

And Then It Passes

Cryptopsy

The distance it allows at first
The change is felt through the air
The mother of nature speaks discontently
As death tends to whisper defiance
Thinks it's surprising, fully expected
Heavily unwelcomed, purposely unhidden
There to accommodate
A more sensible whiskey warmth
Had my fills of somber hearts and lost souls
Bleak ember grey, dismal drear
Catastrophic in its own simple right
Tolerance as low as low
Unfortunately cold is cold
Scold the mother whore
For shaking the season's core
Unprepared as always
Suspiciously sneaking into
Mammoth proportions
An emblem of frigid bones
And desolate hopes
The here is now
An icy adversary of a piercing sort
Wintry blue lunacy in the eyes
No choice but to hibernate
Against these skies
Biting bitterness
Bitten
Blizzard blowing
Nipping at the fine line of your neck
Horrendous glacial
Facial disfiguration
Beaten red raw by the arctic fist
Pummelled quite considerably
Frozen bricks hold the spirit down
Destined to find the elusive shelter
Set aside reclusion from the numbing mind
Winteresque barren portrait
Painted miserably white
Living Earth
Postponed in bereavement
Temporarily cessated
Untimely anytime
This unthawing persistence
Our fine feathered friends
Seem smarter than they appear
Should've scrambled to join them
On these months that are so feared
Ferocious gusts, tempestuous winds
Drifting bales, infinitized

Unbearable haze
Trapped like a rat in a maze
Just when you thought enough was too much
For the desperate masses... and then it passes

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