

Farewell Winter Nights

The Working Title

If I saw you again, sincerely
would you have missed me, would you have missed me.

Suddenly the winters come and streaming frigid winds creep in not knowing the carelessness they bring into situations.

And I can't see what I don't know, but I won't let that ruin my sight of you unless you wish me to read into you.

And I won't let this be succumbed to open wounds that lead way to closing ears and conclusions met unplanned and regrets in coming years to open wounds that lead way to flowing fears.

Missing you is like I'm up and gone out of myself, and seeing objects scattered around my room that evoke thoughts of you and prepare me for the falling dew.

I'm a word away from saying exactly what I mean and letting you understand my nights.

But I couldn't ever tell you about your pictures lying face down.

I'm determined to sing myself to sleep because I'm wishing this night away.

Suddenly winter storms in, unintroduced and unannounced, completely unaware of the tragedies to come.

And I won't let this be succumbed to open wounds.