

## Viejas Locas

### "The Atheist Christmas Carol"

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Words and music by Vienna Teng

It's the season of grace coming out of the void  
Where a man is saved by a voice in the distance  
It's the season of possible miracle cures  
Where hope is currency and death is not the last  
unknown  
Where time begins to fade  
And age is welcome home

It's the season of eyes meeting over the noise  
And holding fast with sharp realization  
It's the season of cold making warmth a divine  
intervention  
You are safe here you know now

Don't forget  
Don't forget I love  
I love  
I love you

It's the season of scars and of wounds in the heart  
Of feeling the full weight of our burdens  
It's the season of bowing our heads in the wind  
And knowing we are not alone in fear  
Not alone in the dark

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