Semaphore

Sandpeople

I may as well try semaphore
As words no longer work
This fool's feeling cornered
And he acted like a jerk
He'd tell you he was sorry
If that made good the hurt
It's too late now for sorry
It's too late now for words
We survive despite our desire to stray
Hell to pay, thought you knew my desires
It's innate, it's not going away
I hope you're not going away
It's a question of convenience
How pain, with time, will fade
Surrendered to acceptance
Dark night gives way to day
It was meant to be a gesture
That mark across your face
It's too late now for sorry
It's too late now for grace
We survive despite our desire to stray
Hell to pay, thought you knew my desires
It's innate, it's not going away
Hell to pay, thought you knew
Hell to pay, thought you knew
Thought you knew, thought you knew

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