

Mister Pine

Eisley

An icicle feast for my watery eyes
Lacing, swirling and floating
An ice castle for us to live in
Come on, we're holding hands under our palace of snow.

Soft hushed breath
It goes and out, in and out.
Frost tracing the window pane
Up and down, up and down.

Pale blue frosted cakes for us to feed on
Bright eyes always shining, always glowing
Icicles hanging from our fingertips.

Soft hushed breath
It goes and out, in and out.
Frost tracing the window pane
Up and down, up and down.

Follow the crystal air
to the snowflake village
where people made of gumdrops greet you;
Merry mornings, Mr. Pine.