

# Winter Solstice, Watcher

The stubble on my face engraves my lack of compassion  
I'm counting the 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 your wait calmly playing checkers with your gut instinct  
On the contrary to the heart's self-imprisonment  
Your horse shoes fall like hail  
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  
The mental song is sung out loud  
It shakes the ground beneath you