

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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