

# 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

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