

## Program The Dead

### "From December"

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It's the first day  
Since I handed you your final rose  
In your house  
I'm staring out the window at our tree (We planted  
below)

The heights of which  
You'll never  
Ever know

You always  
Were there to rescue me  
From december

I wonder if you'll look the same  
When you embrace me on that day  
Will you remember my name  
When I return home again?

In my minds eye  
I see you next to me as I'm on my knees  
It's in this place  
That you showed me how to ask eternity

For shelter  
For comfort  
For relief

I see our branches stretching  
To heights you'd not believe  
One day these leaves will reach you  
And there will be no more

Pain

You always gave me refuge  
Unconditional  
You always offered shelter  
From December's snow  
My chin still rests upon you  
While my feet they sway

I wonder if you'll look the same  
When you embrace me  
On that day

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