

Static, DECEMBER

i still feel the cold
of long past days
i knew my worth
put in my place
it's no surprise
i realized some time before
december
sun shines through haze
i put my thoughts
toward future days
it's no surprise
i close my eyes
and close the door
feeling so old
years pass like days
fastly changing
so many ways
my eyes perceive
yes i believe in nothing more