

She is the song of winter on the breeze
She is the eyes that watch from the trees
She has come for the corn and the leaves
And she will take you down

Dark is the power to tear you apart
Cold is the hand that rests upon your heart
Sharp are the blades of love's cruel darts
And she will take you down

Sweet is the taste of death on her breath
Sweet is the song that calls you to the Dead
You are the same, you and all the rest
And she will take you down

Your power and your numbers will not save you in the end
And neither will your wealth, your courage of your strength
When the time comes, there is no defence
And she will take your down

And the chieftains and their women, the ladies and the whores
Will know the fear of death unknown
when she kicks in their doors
There is no escaping the conclusion of her laws
And she will take you down

The Captains and the Generals, the merchants and the thieves
The priests and the nuns, the princes and the queens
It matters not if you do or not believe
For she will take you down

And all the poor, the sick and the broken
You shall all be free and you will all be taken
You will all be saved and none shall be forsaken
For she will take your down