

Winter Solstice "Watcher"

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The stubble on my face engraves my lack of
compassion
I'm counting the 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 your wait calmly playing checkers with your gut
instinct
On the contrary to the heart's self-imprisonment
Your horse shoes fall like hail
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
The mental song is sung out loud
It shakes the ground beneath you

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