

Southern Snow (Family Tree: The Branches)

Radical Face

It was the year my son was born
The same year my sis' walked into the woods
And was never seen again
I still call her name sometimes, just in case
The snows came at noon
And the sky was a bitter blue
Some were callin' it a punishment from God
Then my dad said:
"That's a strange thing to call the weather"
And we laughed together

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