

# Southern Snow

## 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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