# In The Frost

## Bobby Long

He cut his sorrow from his flesh and banned it from his love
She said I hope that it kills you
He said he'd give her answers when his blood dripped to the ground
And from the kill
She knew he'd need to
And the room it didn't dim to the overhead
But the world is still mourning from your loss
Your love he's speaking empties til the death parade
In the frost
In the frostSo please bury him deep
Whoa keep that man from me
In the rubble and the soil
He holds the key to all my toil
Until the day I can no longer hide
And I lay down by his side
And I lay down by his sideThe wind it shakes the mourners as they pray for a ?
Down comes the storm drowning his old faithfuls
And they sing a thousand songs from the depths of bloody hell
They take his soul from their handfuls
And her heart it skips a beat as her senses take a sleep
And the world turns so slowly to a creep
They faithful kiss their crosses but their hate still spreads the disease
The disease
The diseaseSo please bury him deep
Whoa keep that man from me
In the rubble and the soil
He holds the key to all my toil
Until the day I can no longer hide
And I lay down by his side
And I lay down by his side

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