

Crepuscle, Draconian Winter

No longer are the trees a lush green.
Once teeming with life, the landscape is now barren as far as can be seen.
Helpless against the bitter cold, I succumb to winter's hold.

Gone in an instant, shrouded by melancholy, no life remains, none to be seen.
Like a cold blitzkrieg, snowfall violently descends shoving me to the brink of peril, to my bitter end.

□□A battle fought against piercing winds.
I hold on for dear life but know not why.
It would be much easier to lie down, to die. □
To forfeit or march on, I must decide.

Lead: Stucky

Lead: Tapia

A blizzard so blinding obscures the sun.
As I freeze desperate pleas go unheard.
Harsh winter, take me with you.
I concede to defeat. Take my soul.

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