

# Moist, St. Lawrence River

smells on the air see there its crushing the final impression  
the stains on the paper  
where words fell like water unearthing all the changes that never did matter  
i think its beginning to freeze here  
caught in the rage and the fire of things all the brightness that burns me  
im fumbling through like a child in the dark when the nakedness comes i am  
shocked by the colour  
the glorious weight of your skin  
comes alive  
and i never thought we'd make it back so soon  
might be nice but i knew you'd be your own destroyer  
comes a time  
and i always thought i'd make it up to you  
here please forgive me how could we escape all the bitterness piled upon  
bitterness  
held in the face of the things that i don't understand intellectualize over  
and over  
this helplessness suits us its funny how quiet it has slipped to our corners  
and worn all our edges away you are watching breathing and baiting  
wanting and warming and cautiously waiting for some simple signal  
to creep cross your conscience  
uncover redemption and oh did i mention i carried you down to the  
St. Lawrence river  
the banks running dirty the waters beginning to freeze here  
solid by morning and i'll freeze here  
winter by morning  
comes a lie  
and i never thought you'd get me back so soon  
might be nice but its only if my own destroyer  
comes alive  
and i always knew i'd make it up to you  
i saw on your face such a curious grin as i let go your hand i was  
desperate to hold you again  
but you're sinking to deep in the water outsmarted myself and so easily  
gave up what i wanted  
solid by morning  
what i wanted  
winter by morning  
comes alive  
and i never thought you'd make it up so soon  
might be nice but i always knew you're my destroyer  
comes a time  
and i always thought i'd make it up to you  
solid by morning  
and i'll freeze here  
winter by morning