

Groenland

Ursel

Walking on my footsteps
I can hear no sound
I can close my eyes now
no regrets around
Riding on my footsteps
past is at my shoulders
in this place so lonely
I can live the moment
as I've never done before
In the last and future
I believe no more
there is only ice here
nothing grows so long
it seems the end of the land
as I used to know
it seems the end of earth
the begin of space
and I want it all
Tomorrow...
it doesn't really exist
in the North Pole.

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