

You're shed by a tree  
And curled up on the frigid ground  
Completely alone  
In anticipation of being found

You're shadow of your former self  
You play dead  
Afraid to be laughed at  
Nobody knows  
Your last-known place of abode is hell

Bitter rain lashes your face  
You've seen the real hell

The wind shows you the way  
Still there's no one to pick you up  
The rust eats up your heart  
Condemned to oblivion  
You pine away...