

# The Appleseed Cast, Woodland Hunter (Part 1)

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