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

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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