

## Dead of Winter

### A Pale Horse Named Death

We are snowflakes  
Drifting to the end  
We are snowflakes  
Drifting to the end

Like leaves falling  
Off the trees of winter  
The sun goes down  
And you never come around  
The moon fades away  
And the stars are blowing up  
Like the leaves on the trees  
In the winter we die

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