

Behind doors the winter thaws, and hands touch starving souls
Under covers, hid secret lovers, and chapters start to form
Forburg shivers, ice-cracked rivers, sands of wind-carved dunes
Confluences bring confidences, before they had to choose

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Lived for love, but force above takes fault at plans unmade
Turning tables, signing papers, past still ricochets
Kiso wood and Franschhoek fucks would paint the whole way home
Misty cliffside, kids and hi-fi, tell her what to say

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Kiss your name across her thighs, and rip her tights again
Love is bittersweet together, complex as a friend
Unlace memories, face the feelings, and keep it under key
Hide the pictures, write the scriptures, burn the effigy

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