

She is the song of winter on the breeze  
She is the eyes that watch from the trees  
She has come for the corn and the leaves  
And she will take you down

Dark is the power to tear you apart  
Cold is the hand that rests upon your heart  
Sharp are the blades of love's cruel darts  
And she will take you down

Sweet is the taste of death on her breath  
Sweet is the song that calls you to the Dead  
You are the same, you and all the rest  
And she will take you down

Your power and your numbers will not save you in the end  
And neither will your wealth, your courage of your strength  
When the time comes, there is no defence  
And she will take your down

And the chieftains and their women, the ladies and the whores  
Will know the fear of death unknown  
when she kicks in their doors  
There is no escaping the conclusion of her laws  
And she will take you down

The Captains and the Generals, the merchants and the thieves  
The priests and the nuns, the princes and the queens  
It matters not if you do or not believe  
For she will take you down

And all the poor, the sick and the broken  
You shall all be free and you will all be taken  
You will all be saved and none shall be forsaken  
For she will take your down