

## On Most Surfaces

### The Gathering

The frost hits me in the eye  
And wakes me  
These are blurry winters  
And I cannot see

I walk into the white light of the snow  
When the sun comes  
I break it with my shadow  
Which takes me where I go

The frost hits me in the eye  
And wakes me

I am the snow falling down on you  
I tear up your face with my frost  
And make you run to somewhere warm  
When I come I see you get away  
I burst out about your emptiness

The frost hits me in the eye  
And wakes me  
These are blurry winters  
And I cannot see