Jack Frost

Saint Vitus

Winter is coming
You'd better take care
For then I'm released
All mortals beware
Lock your windows
Bolt all doors
And hope it keeps me out
You better hope some more
Living things wither
Your bones feel my cold
I silently slither
Turning young into old
Bodies lie broken
Brittle from the wind
One moment with me
And frostbite sets in
Nights,they grow longer
When I'm around
Your world is smothered
Under frozen ground
Exposure to me
Brings on certain death
If you don't believe
Just look at your breath

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