

# Trail Of Tears, Joyless Trance Of Winter

Winter! The hatred rises in the cold  
The way it sharpens all my senses  
Will enable me to fill the void  
All your countless and weak attempts denied  
You run with new-fed terror  
Pale as you kiss damnation  
Pale because of your failure

Hurt where it hurts the most  
Bleak as the courage falls  
Hit by the winter sadness  
An orphan of your own madness

I'll attack when you least expect it  
And make you stare in awe  
With blood-shut eyes at the perishing sun

Too many lies  
Too many failures  
In mist of yourself  
You struggle in vain

Shivers! The way you shiver as you crawl  
To see you tremble as your panic grows  
Is a reward to in its purest form  
Fearful you watch the end  
As it reflects in the mirror  
As you turn blue I vanish  
In a joyful trance

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