

## **Hate In The Box**

### **"Under The Ice"**

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On a cold clear night, on a winter's day.  
When the moon was high, we were by the lake.  
How we laughed and smiled and we all held hands.  
How the wind was mild, such a perfect-

Then we stepped and slipped on the sparkling ice.  
And she fell and tripped, we were so surprised.  
When she laid so still, couldn't move or stand.  
And we felt a chill at her soft command.

Do you recall, her suffering?  
What we did was the very best thing.  
Under the ice is where we buried our childhood dreams  
Under the ice is where I buried... ME.

With a growing fright and a cold dismay,  
Like a broken bird, on the ice she lay.  
Still she whispered on, till our hearts should burst  
As she begged for death knowing life is worse.

Do you recall, her suffering?  
What we did was the very best thing.  
Under the ice is where we buried our childhood dreams  
Under the ice is where I buried... ME.

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