

Those Who Lie Beneath "Frozen Feastings"

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It's so cold, so goddamn cold.
Mountain pass in mid December is no place for any man.
It will tear you up, rip you down,
With the worst type of cold.
It creeps in shattering your insides,
With a feeling you'll never know.
It's so cold, so fucking cold.
Our minds start to slow.
Nothing to eat, nothing to drink,
Nowhere to go.
Snowfall's trapping us in deeper as the days move.
We know we have nowhere to go.
It's so cold, so goddamn cold.
Mountain pass in mid December is no place for man.
It will tear you up with the worse type of cold.

Hunger strikes with rage, food chain kicks in.
Two of us have died, five of us to go.
What are we to do?
I step up with fear in my words,
And no remorse in my voice;
"We must eat our dead or we will become one of them.
We must eat our dead, eat our dead!"

Slice them up, eat the liver first.
We feast like gods knowing it won't last.
Weeks go by; all we have is more fucking cold.

Shattering your insides with a feeling you will never know.
It's so cold, our minds start to slow.
Nothing to eat, nothing to drink,
Nowhere to go.
Snowfall's trapping us in deeper as the days move.
We know we have nowhere to go.
What a way to die; with blood rage,
Frozen face down in the snow.

It's so fucking cold.

