

Winter Solstice

"That's The Way You Debate"

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The stubble on my face engraves my lack of
compassion
I'm counting grass blades to pass the time
Queen-sized comfort awaits my tired eyes

Remember me?
I'm your satire's locksmith

You referred to the way of the sword as hope
Despite the blade in your back
Two days pass and there is still no sign of the sun
But you wait calmly playing checkers with your gut
instinct

On the contrary to the heart's self-imprisonment
Your horse-shoes fall like hail

Remember me?
I'm your satire's locksmith

You referred to the way of the sword as hope
Despite the blade in your back
Two days pass and there is still no sign of the sun
But you wait calmly playing checkers with your gut
instinct

I hear your name in the wind
My collapsible heart skips a beat
You remain in my head only as a bitter-sweet memory

I've given up sleep
So i can pray for you

Day by day, i bite my tongue

I hear your name in the wind
My collapsible heart skips a beat
You remain in my head only as a bitter-sweet memory

The mental song is sung
It shakes the ground beneath you

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