

Every season feels the same  
I'm sure you could agree  
This day can bring reminders  
Of the blackest memories

My pieces never seem to fit  
Blood that's closest to me  
Are more like vacant faces  
Dolls with dead batteries

We're all broken  
Like misfit toys  
We rest in pieces begging for You to make us one

If today is just about these  
Pine trees and lights  
I'll take a match and strike it  
While my living room ignites

So in the distance  
All I see is bathed in snowy white  
While we're stranded on this island  
Under black stars tonight

Take  
One look  
In my eyes and you'll know  
Only when we're broken can we be restored