

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