

Project Pitchfork, Tale Of A Walk On The Ice

It was a cold winter day
When we died in the morning light

We walked on ice
Holding hands
Blended by the snow
Blue sky
Icy air staving in the lungs

We walked on ice
In the morning light
Don't be afraid follow me
Over the frozen sea

Follow me

A sharp crunch
A last squeeze
Then the ice broke
And we died under the ice

Everything's calm
We forget the pain
And look around
There's a light□
It attracts us
We are drawn to it

Come to me

We walked on ice
In the morning light
We saw the light

Come to me