

Appleseed Cast, Woodland Hunter (Part I)

Cold hunters knife
Washed in a silver rain
Washed in wings and pierced by those claws that cling
To the throats and hands of death

Bold brazen child
Who said you could do these things
Made from rain and light blowing in from space
Now, to kill, and fight, and hide your claim

Cold haunted heart
Your dream of my warm embrace
All the while carving with all your hate,
Rage and bile, to turn me cold

But cold is home and I am winter
Blinding light and blasting horns
If you want warmth then I am summer
But choose the one you're wanting more