

You're shed by a tree
And curled up on the frigid ground
Completely alone
In anticipation of being found

You're shadow of your former self
You play dead
Afraid to be laughed at
Nobody knows
Your last-known place of abode is hell

Bitter rain lashes your face
You've seen the real hell

The wind shows you the way
Still there's no one to pick you up
The rust eats up your heart
Condemned to oblivion
You pine away...