

Heimweh

"My Wintermoon"

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I'm looking around in this dark land.
There is only a knife in my hand.
Groaning by pain, rotten by life
The only solution here is to die.

I'm pulling closer the knife,
But my hand is touched by a beauty.
I lost my bride, and just cried.
Wintermoon. (My Wintermoon)

Everything's lost,
It's easier to be like a ghost.
Falling snow, falling tears.
How nice is the winter.

I'm pulling closer the knife,
But my hand is touched by a beauty.
I lost my bride, and just cried.
Wintermoon (My Wintermoon)

Arghhh... new meaning of life.

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