

Artificial Winter

Rusted Root

Shades of gray coldness from inside
Snowed in without a shovel or plow
Rhetoric on the radio, don't you go outside I shiver in the dark coldness all around
Hide behind my jacket, listen to the cold facts of lies
Because we will we will burn
We will, we will burn for the winter A man pulls off his glove
To take a look at the time
From beneath the watch
Sweat starts to flow A father cries out into the night as his child slips away
A door shuts as the boy reaches that forbidden room
And the shades of gray, getting lighter and lighter
And the shades of gray getting lighter and lighter Because we will we will burn oh
We will, we will burn for the winter

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