

Kind Of Like Spitting, Tyco Racing Set And A Chr

Here comes winter trial
Wishing I could remember being a child
On my knees again
Begging for Jesus or maybe an okay friend
I have been betrayed
By an anger that broke me, broke me
Here's to what I could've done
Another year passes, I still feel on the run
Pull the winter inside me
I draw a picture
But it's not the way you planned, ever
Round cold Christmas time, I never feel quite real
My family fucks me up, some wounds don't ever seem to heal
I get drunk to forget their faces, but part of me misses a home
His holy infancy won't fill the hole
Round yon virgin tenderness be kind
The faithless, they need you more than you realize
It seems like around Christmas time we're all hanging by thin strings
I try to dry my eyes but the rain just seems to cling
Sleep and hope for January