In the Grip of Winter

Autopsy

Lost in the white Nothing in sight Stumbling thru the snow and ice Blinded by forces you can't control Just to stay alive your only goalCaught within the grip of winter Hyperboric nightmare reigns A arctic hysteria sets in Body goes numb as your brainLegs go numb Panic strikes So you then light a fire Put your legs in the flames Hoping for a rush of painFlesh burns right to the core Spits blood from every pore Smell your skin peel away For your life a small price to payRunning in searing pain Rational thoughts Are quickly slain Take in your last cold breath As you fall to your backsnapping death

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