

Wintersleep, Fog

These broken arms won't hold you down
These ruptured lungs won't make a sound
These syllables won't bring you back,
Won't stitch the holes, the bone's in tact

And I can't pretend that you were there
And I can't pretend I held your hand
And I miss your smile
I miss your smile
I need you now
I need you now
And I am not scared of falling down
I am not scared of dark dark clouds

I miss your smile
I miss your smile
I need you now
I need you now