

The Arp

[Aidan Knight](#)

There's a breaking of voices
There's a crack that never mends
It fills the vase of flowers
Until they wilt and fall away
I will not sing to you each evening
I will not mend it just to keep
Opening from closing
The joyful death of what could be Burned in memory
What a life that we have lived
And we'll live it again A finger wrapped in cotton
I'll cool it in the sea
Thinking, "How could you be so stupid?
You cannot cut off that part of me"
Burned in memory
What a life that I have lived
And I'll live it again
What a life that I have lived
And I'll live it again
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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