

Scrubs

"Snow Covers All"

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[words & music by Don Anderson]

As it snowed, the efforts of his toil gave in
To a white, crystal veil that blankets the dead
Just as well, sometimes you couldn't look at them
Snow covered all and the harvest would dream again
He worked alone and the ground was so frozen and
cold
Later, many would be taken by his strength and vigor
But all the more by the interiors of his psyche
And the craftsmanship of his labor
Time had granted many companions
Upheaved from the Earth, sometimes in pieces
Now assembled into a personal museum
Dust covered all and he would never be alone again
Can you not see the helplessness on his face?
Condemn the man who was always alone
He was no more a ghoul, than a pathetic angel
Without a full appreciation of what he had done
Can you not see the loneliness on his face
He's better off dead, he should have never been born
What now, what can be done?
Burn the past and burn what could become

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