

Deeds Of Flesh, Path Of The Weakening

Struggling up the hill
Stuck and trapped
Searching for a new life
Crossing unknown land
During winter
Unable to move
Until the spring

We'll die by then
The snow must melt
Trepidation starts
When the food runs out

The forlorn hope was formed
Elderly people sacrificed themselves
To find help or become food
For the starving
For the young

They drew sticks to see who would
Get eaten first
And who would
Challenge the cold
To find help

A courageous art
As the others
Are they cried
The ultimate sacrifice
Has now begun
Staring death in the face

The paradise so longed for
Has imprisoned the illfated journey
In a frozen tomb

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