

Horrors

"Little Victories"

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I press your hand in mine however cautiously, I keep a
smile right to myself
And I lapse into the grasp of an overriding obsession
And I get sick as I watch my interests fall into
suspension
This Winter
So cold, Creeping down your arm
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm
It's hard, hard to understand
Little victories won creeping around your hand
The sickness has taken hold through violent, blurted
syllables
Escape my mouth under my breath
The voice of pricking dread is whispering insistent in
my ear
My paranoia galvanised by your gaze, so austere
This Winter...
I pinned your crest to my chest, hoping it might start to
look right
There was hushed talk of young boy's corpse lying face
down in some river
His hands used to move like mine
I can't stand myself this morning, i am practically that
boy
No strength to endure, Ghostly insecure, Pallid through
lack of choice
This winter...

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