

Winter Beat

Michael Nau

You're the heartbeat filling with winter
Branches without any leaves I am not swollen with hope
But the further we go I see the old route line with no trees

And the roses climb out of the black hole honey with two hands
out a window to me
Holding me near so I look for my face is that really me

After each step
Please lock the door behind me
Please please no memory to blind
Beyond tonight just lead tomorrow to find me
With whatever it's going to bring

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out a window to me
Holding me near so I look for my face is that really me