

The Acacia Strain

"Winter Passing"

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It's winter again, a white washed and frozen sky
I came to the door, eyes maladjusted from the light,
But your voice rang clear.

You said, For all I thought I'd ever need,
It's hard to face the holidays without.
Well I've left my last message on your machine
It's hard to face the holidays when you're looking for
the words to say.

So you've found a friend. You spend all your cold
nights with him,
But if I was there, then I'd wonder why you still wear my
jacket closed
With traces of my scent.

I'd say, For all I thought I'd ever need,
It's hard to face the holidays without.
Well I've left my last message on your machine
It's hard to face the holidays when you're looking for
the words to say.

So stay with me here. Nose to nose, cold enough to see
as our breath slowly escapes and exchanges from my
lungs to yours, from your mouth to mine.

For all I thought I'd ever need,
It's hard to face the holidays without.
Well I've left my last message on your machine
It's hard to face the holidays when you're looking for
the words to say.

When you're looking for the words to say.

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