

# Sculptured, Snow Covers All

[words & music by Don Anderson]

As it snowed, the efforts of his toil gave in  
To a white, crystal veil that blankets the dead  
Just as well, sometimes you couldn't look at them  
Snow covered all and the harvest would dream again  
He worked alone and the ground was so frozen and cold  
Later, many would be taken by his strength and vigor  
But all the more by the interiors of his psyche  
And the craftsmanship of his labor  
Time had granted many companions  
Upheaved from the Earth, sometimes in pieces  
Now assembled into a personal museum  
Dust covered all and he would never be alone again  
Can you not see the helplessness on his face?  
Condemn the man who was always alone  
He was no more a ghoul, than a pathetic angel  
Without a full appreciation of what he had done  
Can you not see the loneliness on his face  
He's better off dead, he should have never been born  
What now, what can be done?  
Burn the past and burn what could become