

Orange lamps shine by Willow Pane.
Ice covers from the lake
To where I lay.
In our state in which I dream.
If you were here,
Winter wouldn't pass quite so slow.
And if you were here,
Then I'd have a choice to live,
Not be alone.

But instead I see the top the grass.
Looking down on the valley
Where the dead rest.
And every morning I wake beside myself.

But I digress.

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