

In Times of Cold

Ray Wylie Hubbard

The dying saints held their faith
With blood-stained prayers
The wicked gods gave the poets
Regret and despair

Now some ruffians and grifters
Might fall in love with no hesitation
Whether with harlots or virgins
It's no guarantee of salvation

When I plead my cause before the court of heaven
Before I likely take my place in hell
The regrets, I'll own forever
'Cause I'll not see my love again
And in times of cold, she'll be alone as well

Our scrapes were not lethal
And my crimes just purloined schemes

She prayed for my atonement
Some souls can't be redeemed

A rose leaves its fragrance
When tread on by a heel
So when I've come to where all light is gone
Her essence will be with me still

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