

COME IN FROM THE COLD

BY [LAH](#)

They spun and turned me all about,
Forcing to silence my sure shout,
Filling my dreams with shades of doubt
So that I should not come in from the cold.

And though the soul in me still yearned,
My heart, twice shy when once so burned,
Refused to see the tide had turned
And that I could not come in from the cold.

So let me ride these waves of change,
As the world, in manner strange,
For this man, it may arrange
To come in from the cold.

The seeds of bitterness I fought,
Seeking anew what I once sought,
But found my dreams but sold and bought
That I would again come in from the cold.

When binds so tight they chafe and cut,
A man must speak the unheard but
That rises sure from heart and gut
So once more he might come in from the cold.

So let me ride these waves of change,
As the world, in manner strange,
For this man, it can arrange
To come in from the cold.

The mem'ries still they bite and sting.
No peace can bold avoidance bring
As to silence fast do I cling
Since once more I have come in from the cold.

At last my quiet I do rend,
Praying all hurt blunt now to bend,
Not mine alone but that of friend
With whom I have now come in from the cold.

So let me ride these waves of change,
As the world, in manner strange,
For this man, it does arrange
To come in from the cold.

To come in from the cold.
Come in from the cold.

—THE END—

