

Seasons of Frost

Novembers Doom

Gray winds of sorrow pass the enchanted willows
For the wealth of man ponders this holy creation
And through the eyes of one glass statue
Falls another man desires.
Ever watching the shadows of the hawk
Billowing on the soft dirt below
Her tears drop to the earth
The splash of salt sings to me
Ever burning candle lights the passion
White marble stones pain my bare feet
Nothing can hurt more then my heart
The sun has warmed the day
No assurance lies within this sunlight
Telling tales of soft young children
And the death of our closest love
Seasons of frost pass before our eyes
Listening to the whispers of the wind
The infinite passion of ones desires
Will separate man from his God
Here is where all evil comes to pass
And only the love of two, conquers this plague
My bloodied feet leave a trail
That the insects now devour
And for many days the stones have cut
But for today, there is no darkness
The smell of dead leaves fill the air
As the once warm sun
Now disappears behind clouds of heaven
Help me. I cannot see.
I am blind to all that surrounds me
But I will always know the truth
Help me. I cannot see.