

A Bloody Canvas "Winter's Touch"

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Thank you, I don't want to remember!
I'd rather not stay
Here in this New England winter
The snow melts on my face, the lukewarm embrace of
summer
Stays
Like sweat on my forehead, blurring my eyes, blurring
my
Vision
Stinging like salt in the wound
You're alone in your room deciding whether or not to
face
The weather

Or forget it all together
So drive through the storm and have the operation
I can't understand your slight hesitation
But we need this; we need this, so much
Cut me out of your life, just cut me out now
It was this time December of last year, we lay entwined
In each others arms
Well I wish I never had learned your name, to say it so
Painfully

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