

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