

Only Living Witness, December

(Jenkins/Stevenson)

(In the) Darkened shroud of morning
Simplified in face and stature
Blessing in the storming
Sweetness of a subtle feature
Alone and safe inside
Without worry, with out knowing who's
Been cast aside
Twisted down, escape to rest

I will writhe in my December

These crafted understandings
Smother citadel defending
They'll miss a motive is cast together
(The) comfort, effort in the end
Alone and safe inside
Without worry
Who's been kept alive
Without knowing

I will writhe in my December

Learned, learned I love the air here
And I learned, learned I love the roar in my ears
I satiate this urge of mine; I substitute the urge to hide
Alone, alone and safe inside