

Converge, Farewell Note To The City

Disenchanted the romantic
This is the real, this is the shame
These limbs search feverishly for the gift of gravity
Coarse twine tears clean
And I have thought about this very instance for all time
Decades longer than you or I
Crimson comforting, scorching this flesh
giving its caring for me
And I have thought about these moments for all time
dangling from a silver lining
these lungs welcome the crimson tide of misfortune
Hell to pay
This is my farewell to this city