

## Winter's Gate, Pt. 3

Insomnium

And yet it wrings me  
Like a strange cold hand  
And yet it burns me  
Like a viper's tongue

Better it would be  
To lie on bed of silt  
And watch the moon's face  
From under the waves

Better it would be  
To rest on bed of mire  
Inside the ocean's womb  
Dreaming of days long gone