining sheets,  
Lay sleeping in motionless silence,  
Above all, the silver light,  
Embracing the eternal winternight

The leaves have finally faded  
And the farewell tears have dried  
In the piercing coldness,  
Leaving the silence

The wooden shacks, barely visible,  
And the tree tops, in a frozen crown  
Under the merciless beauty,  
At which I gaze in admiration

And in this moment  
I stand alone  
And proud beneath a hole in the frozen ground,  
Destined for me...

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