

# Letter of Intent

## Fairweather

you break down systematically when everything is black and  
white and red Is up for living enough to sleep at night?  
you must be tired now from days and nights of growing old,  
I'll mark this down as one and call it moving on.  
don't bother reading those last rites, with demons sleeping  
soundly out of sight, Sustaining tones of broken bones will  
sleep with you tonight, I'll mark this down as one that I take  
to my grave alone I'm making this my last reply,  
it's my resignation

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