

# Winter's Coming

## 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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