

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