

# Badlands, Winters Call

Badlands

Miscellaneous

Winters Call

The Winters call in the Badlands here. I cannot see or hear them anywhere.

For I am gone now.

Way out to a place not allowed.

Zoned into a Matrix so deep,  
you cannot even feel or sleep.

Let me know when I come back.  
So I can feel once more without lack.  
My Spirit is gone but my body remains.  
Thinking I maybe poor without your gains.

So cold here with only me.  
White inside is all I see.

We call them badlands but they are good.  
For like me it is misunderstood.  
For like me it is misunderstood.