

# Hot Cross, Prepare-Repair

A rising tide spent drowning in days lost to one heart's final lament.  
Thrown off like grins known only to the dead.  
Plastered behind scarlet eyes, stinking of tomorrow.  
I say that once a letter is written. it's not so easily sent.  
Like trying to find 2 of 3, but settling for one of me instead.

It's a hard faith to follow: the constant give without the take; after the scraping through it's one less  
A head above water for the eyes held under a lasting plea for the lost mind torn asunder.  
Nothing but fair trades and farewells, when the present tense reveals a sixth sense, when you'd die