

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 outsideI 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 winterA man pulls off his glove
 To take a look at the time
 From beneath the watch
Sweat starts to flowA 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 lighterBecause we will we will burn oh
 We will, we will burn for the winter

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