

She lived in darkness and in light  
For pilgrims in the deepest night  
For poets searching for the sign  
But seen seen the sense only to die

She wasn't warm, she was so cold  
But granted warmth to every heart  
Of those who were so brave and bold  
To let themselves to be apart.

She was to blame of every hope  
Of those who're wandering in vain  
Who found inhuman deadly cold  
Discovering their own ways.

She was the one, she was the star  
Or could be brightest, saddest for eternity.  
But she was pale, and not so far  
To not fall down on Earth one day.