

Steven Wilson, December Skies

In the hush of a long winter's dream
Through a window the candlelight gleams
Veiled in whispers the stillness of night
On a canvas of stars in the sky

All the world sleeps on in silence
Wrapped in a blanket of snow
But when the morning awakens
The beauty of life starts to flow

In the forest where moonlight it shines
The grip of the frost on the pines
Then the air weaves the warmth of a song
Still, the heartbeat of winter goes on

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But when the morning awakens
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December skies will carry me home

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