

Drowning Pool, In Dreams

When the cold of winter comes
Starless nights will cover day
In the vailing of the sun
We will walk in bitter rain

But in dreams (but in dreams) I can hear your name
But in dreams (but in dreams) we will meet again

When the seas and mountains fall
And we come to the end of days
In the dark I hear a call
Calling me there, I will go there and back again