

# 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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Wrapped in a blanket of snow  
But when the morning awakens  
The beauty of life starts to flow

December skies will carry me home

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