

♩ = 128 **A**

voice: wi - nter wa-king up slow - ly tur-ning to face the day al-rea-dy dressed

guitar: *pizz.*

bass: *pizz.*

10 or still to sleep no heat long time a-go, a-no-ther life then warm now dead and cold. 15

guit

b

20 no thing now no life the brain starts wor-king star-ting to think stop to

guit

b

30 think a-bout it all don't think of it so cold can't move get rea-dy to go to work what for. 35

guit

b

40 who knows for no thing qui-et now qui-et out-side. 45

guit

b

**B**

50 but li-sten the sound of guns shells fly-ing im-a-gine. 55

guit

viola

b

60 65

voc who is shoo - ting some-one I knew bul - dings are fa - lling glass

guit

vla

b

70 75

voc is rai - ning down peo - ple ru - nning and dy - ing what can we do not much

guit

vla

b

80 85

voc we hope and guess when it will end does the fi - re cease to - day was any-one killed

guit

vla

b

90

voc I knew the day is o - ver I'm go - ing home to what the wa - king

guit

vla

b

95 100 C

voc the wai - ting a long walk through the war the dead in - side the ruins

oboe

guit

violin 1

violin 2

viola

cello

bass

105

110

voc cold bo - dies. once warm. just bits and pie - ces. what used to be a - live.

ob

guit

vin 1

vin 2

vla

cel

b

115

120

voc I pass black holes for win - dows. the shell - ing ne - ver stops. but lights the way this rea - lly has - n't been.

ob

guit

vin 1

vin 2

vla

cel

b

125

130

voc a ve - ry good day. I thought I'm used to this. but ne - ver rea - lly.

ob

guit

vin 1

vin 2

vla

cel

b

135 140

fin-a-ly I reach my street my house a heap of ru-ble it's gone I cry

145

I'm fi-nished here I leave of course I know when this

150 155

one ends a-no-ther war will start some o-ther place

*rit.*