

Winter Tears

The fall of snow upon my soul:
such gentle quiet flakes
provide my weary mind a rest
'til it, refreshed, awakes.

Each flake upon my burning brow,
a kiss upon each thought,
quite cools the burning deep within
and calms what warmth could not.

O blessed feel of winter snow
heart-deep upon the ground;
to fevered souls a royal throne
where winter tears are crowned.

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