

# Winter

## Words and Music by Carl Hammond

1. The sun conceals its face behind the mocking mask of clouds.  
The stars hide in disgrace beyond the place they once stood proud.  
The moon, cruelly encased lying in state beneath a shroud.  
Now everything has changed, nothing has remained.
2. The angry winds won't sing of better things that lie ahead.  
The biting cold will bring us only bitterness instead.  
The skeleton of spring will stalk the earth to claim its dead.  
I'm waiting here, shivering, quivering, surrendering.

Yet just yesterday my world was rich and warm  
with overpowering joy my heart sang out your name,  
and that moment we'd endeavor  
to immortalize forever,  
now I'll never feel it ever again.

3. Just take away the sun, its warmth will never reach me here,  
and banish all the stars. I never want to see them near,  
and I won't need the moonlight to remind me of my fear,  
to be serenely unaware,  
supremely unprepared  
for winter to arrive so very early this year.

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