

Fog

Wintersleep

These broken arms won't hold you down
These ruptured lungs won't make a sound
These syllables won't bring you back,
Won't stitch the holes, no bones intact

and I can't pretend that you were there
and I can't pretend I held your hand
and I miss your smile
I miss your smile
I need you now
I need you now
and I am not scared of falling down
I am not scared of dark dark clouds

I miss your smile
I miss your smile
I need you now
I need you now