

An Unforgiving Season

Coldworker

Sowing seeds of apathy
In this field of dreams
Cultivating misery
Poisoning the stream
Reaping bitter harvest
As frost permeates
An unforgiving season
Coming on today

Reservoirs are draining
Bleeding life away
Water flow is waning
And no longer irrigates
There's nothing left to harvest
Famine rules the land
Curse of negativity
Turned fertile soil to sand

Alone, enslaved
Work and toil to no avail
Decay paves the way
Warmer season in its grave

And ripe with pain and hate
Vast and desolate
A field once free of woe
Now dark, dead and cold