

# 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