

Jairus, Quench

Tonight my eyes won't close, the absolution is too late. And so are my words as they travel to you,
Your smile gives me assurance, we are poets of indecision. Bound to past mistakes that lead us m
I think about (sense/direction) how my (anticipation) agreements have worked against me.
Three days left and as last weekend passes by, I can see the sun coming up for us soon. I'll never
Thousand words I write for us (with messages) to replace broken ones. I give no answers to satisfy