

# White Out

## Joan of Arc

Walk your wounded walk to me  
Silent sighs  
From your gallery Talk your wounded talk to me  
Hollow eyes  
Wish to see I can't tell you what you should do  
No lock for your key Caught in a silent white out  
Washed all your clothes too clean  
All quiet for the man who  
Paints nothing there to see No one told you how to be  
You took your time  
Found your feet  
Time has spent your last belief  
Of where to go  
Who to be

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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