

Static Cold

The Frozen Autumn

As in a wintergarden
we're walking on snow
These days are leaves
on the ground
Alone in Static Cold
Now it's time to drift away
from this vision of myself
In this season of nothing
Now i know what's in my head
now i'm living this way
in this land of nonsense
And i'm trying to perceive
something special, something real
While in a mirror you're laughing
You know nothing changes
You know i'll never be the same...