

It's Not Always Cold In Buffalo

The Bunny the Bear

Staring in your eyes
has never brought such tension to my tainted mind.
And I can barely lip my words,
it seems nothing's important if it doesn't hurt.

Caught up in such a melancholy game,
after tonight it won't be the same.
But I'd never dream for reason
behind your interpretation of...
What it is to fall in love
and what it is to care about...
Anything other than your tendencies.

I'm at a loss for words.
I manage to mumble...
The words will mold over time...

And I cried:
"Maybe you'll find an answer in what's left behind.
And hopefully you'll see, there's not always love growing
from every tree.
Maybe you'll find a way, to rewind, to forgive with time.
And hopefully you'll see, it's not always cold in
Buffalo."