

# Dead Soul Tribe, The Coldest Days Of Winter

In walking sleep and faded sight  
In countless desperate steps  
Trudging crossed a dead end world  
Clawing to the depths  
Competing on the treadmill  
But grieving where they stand  
An ordinary circumstance  
An ordinary man

They gathered all possession found  
They consummate their plans  
Bleeding at their fingers  
From digging with their hands  
They all congratulate themselves  
But nothing have they done  
Their vessels lined up on the shelves  
But empty every one

The point of no return  
The closing of the door  
The coldest days of Winter  
The center of the storm

Before the dust has settled down  
Before the spiral turns a twist  
Before the numbers of your bank account  
Are carved into your wrist  
One by one we'll walk away  
And watch the towers fall  
Before the season old in Winter cold  
Makes cretins of us all

The turning of the world  
Brings coming of the dawn  
And all these days of darkness  
Will be forever gone