

Frost At Midnight

The New York Room

when you are with me
I feel alone
a candle burning
against the sunI try to pull away
to try and reclaim
my indentity
my own nameso cold
when you are near
if only we neveran icicle in December
so cold, so coldthe plume or the feather
the promise or lie
the bramble or heather
the do or dieI am lost to you
but I am found where
the horizon meets the skyI lived for you
but I am bound
to let those feelings dieso cold
you must be nearnot to feel
anything
or just to feel
something at allsince you have gone away
I still feel the same
with no one to hurt
no one to blameso cold
without you here
why didnt we everan icicle in December
so cold, so cold

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