

Cindergarden

"Things That Never Die"

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Warmer in the cold one more moment left to hold
Kneeling in the snow vaguest feeling where to go
Naked as the past stripped apart and built to last
Hell up to the sky these are things that never die

Frozen on the page dripping with a silent rage
Born into the night poison gift giving sight
Turning all around though the walls and through the
sound
Hell up to the sky these are things that never die

Cast away to lie among the living paradigm

Broken little wing holding every hidden thing
Playing every part nailed upon a wooden heart
Hell up to the sky these are things that never die

Choices have been made sharpening into a blade
Voices rise and fall answering in line the call
All the signs are clear Severin the time is near
Hell up to the sky these are things that never die

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