

Winter's Coming

The Narrative

Are you in danger, you swore by a ship wreck
And now you are stranded sinking like a ghost
So sit by your door, and wait for me to storm in
But I swear, I swear I'm never coming home

And the winter's coming close
And my body is growing cold
And I'm trembling in fright, oh my
Cause I am a sinner with a crooked smile
And you took to the rhythm of a no good liar

I drown in the mirror, you notice thing is damn disease
And I never surface who I want to be
I'm shaking with bruises; I can barely stand my shame
Knowing every inch it hesitates
And it breaks and it breaks, and it breaks

And the winter's coming close
And my body is growing cold
And I'm trembling in fright oh my

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