

# James, Semaphore

I may as well try semaphore  
As words no longer work  
This fool was feeling cornered  
And he acted like a jerk  
He'd tell you he was sorry  
If that made good the hurt  
It's too late now for sorry  
It's too late now for words

We survive  
Despite our desire to stray  
Hell to pay  
Thought you knew  
My desires  
Innate it's not going away  
I hope you're not going away

It's a question of convenience  
How pain, with time, will fade  
Surrendered to acceptance  
Dark night gives way to day  
It was meant to be a gesture  
That mark across your face  
It's too late now for sorry  
It's too late now for grace

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