## Eisley, Mister Pine

An icicle feast for my watery eyes; Lacing, swirling, and floating. an ice castle for us to live in, come on, we're holding hands under our palace of snow

Soft hush breath it goes in and out, in and out. frost tracing the window pane up and down, up and down.

Pale blue frosted flakes for us to feed on, bright eyes always shining always glowing icicles hanging from our fingertips

Soft hushed breath it goes in and out, in and out. frost tracing the window pane up and down, up and down

Follow the crystal air to the snowflake village where people made of gumdrops greet you; Merry Mornings Mister Pine