

Ian Rushton, Winter Moon

Driving home, late one night
The silver moon shone so bright
Whispered to her like a familiar old friend
Touched her with a thousand memories

Blinded by an oncoming light
The stars went out late that night
Voices from the shadows were calling out to her
This is the world she'd avoided all her life

You'll never see these tears, running down my face
Thinking back to that time and that fateful place
You'll never witness the grief I feel in my heart
Thinking back to when our souls were torn apart
It's a dark and lonely night tonight
under the Winter Moon

There was a cool breeze blowing
White capped peaks and snowing
Frozen stars fell on that cold winter's night
They found her there dressed in a robe of white

She's rigid and pale, I reach out to fee
Cold and still on stainless steel
Pastel walls, it's bare and bleak bedside
I'm severed, empty and weak inside

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