

Joyless Trance of Winter

Trail of Tears

Winter! The hatred rises in the cold
The way it sharpens all my senses
Will enable me to fill the void
All your countless and weak attempts denied
You run with new-fed terror
Pale as you kiss damnation
Pale because of your failure

Hurt where it hurts the most
Bleak as the courage falls
Hit by the winter sadness
An orphan of your own madness

I'll attack when you least expect it
And make you stare in awe
With blood-shut eyes at the perishing sun

Too many lies
Too many failures
In mist of yourself
You struggle in vain

Shivers! The way you shiver as you crawl
To see you tremble as your panic grows
Is a reward to in its purest form
Fearful you watch the end
As it reflects in the mirror
As you turn blue I vanish
In a joyful trance

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