

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