

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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