Cold Song

Sting

What power art thou who from below Hast made me unwillingly and slow From beds of everlasting snow?

See'st thou not how stiff, how stiff and wondrous old,
Far, far unfit to bear the bitter cold?
I can scarcely move or draw my breath;
Let me, let me, let me freeze again to death.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/