

This Winter means to kill us all
by any means it can.
Freeze our marrow to its core
each bird and beast and man.

Our bones will crunch in Winter's jaws
our skin will crack like ice.
We'll try so hard to break its grip,
yet nothing will suffice.

And while we yearn with all our might,
yearn for Summer's heat,
relentless cold and frost and snow
will make the kill complete.

A little goes a long, long way
when it comes to Winter's hold.
The skies are grey, both night and day
and you can't ignore the cold.

Yeah, this Winter means to kill us all
it has no real contender.
And if you're wise, you'll recognize
admit defeat, surrender.