

# Aglow

## The Rare Occasions

Frostbitten branches adorn the sky  
Cold winter kisses are so divine  
Slowly melting away that frigid heart that tore apart the ties

Visions of sugar plums grace your lips  
You had a hunch I was in your grip  
Which couldn't be more precise as the biting wind nips at the skin again

O the ground is spinning slow  
There on the frozen stream below  
True the roads will gather snow  
But stay and we'll set the night aglow

Stillness disperses across the night  
A solstice as dark as the moon is bright  
A quiet sliver of time  
Between the aches a moment takes control

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