

## ...And Then It Passes

Cryptopsy

The distance it allows at first  
The change is felt through the air  
The mother of nature speaks discontently

As death tends to whisper defiance  
Thinks it's surprising, fully expected  
Heavily unwelcomed, purposely unhidden  
There to accomodate  
A more sensible whiskey warmth  
Had my fills of somber hearts and lost souls

Bleak ember grey, dismal drear  
Catastrophic in its own simple right  
Tolerance as low as low  
Unfortunately cold is cold  
Scold the mother whore  
For shaking the season's core

Unprepared as always  
Suspiciously sneaking into  
Mammoth proportions  
An emblem of frigid bones  
And desolate hopes

The here is now  
An icy adversary of a piercing sort  
Wintry blue lunacy in the eyes  
No choice but to hibernate  
Against these skies

Biting bitterness  
Bitten  
Blizzard blowing  
Nipping at the fine line of your neck  
Horrendous glacial  
Facial disfiguration  
Beaten red raw by the arctic fist

Pummelled quite considerably  
Frozen bricks hold the spirit down  
Destined to find the elusive shelter  
Set aside reclusion from the numbing mind

Winteresque barren portrait  
Painted miserably white

Living Earth  
Postponed in bereavement  
Temporarily cessated  
Untimely anytime  
This unthawing persistence

Our fine feathered friends  
Seem smarter than they appear  
Should've scrambled to join them  
On these months that are so feared

Ferocious gusts, tempestuous winds  
Drifting bales, infinitized  
Unbearable haze  
Trapped like a rat in a maze  
Just when you thought enough was too much  
For the desperate masses... and then it passes