

# An Unforgiving Season

Coldworker

Sowing seeds of apathy  
In this field of dreams  
Cultivating misery  
Poisoning the stream  
Reaping bitter harvest  
As frost permeates  
An unforgiving season  
Coming on today

Reservoirs are draining  
Bleeding life away  
Water flow is waning  
And no longer irrigates  
There's nothing left to harvest  
Famine rules the land  
Curse of negativity  
Turned fertile soil to sand

Alone, enslaved  
Work and toil to no avail  
Decay paves the way  
Warmer season in its grave

And ripe with pain and hate  
Vast and desolate  
A field once free of woe  
Now dark, dead and cold