Letter

The Snake the Cross the Crown

I got your letter, but the willingness wore out,
And then penmanship was beautiful at best.
Your words were honest,
But the meanings raised a doubtAnd the sorrow to the ground
Breathe in, breathe out
You're taking in the good,
You're living with the badBut the latter seems to be more
Than it ever has before
And in between the sorrow of self-infliction
And your blood cells are burning to break freeAnd I think I might let them go
A pretty vision to follow through
You know it's hot and we can't take it
It doesn't look like we would make it,So let's just forget,
You know it's hot and we can't take it
It doesn't look like we would make it,
So let's just forgetYou're hearing one thing, it's always the same,
But the trick is holding on
Remember that glare,
The one before everything comes clearAnd it's harder every day to think of what to say
But the trick is holding on
And the time is making everything seem hotter
And there's no use holding onAnd every day is more like science fiction(?)
And the past comes into play
A life with less emotion
And I know we both let them goA pretty vision to follow through
You know it's hot and we can't take it
It doesn't look like we would make it,
So let's just forget.You know it's hot and we can't take it
It doesn't look like we would make it,
So let's just forget.

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