

Cold Comfort

Autumn

I feel what can only be described
As a chill through my every bone,
A gnawing at my sense of home.
An iridescent black and blue.

What you see isn't always what you have
And to hold (to have and to hold)
Dear is to never let go.

Yet I still feel. well..
Cold comfort to the empty hearted.
Bound and broken.
Cold comfort for what was left unspoken.
Will have me wishing you were here.

Keep home fires burning,
Spark a yearning for the confines of home.
Keep home fires burning,
Spark a yearning in you to find your way home.

Carried your brittle bones beyond these walls.
All colour bled from banner, hung at half-mast.
Future fire set in stone, ghosts of second past
Feed a licking, harrowing flame,
But you would not be scared away.

Rising up from underneath,
Undercurrent of fiery grief.
I'm cold to the touch.
Ghostly cold is your touch.

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And to hold (to have and hold)
Dear is to never let go of home.

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