**Touch of Winter**

Touch of winter

Eyes of broken glass, spilling rain inside your head

Touch of sadness

Do you know how hard it is to love a girl who wouldn’t love herself

Cold and lonely

Like a fire burning barely in a midnight storm

Staring darkly

Like the world was not your home, please take me back to the star where I was born

But now the time has come

When you must finally love a man, his hands upon you

His eyes are open

Your senses fighting desperately to kill the gentle fingers on your unprotected body

Can she die now

She has done without crying without asking mercy

Can she cry now

Can she take her body back inside and hide it where no other man will ever find

Kill it first before it cries — while it’s asking why.