

Winter's End

By: Piet Veerman

Once In A Wood At Winter's End
The White Silence Turned Into Sound
The Good Old Sun, Becoming Young
Made All The Birds Rise Up In Song

Shadows Of The Snow Blocked Trees
They Made Mummy By The Freeze
But Caught In New But Known Delight
They Mingled To Hear The Birds Recite

And Winter Time
Reaching It's End
It Had To Be
It Was Dying

And I Could Hear
A Sound Of Singin'
Summer Was Slowly
Beginning Beginning

Glazed And Shining Was The World
That Fought To Have It's Leaves Unfurled
It's Harvest Hanging In Between
I Could See The Spring Begin

And Winter Time
Reaching It's End
It Had To Be
It Was Dying

And I Could Hear
A Sound Of Singin'
Summer Was Slowly
Beginning, Beginning