

Of Angels

"Black Cardigans"

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Oh the airs crisp on your breath
Your words are visibly expressed
Upon your quivering chest
There's a layer of ice
Your eyes, are shut
To the thought, of us

The trees just died today
Matching this season's agony
You fail to see the beauty
Of this glistening branch
Your eyes are shut

This winter let's just stay right inside
Don't hide your eyes
Because this fire can melt the ice
Just stay by my side

So take my hand tonight
Put all your fear and objection aside
I'm going to give a new outlook on life
The decision is in

Your eyes
Tonight

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