

Snow

By Time

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Old man.

Why do you sing in the snow?

...

I fear I could break history with my tears.

...

Yes I see,

Our lives shatter like thin ice.

The will of the river shall run deep.

...

Old man.

Why do you cry?

...

I fear nothing anymore.

For you have found me and take me by my blue withered hand.

...

Come home grandfather Christmas dinner is warm.