

The Lost Tracks: Accursed Winter

Militia

I sit alone and watch the rising sun
And the waiting seems to be so long
 I see her face in my dreams
 In a bed of agony
 She waits to see the mystery of pain
 Look beyond your world of make believe
 For now what's left behind the tears
 The battered flesh a world of fear
 So look beyond your world of make believe
 Cos there's a life filled with pain and misery
 Another accursed winter
 they said I'd find you waiting here
 Bearing scars from winter
 Staring endlessly remembering

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