

Myrrh Larsen, January

January's all I can see, in my fear there's nothing here I need.
The cold of winter's chill has long gone, the festive air is dry and stale and wrong.

I never wanted love to bring me down.
There's always time enough for you to come around.

Played my resignation by song: a list of mercies, verse by verse, by god.
Every whisper you seem to miss: my secret's out, it's all come down to this.

I never wanted love to bring me down.
There's always time enough for you to come around.
Come around.

And the last thing I remember is what you forgot to say.
I will bear this curse forever as I wish you away.

Will you ever call me by name? From here on out, no words quite sound the same.

I never wanted love to bring me down.
There's always time enough for you to come around.
Come around, oh, love.