

In the Grip of Winter

Autopsy

Lost in the white
Nothing in sight
Stumbling thru the snow and ice
Blinded by forces you can't control
Just to stay alive your only goal

Caught within the grip of winter
Hyperboric nightmare reigns
A arctic hysteria sets in
Body goes numb as your brain

Legs go numb
Panic strikes
So you then light a fire
Put your legs in the flames
Hoping for a rush of pain

Flesh burns right to the core
Spits blood from every pore
Smell your skin peel away
For your life a small price to pay

Running in searing pain
Rational thoughts
Are quickly slain
Take in your last cold breath
As you fall to your backsnapping death