

# Beneath Dead Leaves

Skeletonwitch

Ravaged, withered, defeated  
Broken, weak, lost, forgotten  
And when the cold wind blows  
My time to wither and crumble  
I will control my fate  
To time I will not suffer  
I'll die by my own hand  
I will not wait for death a feeble rotting end  
I will not bow down to time  
I'll be the one to end my life (that's right)  
Rot away

My body home beneath dead leaves

Alone into the darkness  
Upon this frozen ground I bleed  
Returned to the earth  
The wind, the ice take back my flesh  
Fade away

My bones one with the winter cold  
The cold  
The cold  
And when the cold wind blows  
My time to wither and crumble  
I will control my fate  
To time I will not suffer