

## Convoj

### "My Timekeeping Heart"

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This house roofed with snow  
Brings my mood up from a low  
This still dark place still stir things up within  
Just to stand here and listen elevates a grin

I pound my hands through the snow  
Red small marks from every blow  
It stings, I don't like it, I'd rather be inside  
My devotion always fades away after a while

I hear many things due to my senses  
They're sharp, too sharp, I don't hear anything good  
Mostly my heart, the beating of a clock  
I lay down in the snow then I roll over  
But as the Air is getting colder  
I head back home in the pace of my heart

Wish I could get one whole day without my  
timekeeping heart

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