

Windchill

Grieves

I was born in a city,
where the wind chill could kill ya,
and frostbite the smile off your face when it grills ya.
So naturally learned to make it out in the cold,
and carve emotion in the ice blocks hidden in the snow.
And it shows,
king of the winter bitter and froze,
with a head full of blackouts breakin through the ropes and I choke,
at every little punch I tried too throw,
but the devil hovered over me tellin me where to go, GO HOME!
And die where the heart is,
life has been a series of goodbyes that I've been fighting too depart with,
and hardships, shot down and buried in the marshes,
with nothing but a love letter stapled too my carcass.
Identify me,
feel I'm too far gone.
See the look inside ya eyes when the Blue's songs on so sing all of it,
try to harmonize when I'm gone cause at this point,
I'm barely holding on, come on.

It's a cold cold world we face,
with miles of frozen road,
that I drove down on my way,
I'm as cold, as, snow..
Falling, slowly to the ground,
all around you..

Black ice forming on the tongue,
this is just another part of life.
Let it melt in the sunshine,
and freeze overnight.
I was built for the blizzard,
and lived with the ice.
I smothered every flame,
that I ever tried too ignite cause of comfort,
wrapped up in a blanket made of snow.
Chippin off the freezin condensation on my bones,
and I can feel it in the mornin when it blows
and it rifles through the streets like a bullet from the cold.
And I know it, feel it on a first name basis.
And laugh at the games that it plays with my patience,
cause I've been lookin at the world through a glacier,
and know what it's like to be hopelessly underrated,
it's sick, spittin' the water under the bridge,
with a shivering image of what a fine life is.
Cause I've been fishin at this lake since a kid
I know exactly where to walk when the ice gets thin.

It's a cold cold world we face,
with miles of frozen road,
that I drove down on my way,
I'm as cold, as, snow..