

Cryptopsy

". . . And Then It Passes"

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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 accomodate
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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