Dark February

Rasputina

In the dire obscurity of another dark February, there lowers a fog of uncertainty
On a thin gasp of wind known only to me.
My shivering sigh spreads a shadow far and wide.
The frigid, leaden sky remains immobile, petrified.
I attempt to seek out the source of this ancient curse by bad-tempered Gods,
Of how the Moon keeps on its course without being stopped by the cries of dogs.Oh my love, I am freezing in my marble dressing gown.
Cold, the oldest season, hold me when the sun goes down.As this hesitant haze, it deepens, under a blanket of doubt, I've been sleeping.
Here, our deterioration begins,
Where the tears that are wept are kept for safe-keeping.
They say it will come to an end.
Then all things will begin again.
In this eggshell atmosphere, which is so very thin,
20 thousand million copper needles begin vibrating...
My frigidity has been eclipsed by the severity of my trembling lips.
Although I locked my heart at dusk, I will open it again when the light comes in.Oh my love, I'm freezing in my marble dressing gown.
Cold, the oldest season, hold me when the sun goes down.

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