

Frostbite

Beavershot

Vanishing points and midnight horizons,
Herald another night.
Without you by my side.

Bring me the light,
Bring me the dawn,
Bring me another day.
But further, from your arms.

And this world is frozen,
And my limbs so numb.
Feel the Frostbite.
Exceed all hope of coming back alive.
And these roads we've chosen,
Leave our hearts so numb.
As another day,
Sets in teeth,
Ready to strike.

But there will be no dawn,
At these hours.
I find my mind,
Turns itself in circles,
Reigniting the worst of fears,
And leaving others to the cold.

Powerless.
I'm afraid to lose,
These thoughts of you.
Please leave me the scars,
Just leave me the scars.

Wake (Wake),
These are the hours left to ghosts.
These are the times,
reason fails to reach

These are the places,
For which echoes fail to return.
And Solitude runs hand in hand with,

Disaster.

And this world is frozen,
And my limbs so numb.
Feel the Frostbite.
Exceed all hope of coming back alive.
And these roads we've chosen,
Leave our hearts so numb.
So I'll salvage what little hope I can,
From the sun.

Still I'm choking on the words,
I should've said,
1,000 times.
And I'm cursing every memory,
And I'm holding on until,
There's nothing left to save.

Every scar,
Let Every scar still bare your name.
Every scar still bares an angel's face.
An angel's face.

And still I chase,
I chase the sun.

And still I chase,
I chase the sun

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