

HEAVY RAIN INC.
DEAD POET

Oh valley of sadness
Dead poet on road
And all those wild flowers
Are covered by snow
All those wild flowers
Are covered by snow

Down by the river
Where trees have no leaves
She cries for that stealer
She had believed
She cries for that stealer
She had believed

Words are so clear
You can touch a flower
You've never seen

Я руку протянул он руки неберёт

Maybe his soul is free
Taken by the time
Taken by the wind, by the wind

Я руку протянул он руки неберёт

Words...

Yes, stand up for the while
And stop crying
I'll feed you
Believe, it's real... it's real
Your hand's so cold
I'll give you warmth
That you need... oh

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