

## 36 Crazy Fists

### "Northern November"

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There are whispers, ones that let me in on the  
upcoming.  
I watched and listened, ready to take hold the sight, to  
take over the whole damn night.  
I stay buried from loss that would kill me across.  
Never go away, hold her tightly and I love harder than I  
can. Only one way out.

The voices are callin' me, outside in.  
They hold the misery from breaking in...  
With hours left and the light at the end is dimmer than,  
I watched and listened, leaving without loosing tonight,  
her breath on skin by candlelight.  
I'll take loss from my face and leave grace in it's trace.  
Never go away, hold her tightly.  
And I love harder than I can...  
Only one way down

The voices are callin' me, outside in.  
They hold the misery from breaking in  
And one day after the rain, the loss sinks in.  
The photographs are alone to uphold withstand

One day after the rain, when the loss sinks in.  
The photographs are alone to uphold and withstand.  
Only one day after the rain...  
Capsized in the sea of your scent.  
Only one day after the rain...  
When abandonment is my closest friend...

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