Virtute at Rest

John K. Samson

Now that the treatment and antidepressants and seven months sober have built me a bed
In the back of your brain, where the memories flicker
And I paw at the synapses, bright bits of stringYou should know I am with you
Know I forgive you
Know I am proud of the steps that you've made
Know it will never be easy or simple
Know I will dig in my claws when you straySo let us rest here like we used to
In a line of late afternoon sun
Let it rest, all you can't change
Let it rest and be done

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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