

# Terrible Man

## Wintersleep

A terrible man,  
A desperate attempt to make amends,  
Wrote a song for a girl  
Who could not, but just imagine  
About something he read once  
About static and distance  
Somehow he simply could not  
Without feeling terribly static and incredibly distant  
About recent encounters  
About love and affliction  
Ziplocks and plastic containers  
The gentleness of her kisses  
About the possible cancer which has manifested  
In the mirror far right of his forehead  
About a world that could never be kind, never be kind  
Never be kind (x7) What if I vanished, dematerialized?  
Into the great miscellaneous,  
Into your craterous eyes?  
About the taste of tree sap  
(Something recently tasted)  
About growing old  
About his fear of the cold, and the darkness  
At age 27, how foolish does that make him?  
Bundled up in the cold,  
Afraid of the dark at age 27  
A song for a girl  
He knew he'd never quite finish  
In the drunk breath of autumn  
And all its glory and strangeness  
We can hide (x8)  
You are mine (x5)

Lyrics provided by

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