

Black Letter

Thea Gilmore

Black letter came to me today
 Wired and lonely
 Wired and lonely
 Holding my hand
Oh, black letter came to me today
 Wired and lonely
Wired to the running sandBlack letter came to me today
 With a postmark of the seasons
 A postmark of the seasons
 Signed by time
Oh, black letter came to me today
 With a postmark of the seasons
And handwriting that looked like mineBlack letter burns easily
 Burns like kindling
 Burns like kindling
 Soon as I strike a match
Oh, black letter burns easily
 Burns like kindling
Ill burn that letter down to ashBlack letter came to me today
 Singing hallelujah
 Singing hallelujah
 Reading those words
Oh, black letter came to me today
 Singing hallelujah
Black letter is a promise or a curse

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