

Out of all contexts and scenery
(issue's) laughter rings inside of me
Aching paths don't cross so easily
Break my back to see things differently

So glow
We've held off the cold
Low and behold
The season's passing toll

I find reasons and stop wondering
The different ways in which we feel the same
Give too much to what-if imagery
Now the second time means more to me

So glow
We've held off the cold
So glow
We've held off the cold
Low and behold
Turns winter spring and fall.