

On Most Surfaces

The Gathering

The frost hits me in the eye
And wakes me
These are blurry winters
And I cannot see

I walk into the white light of the snow
When the sun comes
I break it with my shadow
Which takes me where I go

The frost hits me in the eye
And wakes me

I am the snow falling down on you
I tear up your face with my frost
And make you run to somewhere warm
When I come I see you get away
I burst out about your emptiness

The frost hits me in the eye
And wakes me
These are blurry winters
And I cannot see