

# 36 Crazyfists, Northern November

There are whispers, one 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 the loss that killed me across  
Never go away, hold her tightly and I love hard than I can  
Only one way out

The voices are calling 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 losing tonight,  
her breath on skin by candlelight  
I'll take the 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 calling me, outside in  
They hold the misery from breaking in  
And one day after the rain, the loss sinks in  
The photographs are along 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