

Every season feels the same
I'm sure you could agree
This day can bring reminders
Of the blackest memories

My pieces never seem to fit
Blood that's closest to me
Are more like vacant faces
Dolls with dead batteries

We're all broken
Like misfit toys
We rest in pieces begging for You to make us one

If today is just about these
Pine trees and lights
I'll take a match and strike it
While my living room ignites

So in the distance
All I see is bathed in snowy white
While we're stranded on this island
Under black stars tonight

Take
One look
In my eyes and you'll know
Only when we're broken can we be restored