

# Every December Sky

[Beth Nielsen Chapman](#)

Every December sky must lose its faith in leaves  
And dream of the spring inside the trees  
How heavy the empty heart  
How light the heart that's full Sometimes, I have to trust what I can't know  
Sometimes, I have to trust what I can't know We walk into paradise  
The angels lend us shoes  
'Cause all that we own  
We'll come to lose And heaven is not so far  
Outside this womb of words  
With every rose that blooms  
My soul is assured It's just like a song I've known  
Yet still unheard And every leaf of fire lets go  
Melting in the arms of earth and snow  
And if I could hold you now  
You'd enter like a sigh You'd be the wind that blows  
The answer to 'Why?'  
You'd be the spring-filled trees  
Of every December sky

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