

December In Windsor

Woods of Ypres

Trying hard to enjoy the night, to make the best of my time
And I would kill to know what it's like to feel tonight
With each cold sip of life, which helps to numb the pain
Each touch of the glass to my lips, helps ease the strain.

It's been so long, it's been so much
Though I would shudder at your sight
I would still shatter at your touch

For I feel like ice this evening, walking down the stairs/stare
s
Hidding my face into the basement, as if anyone cares.
That oh I'm out tonight. I'm out to try to live tonight.
For tomorrow it may seem as though I never did.

I remember December in Windsor, 2002
I remember feeling much older, than twenty-two

This season was cold, and I was alone, developing tastes for po
isons.
This was my old haunt, and it haunted me still.