

Winter's Coming (Acoustic)

The Narrative

Are you in danger?
you swore by a shipwreck
and now you are stranded
sinking like a ghost so sit by door
and wait for me to storm in
but I swear, I swear
I'm never coming home and the winter's coming close
and my body's growing cold
and I'm trembling in fright, oh my
cause I am a sinner with a crooked smile
and you took to the rhythm of a no good liar I drown in the mirror
you know this thing is a damn disease
and I never surface who I want to be
I'm shaking with bruises
I can barely stand my shape
not when every inch, it hesitates
and it breaks and it breaks
and it breaks and it breaks and the winter's coming close
and my body's growing cold
and I'm trembling in fright, oh my
cause I am a sinner with a crooked smile
and you took to the rhythm of a no good liar cause I am a sinner with a crooked smile
and you took to the rhythm of a no good liar I am a sinner with a crooked smile
and you took to the rhythm of a no good liar

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