

# Halfway Spoken Heart That Feels Comfort In Everything Until It Disappears

Carissa's Wierd

Hoping that the warmth of snow  
Will bring some comfort with it's gray  
False light will glow from the lamp  
I will shade to hide the glare from your pale face  
Until it disappears and then it's gone  
Sit so quiet, breathe so softly  
Waiting for the walls to creak  
So you can finally let out a sigh  
A breath that will illuminate the cell  
And all of it's shapes inside  
The cold air  
In the cold air