

Medieval Art "Early Frost"

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I am born and I've grown in the wind
In the frost, in the draught
When we arrived to these barren plains
We felt early cold

[1] Autumn... the leaves fall down again, to this gloomy
earth
I beg You, cool rain... Clean my thoughts

[2] Inside of my mind I'm full of pain, like this air
Misty thoughts, I tell you that: Go away... Far from here

I am born and I've grown in the wind
In the frost, in the draught
When we arrived to these barren plains
We felt early cold

[3] Autumn goes on and on again, I weep
I beg You, cool rain... Clean my thoughts

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