Where The Cold Winds Blow

Winds

Awaking in a perfect place
To the nice smell of roses
Where timelessness is like taking a deep breath
Looking in the mirror as the morning rises
Realizing the past is gone

Deliverance of salvation Still life in the black Rescue from damnation What's to come from here

Cold winds blowing on the horizon
A gentle chill in the air
The last step before death knocks on the door

No more hidden messages, no more riddles Shedding the cape of secret words Letting go of hope for those other worlds

It's a sad day, a dark day, but in the end time fades Shades of white and colors unite as we step into the next Together as one, yet alone before the end,

Awaking in a perfect place To the nice smell of death Where time was already lost And hope is already dead

No deliverance from damnation No future for tomorrow's pasts Nothing to come from here

Warm winds blowing on the horizon A harsh blaze in the air The last step before life knocks on the door

It's a sad day, a dark day, but in the end time fades Shades of white and colors unite as we step into the next Alone, yet together before the end