

## No Words

### Make Do and Mend

I've been following the steam trail of her breath  
On these winter streets, running from an early death.

And she's everything I need, want, and can't have.  
She's the foreign life I've desperately been clawing at.  
I'm clawing at.

Countless time upon countless time,  
Her blank stare connects with mine,  
Panic sets in and I avert my eyes.

She couldn't love what she doesn't know.  
I'm just the stranger who can't let go  
Of the thing that I want most in this whole world.

I used to disregard regret,  
But there are some things that I can't forget.  
I'd ignore my shame but it's been pounding in my head.  
Sometimes the emptiness pervades  
In this lonely room's skeletal embrace.  
With no love in my life  
These days are getting harder and harder to face.  
I'm slipping further and further away.

These are the things at night I prayed I'd never feel  
The untamable sadness life too often deals.  
So give me a sign, show me that love  
Isn't the cold dead hand of winter creeping up.  
It's creeping up, it's creeping up, it's creeping

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