

## Working Title, The "Farewell Winter Nights"

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If I saw you again, sincerely  
Would you have missed me, would you have missed  
me?

Suddenly the winters come  
And streaming frigid winds creep in  
Not knowing the carelessness they bring into  
situations.

And I can't see what I don't know,  
But I won't let that ruin my sight of you  
Unless you wish me to read into you.

And I won't let this be succumbed to open wounds  
That lead way to closing ears and conclusions met  
unplanned  
And regrets in coming years, to open wounds that lead  
way to flowing fears.

Missing you is like I'm up and gone out of myself,  
And seeing objects scattered around my room that  
evoke thoughts of you  
And prepare me for the falling dew.

I'm a word away from saying exactly what I mean  
And letting you understand my nights.

But I couldn't ever tell you about your pictures lying  
face down.  
I'm determined to sing myself to sleep because I'm  
wishing this night away.

Suddenly winter storms in, unIntroduced and  
unannounced,  
Completely unaware of the tragedies to come.

And I won't let this be succumbed to open wounds.

