

# The Art of Staying Alive

Adair

Sing me a song.  
I know we've used up every dawn,  
And yet I wonder  
When the scholars find our bones  
A thousand years from now under  
All the ashes of the earth,  
Will we be together?  
The only thing I know for sure. The plates may shift  
And slit your wrists,  
But wear your scars.  
I will follow you through the dark. Don't be afraid.  
This is the last night of our lives.  
Buried in flames.  
So kiss me one more time tonight.  
In your darkest night  
When all is lost,  
I will be your light,  
At whatever cost. Let the plaster flow into  
The space our bodies used  
To occupy.  
Let it be a record of  
The love that buried us alive  
Underneath the sands of time.  
A testament that even after death  
Love survives.

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