

Kind Of Like Spitting, Following Days

Let the following days always remind us
Of the presence we face, constantly dazed
Let the following nights uniformly teach and conform
Bless us and keep us warm
Until we're finally safe and together
Oh how repressed are our exchanges
I see your hands full
I watch you grow old
How many smiles have you been faking
From what I'm told you'd like to see a coffin fold
There is no sympathy
So these are useless love letters
The house is filled with smoke and light
Hallowed wings and blacked out eyes
The scene goes frame by frame
Until we finally focus on the few details we have left
But failed to use
We will remember what we choose
Let the following days always remind us
Of the presence we face, constantly dazed