

# Winter Solstice, That's The Way You Debate

the stubble on my face engraves my lack of compassion  
i'm counting grass blades to pass the time  
queen-sized comfort awaits my tired eyes

remember me?  
i'm your satire's locksmith

you referred to the way of the sword as hope  
despite the blade in your back  
two days pass and there is still no sign of the sun  
but you wait calmly playing checkers with your gut instinct

on the contrary to the heart's self-imprisonment  
your horse-shoes fall like hail

remember me?  
i'm your satire's locksmith

you referred to the way of the sword as hope  
despite the blade in your back  
two days pass and there is still no sign of the sun  
but you wait calmly playing checkers with your gut instinct

i hear your name in the wind  
my collapsible heart skips a beat  
you remain in my head only as a bitter-sweet memory

i've given up sleep  
so i can pray for you

day by day, i bite my tongue

i hear your name in the wind  
my collapsible heart skips a beat  
you remain in my head only as a bitter-sweet memory

the mental song is sung  
it shakes the ground beneath you