

# Hidden In White

## The Absence

This is a dead man's vision we face  
Thinly laced with promise and hate  
Diluted and slaughtered  
By frost bitten conductors  
A heartless dissection of grace

Nailed down and force fed lies  
Soldiers steadfast, defeating the design

We bare these storms  
With fists held tight  
This our last lifeless winter  
Hidden in white  
We bare these storms  
With fists held tight  
This our final hour  
Hidden in white

Now sink your teeth into the cold  
And sign away to the brand  
A bastard mold  
Is there and end in sight,  
Choked blind by the bright  
Deceitful light

Nailed down and force fed lies  
Soldiers advance, defeating the design

We bare these storms  
With fists held tight  
This our last lifeless winter  
Hidden in white  
We bare these storms  
With fists held tight  
This our final hour  
Hidden in white

And so unfolds, this bottomless drop  
Bound to this path by blood  
We spit right back, back in the face  
Of the faithless (of the faithless)

We bare these storms (we bare these storms)  
With fists held tight  
This our last lifeless winter  
Hidden in white (hidden in white)  
We bare these storms  
With fists held tight (with fists held tight)  
This our final hour  
Hidden in white

Hidden in white  
Hidden in white  
Hidden in white