

Rem

"Christmas"

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Sounds,
the summer sun comes down.
I can hardly see the window
from here now.
Here and now.

The snow,
in waves you'll never know,
through this ever-changing midnight.
Just let it go.

Hey, on this sacred, sun-rinsed day.
They'll sell our culture and
they'll sell the ways, the blaming.
Standing still, we'll fall.
Burn this sadness from my soul, babe.
I guess that's all.

Fear, and the sky begins to clear.
Through this ever-changing midnight.

Christmas cheer.

Christmas cheer.

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