

## 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