Letters to the Far Reaches

The Promise Ring

Flickering on, sad to see the season
Come and gone away
My black-eyed friends couldn't stay
I'm afraidNow I'm left with a mess
I'm way too overdressed for casual guests in time
They've all always got to be leaving
All the long, long timesFor sometimes we fight
And I don't treat my stomach right every night
It hurts and I don't know what's worse
The eyes or wordsFlickering on, sad to see the season
Come and gone away
My black-eyed friends couldn't stay

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