

A Bloody Canvas "Seasons"

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The sky sets a lighter shade of white this winter,
Promising a snow that never did fall, one we never
really
Saw at all, the air slips into a tired winter chill that
Would've seeped through our bones if we had been
alone,
But we weren't walking alone, no the cold air forces me
To hold my breath but I wouldn't be breathing anyways,
so
Afraid to breathe, so afraid to speak, there's an aching
In my legs, I feel them going weak, but it's not the cold

Or frozen skies, it's just that burning in your eyes,
That keeps me warm I can feel my hands growing
numb, but
Not before I've found someone who can melt the snow
from
Winters past, the words I spoke I spoke them fast, for
Fear that winter wouldn't last, but I swear there'll be
Snow on the ground, and sands on distant shores, and
when
The weather seems right, I'll hold my hand in yours...

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