

Temposhark, Winter's Coming

Winter's coming, I cut my hair
In a dream last night, you were there
Next to me, I heard you speak
With scissors in your hand

This addiction's not sweet no more
It's pleasant smile's become vicious sore
It's getting worse, this burning first love
Won't ever last

There's twelve boxes out in the hall
I know each one, I packed them all
With every single possession we have
Now hidden from view

I hear ten thousand voices sing to me
I hear their words roll on endlessly
Calling for change inside my head
We sing in unison

My head falls tangled in a knot
They won't unravel
I am dreading walking up,
Sitting on the bottom stair
Even if you're already half asleep

Winter's coming, I've grown my hair
Helps me reconcile this time of year
I'm without you for the very first time
And I've lost a lot of weight

And we have sung our last song
But that's okay, it's okay
'Cause I'm not writing anymore
I fold the page, I close the door

Another book for another year
Without you
Without you...
...Here