

Recluse, licking wounds  
Foul news sweeping through  
Ease we strung, praise be gone, let loose

Recluse, licking wounds

I'm trying, I really am  
To feel in my fingers again

Cool it child  
Cool it child, we're on our own  
This hideout's warm  
Cool it child, it's over  
We hurt but the winter build our home  
This hideout's warm

When it's far, it's far from good  
Shallow eyes do what they could  
I travel north, see the Lord understood  
When it's far, it's far from good

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To feel in my fingers again

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