

Loom

"Song For The Winter Sun"

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Well you went down quick in the early rounds,
Dragging your feet through this dirty town,
Looking for absolutes

And there you were perspiring, plain-spoken,
Wondering why this year the winter
Would never set in

But this year we will not
This year we will not
Sleep our way
Through the winter

Over time all the rusting symbols fell away,
You were left with love,
Or the lack thereof,

And over low water and under high ceilings,
Within white walls with white knuckles bleeding,
You said, "I've near become a full man"

But this year we will not
This year we will not
Sleep our way
Through the winter

All white with light like so many winter suns,
You make this all so much less difficult to love

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