

Death In December

"Accidental Protege"

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When you prey in silence
And see our Jesus stagger
Awake! Take a perfumed candle
And use life like a dagger
I'm your accidental protg
The gift, the blood
The throwaway
The silver chain has broken?
Goals and dreams fulfill
With emptiness with instinct
With impurity and will
I'm your accidental protg
The grave, the love
The yesterday
In this, my year of three winters
Where orchards fade, fade
And fall
Like loaf of love's
New bake
Fallen, beautiful, adored?
I'm your accidental protg
The gift, the blood
The throwaway
I though I found a paradise
But, paradise came and wept
Like the wind through the
Winter's woods
It cowed and took a breath
I'm your accidental protg
The grave, the love
The yesterday

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