

♩ = 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 voc: or still to sleep no heat long time a-go, a-no-ther life then warm now dead and cold

15

guit

b

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

25

guit

b

30 voc: 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 voc: who knows for no thing qui-et now qui-et out-side

45

guit

b

50 **B** voc: 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 buil - 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

vln 1

vln 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

vln 1

vln 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

vln 1

vln 2

vla

cel

b

135

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

140

ob

guit

vln 1

vln 2

vla

cel

b

145

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

ob

guit

vln 1

vln 2

vla

cel

b

150

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

155

ob

guit

vln 1

vln 2

vla

cel

b

rit.