# Winter's Gate, Pt. 3

## Insomnium

And yet it wrings me
Like a strange cold hand
And yet it burns me
Like a viper's tongueBetter it would be
To lie on bed of silt
And watch the moon's face
From under the wavesBetter it would be
To rest on bed of mire
Inside the ocean's womb
Dreaming of days long gone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/