

Winter

New Model Army

Well I dreamed that I was running, through a wilderness of plenty
And I could hear the hunt behind me, getting closer, getting closer
And I knew that the end was coming and I wished that it was over
Bring me the snowfall, bring me the cold wind, bring me the winter

And now the mercury keeps rising, like the sap and the blood and the oceans
And the asphalt acres melting, in the fetid air of poison
And I can hear the soldiers coming and I wish that it was over
Bring me the snowfall, bring me the cold wind, bring me the winter

I felt them tugging at my shoulder to come and join in the celebrations
To mark the triumph of the Emperor, the all-conquering everlasting summer
And the streets were awash with the blood of the innocents, sacrificed to slaughter
The crowds all drunk on power and madness as the noise grew ever louder
And I could hear the knives being sharpened and I wished that it was over
Bring me the snowfall, bring me the cold wind, bring me the winter

Let all the sins of the past be buried in the frozen ground
Let the last of the vengeance fires die
The black wings flying high above the skeleton trees
Disappear into the white

So let the weary land be rested and the killing season over
Let the shadows stretch forever in the light of burnished silver
For I fear the age of consequence and I wish that it was over
I fear the age of consequence and I wish that it was over
Bring me the snowfall, bring me the cold wind, bring me the winter