

Woods Of Ypres

"December In Windsor"

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Trying hard to enjoy the night, to make the best of my
time
And I would kill to know what it's like to feel tonight
With each cold sip of life, which helps to numb the pain
Each touch of the glass to my lips, helps ease the
strain.

It's been so long, it's been so much
Though I would shudder at your sight
I would still shatter at your touch

For I feel like ice this evening, walking down the
stairs/stares
Hidding my face into the basement, as if anyone cares.
That oh I'm out tonight. I'm out to try to live tonight.
For tomorrow it may seem as though I never did.
It's been so long, it's been so much
Though I would shudder at your sight
I would still shatter at your touch

I remember December in Windsor, 2002
I remember feeling much older, than twenty-two

The season was cold, and I was alone, developing
tastes for poisons.
This was my old haunt, and it haunted me still.

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