

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