

# The Horrors, Little Victories

I press your hand in mine however cautiously,  
I keep a smile right to myself  
And I lapse into the grasp of an overriding obsession  
And I get sick as I watch my interests fall into suspension

This winter  
So cold, Creeping down your arm  
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm  
It's so hard, hard to understand  
Little victories won creeping around your hand

The sickness has taken hold through violent, blurted syllables  
Escape my mouth under my breath  
The voice of pricking dread is whispering insistent in my ear  
My paranoia galvanised by your gaze, so austere

This winter  
So cold, Creeping down your arm  
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm  
I know it's hard, hard to understand  
Little victories won creeping around your hand

I pinned your crest to my chest, hoping it might start to look right  
There was hushed talk of young boy's corpse lying face down in some river  
His hands used to move like mine  
I can't stand myself this morning, i am practically that boy  
No strength to endure, Ghostly insecure, Pallid through lack of choice

This winter  
So cold, Creeping down your arm  
Stealth soldiers, Creeping around your palm  
I know it's hard, hard to understand  
Little victories won creeping around your hand  
Creeping around your hand