

# Hot Water Music, Sweet Disasters

So things are not the same  
Cut all loss and walk away  
What was said is done  
so independence comes  
and there is none the like  
No more lonely souls  
under changing leaves  
and no more weary wrecks

Seeking harmony  
while waiting for their rest

So choice is always free  
granted nothing is but sure  
Death won't set us free  
Nor will misery  
when we fear those worlds

We fear that we'll erode  
quickly with no control

I won't lay sick and sorely  
with my soul uneasy  
The ground beneath me  
is hollow, breaking up  
and cracking to swallow me whole

When we get cut  
it's so good to know that  
sweet disasters  
are just as precious

We fall down  
to kiss the ground  
and live to love and lose  
All is well if all fails  
At least we'll know the truth