

## In the Grip of Winter

Autopsy

Lost in the white  
Nothing in sight  
Stumbling thru the snow and ice  
Blinded by forces you can't control  
Just to stay alive your only goal

Caught within the grip of winter  
Hyperboric nightmare reigns  
A arctic hysteria sets in  
Body goes numb as your brain

Legs go numb  
Panic strikes  
So you then light a fire  
Put your legs in the flames  
Hoping for a rush of pain

Flesh burns right to the core  
Spits blood from every pore  
Smell your skin peel away  
For your life a small price to pay

Running in searing pain  
Rational thoughts  
Are quickly slain  
Take in your last cold breath  
As you fall to your backsnapping death