

## Demeter "Winter"

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Signs around, but I'm blind,  
Blur and haze...  
Deaf, still out of tune,  
Wandering with my own fears...  
Phrases, my shallow grave,  
Written in sand, not in stone...  
Darkness of your mind almost  
Swallowed my soul...  
Leave now, don't turn back,  
All the pictures are torn...  
This winter will find you alone... And cold...  
Leave me, Lilith,  
There is blood on your hands,  
Your laments are untrue,  
Your flowers never bloom...  
I'd rather let them die  
Or tear the September sky,  
Then rain would fall forever  
And wash your mask away...

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