

# Dashboard Confessional, Currents

the air is visible around you, rising up and off your lips in slow currents  
and i watch as your face is framed in its slow currents  
drifting curls a trailing path  
a long drag becomes a dress of blue and ash

if it is born in flames then we should let it burn  
burn as brightly as we can  
and if its gotta end then let it end in flames  
let it burn all the way down

the air is visceral around us  
turning in its simple steps on slow currents  
and i watch as it pirouettes and spins in slow motion  
the long drag becomes a slow dance and a halo of embers

if it is born in flames then we should let it burn  
burn as brightly as we can  
and if its gotta end then let it end in flames  
let it burn all the way down, all the way down

and if this is ever meant to end, then i hope it ends where it began  
so hot with love, we burned our hands  
if this is ever meant to end, then i hope it ends where it began  
so hot with love, it burns our hands

if it is born in flames then we should let it burn  
burn as brightly as we can  
if its gotta end then let it end in flames  
let it burn, let it burn  
if its gotta end let it burn  
if its gotta end let it burn  
it ends where it began, so hot with love, it burns our hands