

Winter

Jason Webley

Hey kid, I've been watching you.
Sleeping in the lilies with that old dull-bladed knife.
Still in those bulletproof pajamas you've worn all your life.
But tonight you're in some murky bar,
The music's too loud, and you don't feel like dancing.
Not a familiar face in the room,
Just that little voice in the back of your head,
That's always been there, but tonight it says:
The days are getting shorter, the air is getting colder,
And as you sip your rum and coke, kid,
You're just getting older.
You realize you're sweating, and the air around you stinks,
You stumble to the bathroom,
Throw your head beneath the sink.
And as you raise your eyes, your lips release a little groan,
'Cause the face that's grinning back at you,
Just isn't quite your own.

So you go back to your lily petals,
Pull those old pajamas tight,
But you can't shake this feeling
That your life is just a game of chess
Where ancient gods and devils fight.
People stagger by you,
Thick blood running down their faces,
While little jet-black serpents
Try to mate with your shoelaces.
An old blind dog's been at your heels,
With the overpowering stench of decay.
And an old friend sends a package.
The skull inside it seems to say:
I'm the face in every mirror, the shadow at your feet,
The little light that glows behind
Each pair of eyes that you meet.
You can hide inside your castle,
Spend years thinking you're free,
But I'm like ancient Rome, baby, all roads lead to me.

Okay kid, let me tell you a little story. See, I don't get into town
too often these days, but sometime soon old Jack Frost's gonna blow
back into the heart of the big city.
And I'll scream until the buildings melt,
Then whisper 'til they freeze.
And I'll stand on an icy tower with every eye fixed on me.
And everyone will follow,
As I raise my left hand to the sky,
And together we'll peel back the fabric
Of this world and stare into the void that lies behind.