

A Northern Chorus "Winterize"

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It's not impossible to see the infinite silhouette that
tore right through him.

The ghosts in every town, they just don't see, the silver
lining found in that corporate cloud.

Pockets full of spent bullets, old train tickets, and
pictures of the sun that couldn't warm up those winter
eyes.

It's not impossible to breath with flooded lungs, or
winterize the scenes that leave you numb.

A tire fire in the night, a painting that never dries, a
wooden shield under machine gun fire.

Pockets full of spent bullets, old train tickets, and
pictures of the setting sun across a desert sprawl while
hangin at the governors ball

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