

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