

# Saint Vitus, Jack Frost

Winter is coming  
You'd better take care  
For then I'm released  
All mortals beware  
Lock your windows  
Bolt all doors  
And hope it keeps me out  
You better hope some more  
Living things wither  
Your bones feel my cold  
I silently slither  
Turning young into old  
Bodies lie broken  
Brittle from the wind  
One moment with me  
And frostbite sets in  
Nights, they grow longer  
When I'm around  
Your world is smothered  
Under frozen ground  
Exposure to me  
Brings on certain death  
If you don't believe  
Just look at your breath