

# Cold December Night

Vanden Plas

I was eleven days old  
They found me dead in the forest  
Down by a source on the 1st of December  
My name is Gideon Grace and by a mysterious wonder  
I came back to life under skies burned like amber  
Life is calling my name  
Pouring impure daylight in my eyes

And I run into the sunlight on a dark eternal lane  
To the rough St. Malo seaside from a cold December night

I was eleven years old  
Deep in my heart it was winter  
Many strokes shattered my skin  
And my soul was aching  
I'm the king of broken world  
And I had to shield my angel Ivy  
Every day hurts us but still we're not breaking  
They burn down children's heaven  
And see the fiery ashes of our skies floating down

So we run into the sunlight on a dark eternal lane  
From the rough St. Malo seaside on a cold December night  
We were staring in a new life  
While still running from the pain  
To seek and hide away forever on the day before she died

And so I'm leaving the place called suicide playground  
Where children die on the monsters lullaby  
Who stole the light from the orphan asylum  
The sangrail-thieves of the night  
They never bring back the soulshine again  
Sweet oblivion come erase my memories  
That keep the wolves outside  
And all these silent cries in my mind  
Under the moon that pales all the colours of my soul  
Only our dreams held us alive  
But most of the dreams went out with the light  
How many hearts broke in the night  
And how many tears before we die  
And so we run and so we run  
And so we're running for our lives

And we run into the sunlight on a dark eternal lane  
From the rough St. Malo seaside on a cold December night