Gray November I've been down since July Motion capture Put me in a bad light I replay my footsteps on each stepping stone Trying to find the one where I went wrong Writing letters Addressed to the fire And I was catching my breath Staring out an open window Catching my death And I couldn't be sure I had a feeling so peculiar That this pain would be for Evermore Hey December Guess I'm feeling unmoored Can't remember What I used to fight for I rewind thе tape, but all it does is pause On thе very moment all was lost Sending signals To be double-crossed| And I was catching my breath Barefoot in the wildest winter Catching my death And I couldn't be sure I had a feeling so peculiar That this pain would be for Evermore (Evermore) Can't not think of all the cost And the things that will be lost Oh, can we just get a pause? To be certain, we'll be tall again Whether weather be the frost Or the violence of the dog days I'm on waves, out being tossed Is there a line that I could just go cross? And when I was shipwrecked (Can't think of all the cost) I thought of you (All the things that will be lost now) In the cracks of light (Can we just get a pause?) I dreamed of you (To be certain we'll be tall again, if you think of all the costs) It was real enough (Whether weather be the frost) To get me through (Or the violence of the dog days) (Or the violence of the dog days) (Out on waves, being tossed) (I'm on waves, out being tossed) I swear (Is there a line that we can just go cross?) You were there| And I was catching my breath Floors of a cabin creaking under my step And I couldn't be sure I had a feeling so peculiar This pain wouldn't be for Evermore Evermore Evermore This pain wouldn't be for evermore Evermore