

## FROGFIELDS

On foreign fields of love and trust  
the frog reveals his very look.  
Nothing to fear, not self nor foe,  
just being real.  
'Takes off the crown, throws it away,  
yet not too far and so again  
after a while he will return  
to where he is supposed to be.

Bridge:  
You want my heart but you don't even see  
the real me, well, who are we?  
You want me just to be myself  
but that's whom I can't see  
cause I still flee.

It seems the more I try to get control  
the more I'm lost within myself.

It seems the more I try to get the point  
the more I'm looking at the shelf.

Refrain:  
Who's that face?  
Who's that soul?  
Lead me out of the Cold.  
Kiss me awake,  
try kissing me awake.

1994  
( 19.11.)