

# Death In June, The Golden Weeding Of Sorrow

Through the winter's woods  
To the giddy edge of light  
We shut the door on pain  
Those tales are dead - dead forever  
A wind must agree  
To blow us on course  
It can be quick to come  
But, once it's gone - it's gone forever  
Through the winter's woods  
To the giddy edge of light  
We are all in the vein  
It is already too late  
What do we witness?  
What do we negate?  
In this world of shadows  
And sordid allusion  
Through the winter's woods  
To the giddy edge of light  
All this arrogance and ignorance  
Will be washed away  
Craving for tomorrow  
Craving for today  
By association  
I want, want everything  
Through the winter's woods  
To the giddy edge of light