

Sans Seraph

"December"

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In the wake of December,
as I leave this year behind,
we search and wait for all these signs to point us to the
other signs.
She doesn't end this silence with her screams;
she hides.

It's another December,
as we leave this year behind
we search awake,
fall asleep,
leave the flesh behind.

She's falling apart at the seams.
Machines help her breathe.
Can she even hear me?
A chill comes over me...

It's so strange to see that no one comes home,
since you're not here anymore.
It's so strange to see that nothing is wrong
and nothing has changed at all.

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