

# Winter's Song

Luke Conard

She says, 'it's cold where you brought me'

He says, 'Darling, don't worry

You can stay in my arms

Until the springtime comes

We'll let the snow drift around us

And wait for the robin and the crocus

To tell us that our love has again found the sun'

Lone oak stands tall,

Bare arms scratch the sky,

Dry leaves cracking beneath our feet

Hand in hand we've watched

The autumn fires burn -

Summer's dreams collapsing,

Chestnuts in need of gathering,

The whole world lies rotting in the street

Soon we will walk with collars high

Like ramparts raised for the siege

We'll bow to her beauty,

Cower from her fury

Sent as a judgment for a slight

Long past forgotten

Winter's love once again unrequited

Winter's love once again unrequited

She says, 'Babe are you sleeping?'

He says, 'No, wide awake and thinking

Of a dream I just had about the two of us

He takes his hand to her cheek now,

His lips to her brow,

Their whispers pile softly

By the foot of the bed

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