Morelia

Trixie Whitley

This flame.. Is old. Armed by a torch, so young.
For I am moved by is where I long to come from.
But the architect knows the heart of a lionThat builds from it's deepest fires and one's restless desire.
Let it be meaningful.
Let it be alive.
Harbor this comfort.
Don't let the... Don't let it go liveHe had everything.
I had not... and my lungs turned to sand.
The times I could find to want.
One shallow hand but I'm living with emptiness
shift the ever last till I was selfishly safe
And I will breathe with you
until our last breatheslet it be meaningful
let it be alive
harbor this comfort
dont let the river go drylet it be meaningful
let it be alive
harbor this comfort
dont let the river go drylet it be meaningful
let it be alive
harbor this comfort
dont let the river go dry

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