

# Hibernate

Michelle Featherstone

Tired of these sights, hitting my eyes  
Tired of these sounds, hurting my ears  
I'm closing down  
I don't want anyone around

Cover me up in a blanket of leaves  
Let the grass be my bed  
And my shelter this tree  
I'll hibernate  
Let the months slip away  
Let me sleep  
Would you leave me in peace  
Let me sleep

Tired of your touch, burning my skin  
Tired of your taste, leave me wanting  
I'm closing down  
I don't want anyone around

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Let the months slip away  
Let me sleep  
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