

# The Tea Party, Correspondences

hope springs to life  
charmed by approaching listlessness  
hands reaching out  
to grasp the open emptiness

leading me down...

and this goodbye  
faced with hope and countenance  
souls slip away  
to bask in glowing radiance

leading me down...

as we run from the sun  
and we harbour the lies  
and we leave things undone  
as we cover our eyes

does it tear you apart my love  
does it tear you apart my love  
it tears me apart

charmed by this light  
this sombre guidance in her eyes  
rage would entice  
and final moments would arise

leading me down...

does it tear you apart my love  
does it tear you apart my love  
it tears me apart