

NiRo UG-Children-In-The-Cold

The same lightning eyes Which makes a yearning soul feel alive They can take it all right away
But a golden knife May free you from your burning chains It pushes you deeply into much of
strength The fear of all that makes you growing old Children in the cold A ball, haunting
numbers Moving, hovering, red apparel The idle dance calls all to join the circle Give me your
hand The children playing in the sand Day by day, the gliding Into the growing night Into the
growing night Hidden in the shade of the morning The night shall fade